

**CERTAINE
SMALL WORKES
HERETOFORE DI-
vulged by Samuel Daniell**

one of the Groomes of the *Queenes*

Maiesties most Honourable pri-
uie Chamber, and now

again*e* by him corrected
and augmented.

Ætas prima canat vireces, postrema tumultus.



AT LONDON

Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterson.*

1611.



The POEMS herein contained are

*The Tragedy of Cleopatra
newly altered.*

The Tragedie of Philotas.

*The Queenes Arcadia, or a
pastorall Comeaie.*

*The Epistle of Octauia to
Antonius.*

The cōplaint of Rosamond.

Muso. or a defence of Poesie.

*A Funerall Poeme vpon the
Death of the late Earle of
Devonshire.*

To Delia.



To the Reader.

BEhold once more with serious labor here
Haue I furnisht out this little frame,
Repaird some parts defectiue here & there,
And passages new added to the same, (were
Some rooms enlargd, made some lessthe they
Like to this curious builder who this year
Puls downe, and alters what he did the last
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes that past.

For that we euer make the latter day
The scholler of the former, and we finde
Something is still amisse that must delay
Our busines, and leaue worke for vs behind.
As if there were no saboath of the minde
And howsoeuer be it well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne I may
Do whatsoeuer therewithall I will.

I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie
It is the building of my life the see
Of Nature, allth' inheritance that I (me
Shall leaue to those which must come after
And all the care I haue is but to see.

To the Reader.

These lodgings of m'affections neatly drest
Wherein so many noble friends there be
Whose memories with mine must therein
And glad I am that I haue liu'd to see (rest
This edifice renewd, who do but long
To liue t'amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
Before he come t'his taste, there doth belong
So much to experience, and so infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.
Besides these curious times stuf'd with the
Of cōpositions in this kind, do driue (store
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft would make me not my self belieue
Did I not know the world wherein I liue,
Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme
Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth
That in disliks, nor that it doth esteeme. (giue

I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by some error shewd
That it was his, and yet what in the same
Was rare, and worthy, euer more allowd
Safe cōuoy for the rest: the good that's sow'd
Thogh rarely paies our cost, & who so looks
T'haue all things in perfection, and in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer must read books.

And howsoeuer here detraction may

Disvailew

To the Reader.

Disvaile this my labour, yet I know
There will be found therein, that which will pay
The reckning for the errors which I owe
And likewise will sufficiently allow
T'an vndistasted iudgement fit delight
And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say
The worst it can, I know I shall haue right.

I know I shall be read, among the rest
So long as men speake english, and so long
As verse and vertue shalbe in request
Or grace to honest industry belong:
And England since I vse thy present tongue
Thy form of speech thou must be my defect
If to new eares, it seemes not well exprest
For though I hold not accent I hold sence

And since the measure of our tong we see
Confirmed by no edict of power doth rest
But onely vnderneath the regencie
Of vse and fashion, which may be the best
Is not for my poore forces to contest
But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake
Confest the Eagle fairer far to be
And yet not in his feathers but his beake.
Authoritie of powerfull censure may
Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
This matter of our spirit, but if it pay (wold
The care with substance, we haue that wee
For that is all which must our credit hold.

The

To the Reader

The rest (how euer gay, or seeming rich
It be in fashion, wise men will not wey)
The stamp will not allow it, but the touch
And would to God that nothing faulty were
But only that poore accent in my verse
Or that I could all other recknings cleere
Where with my heart stands charg'd, or might
The errors of my iudgment, passed here (reuers
Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearse
What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest
Vnto neglect mistaken in the rest.

Which I do hope to liue yet to retract,
And craue that England neuer will take note
That it was mine. He disavow mine act,
And wish it may for euer be forgot,
I trust the world will not of me exact
Against my will, that hath all els I wrote,
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely to haue in mine owne againe.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
PHILOTAS.

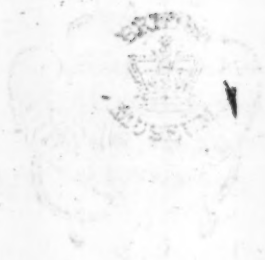
By SAMVELL DANIELL.



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Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterfon*.
1611.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
PHILOTA.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL.



AT LONDON
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1611.



To the Prince.

TO you most hopeful Prince, *not as you are*
But as you may be do I giue these lines
That when your iudgement shal arriue so farre,
As t'ouerlooke th'intricate designs
Of discontented man: you may behold
With what incounters greatest fortune close.
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances ambition undergoes.
How hardly men digest felicity
How to th'intemperate, to the prodigall,
To wantonnesse, and vnto luxury
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall finde the greatest enemy
That man can haue is his prosperity.

Here shal you see how men disguise their ends,
And plaite bad courses vnder pleasing shews,
How well presumption broken waies defends
Which cleere-eyed iudgment grauely doth disclose
Here shall you see how th'easie multitude
Transported, take the party of distresse,
And onely out of passion do conclude,
Not out of iudgement of mens practises.
How powers are thought to wrōg that wrōgs debar,
And

The Epistle.

And kings not held in danger, though they are
These ancient representments of times past,
Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwaies runne
The selfe same line of action, and doe cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done
(Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same)
But will be wrought upon the selfe-same frame.

This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kinde
We hold the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraile possession of felicitie
Shall to our late posteritie descend,
By the same pattent of like destinie.
In them we finde that nothing can accrew
To man and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leaue unto your more mature suruay
Amongst the vowes that other sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
For know great Prince, when you shal come to know
How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew
The deedes of power and liuely represent
The actions of a glorious Government
And is no lesser honour to a Crowne
To haue writers then haue actors of renowne.



The Argument.

P*Hilotas* the sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great estimation among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander* held to be the most valiant of the *Greekes*, patient of trauaile, exceeding bountifull, and one that solied his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe, but otherwise noted of vaine glory and prodigallitie, in so much as his father hauing notice of his carriage, warned him to make himselfe lesse then hee was, to auoid the enuy of the Campe, and the dislike of the King, who grew suspicious of him in respect of the greatnesse of his Father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his vsed to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan borne in the citie of *Pudna*, with whome being in loue, he let fall many braue words, and boasts of a Souldier, to aduance his own actions & his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word the yong man. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with
the

The Argument.

the woman carried them to *Alexander*: whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow. And in the end concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the king, was thereby suspected to haue beene a partie in the plotte: but brought before *Alexander*, hee so defended himselfe, that he obtained his pardon for that time, supped with the King that night, and yet the next day notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact, which he stoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeed *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the nobility and people from him; and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King as soone as hee had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall counsellors of *Alexander* grauely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neerenes, and deerenes with their Lord and Master, and sitting to the safetie of the state, in the case of so great an aspirer,

The Argument.

aspirer, who no doubt had he not bin pre-
vented, (howsoever popularly in the Armie
it might be otherwise deemed) he had turnd
the course of gouernment vpon his father
and himselfe, or els by his imbroilments
made it a monster of many heads, as it after-
wards prooued vpon the death of *Alexan-
der*. The *Chorus* consisting of three *Grecians*,
as of the three estates of a kingdome) and
one *Persian*, representing the multitude and
body of a people, who vulgarly according
to their affections carried rather with com-
passion great mens misfortunes then with
the consideration of the cause, frame their i-
maginations by that square, and censure
what is done.



THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

ACTVS. I.

Philotas.

Calisthenes.

Philotas reading his fathers letter.

Make thy selfe lesse Philotas then thou art?
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Lesse then I am, in what? how can that be?
Must I be then set vnderneath my heart?
Shall I let go the hold I haue of grace
Gained with so hard aduentures of my bloud,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off employment; as vndone
In spirite or grace: whilst other men set forth
To get that start of Action I haue wonne?
As if such men as I, had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace,
Can any go beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortune good vpon my ill,
Whilst feare hath power to wound me worse the hate?

Cha.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Ch. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,
Your Father meanes not you should yeeld in place,
But in your popular dependences :
Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace,
That doth in iealous Kinges, distaste the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater, but in feares.

Pbi. Alas what popular dependences
Do I retaine? can I shake of the zeale
Of such as do out of their kindnesse
Follow my fortunes in the common weale.

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true :
They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.

Pbi. Yea, but I finde their loue to me sincere.

Cha. Euen such as to the wolfe the Foxe doth beare,
That visits him but to partake his pray,
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd turnes to betray.

Pbi. I know they would if I in danger stood,
Runne vnto me with hazard of their blood.

Cha. Yea, like as men to burning houses runne,
Not to lend aid, but to be lookers on.

Pbi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts so sure, I know they will not slide.

Cha. Bounty and gifts lose more then they do find,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde :
Each thinkes he merites more then that he hath,
And so gifts laid for loue, do catch men wrath.

Pbi. But many meercely out of loue attend.

Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end :
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know,
You haue them not for friendship but for show?
And as you are engag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke, likewise they haue theirs.

Pbi. But I do truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I do finde it set :
Besides my foes doe force me in effect,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

To make my partie of opinion great,
And I must arme me thus against their scornes,
Men must be shod that go among the thornes.

Cha. Ah good *Philotas* you your selfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with oyle.

The mecke and humble Lambe with small ado,
Lucks his owne dam, we see, and others too,
In Courts men longest liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries and giuing thanks.

Phi. And is it so? then neuer are these haire,
Like to attaine that sober hew of gray,
I cannot plaster and disguise m^affaires,
In other coloures then my hart doth lay:

Nor can I patiently indure this fond
And strange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingroft y^e all into their hand,
By idolizing feeble Maiestie,

And impiously do labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man:

Whilst they deuide the spoyle, and pray of powre,
And none at all respect the publike good,

Those hands that garde and get vs what is our,
The Solderie, ingag'd to vent their blood,

In worse case seeme then *Pallas* old-grown e moile,
Th^e *Athenians* fostred at their publike cost;

For these poore soules consum'de with tedious toile
Remaine neglected hauing done their most.

And nothing shall bring home of all these wars,
But emptie age and bodies chargde with skars.

Ch. *Philotas* all this publike care I feare,
Is but some priuate touch of your dislike,

Who seeing your owne designes not stand to square
With your desires, no others courses like.

The grieve you take things are not ordered well
Is that you seele your selfe I feare not well.

But

The Tragedie of Philotas.

But when your fortunes shall stand pararell
With those you enuy now all will be well,
For you great men, I see, are euer more
Your endes attaind, the same you were before.
You with a finger can point out the stains
Of others errors now, and now condemne
The traine of state, whilst your desire remaines
Without, but once got in, you rumpewith them,
And interleague you with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize,
And onely serue your owne commoditie,
Your fortune then viewes things with other eies:
For either greatnesse doth transforme the heate
Int' other shapes of thoughts, or certainly
This vulgar honesty doth dwell apart
From power, and is some private qualitie.
Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme
In such as you, are not the same they seeme,
You double with your selues, or els with vs,
And therefore now *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as swell, and doe no good.

Pb. Alas *Calisthenes*, you haue not laid
True euell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within, all you haue said
Shall neuer make me of another side
Then that I am, and I doe skorne to cline
By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cal. The time *Philotas* then will breake thy necke.
Pb. They dare not, friend my faith wil keep my neck,
My serice to the state hath cautioned
So surely for mine honour, as it shall
Make good the place my deedes hath purchased
With danger, in the loue, and hearts of all.

Cal. Those seruices will serue as weight to charge,
And presse you vnto death, if your foote faile

Neuer

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Neuer so little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done, for your owne sake:
And who haue spirits to doe the greatest good,
May doe most hurt if they remaine not good.

Ph. Tush, They cannot want my seruice in the state.

Cal. These times want not men to supply the state.

Ph. I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand,

Cal. Water faire oft quenches not fire neere hand,
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be heare.

And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
It will deceiue your hopes, when all is done:

For though you were the minion of the land,
If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.

When running with the current of the state,

Were you the weakest man of men aliue,

And in conuentions, and in Counsell sate,

And did but sleepe or nod, yet should you thriue:

These motiue spirits are neuer fit to rise,

And tis a danger to be held so wise.

Ph. What call you running with the state: shall I

Combine with those that doe abuse the state?

Whose want of iudgement, wit, and honestie,

I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.

Cal. Tush, tush, my Lord, thinke not of what were fit,

The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit:

He chat will fret at Lords, and at the raine,

Is but a foole, and grieues himselfe in vaine.

Can not you great men suffer othersto

Haue part in rule, but must haue all to doe?

Now good my Lord, conforme you to the rest,

Let not your wings be greater then your nest.

Ph. solus. See how these vaine discourses

Out of those shadows of their aerie powers,

And doe not see how much they must defile

The Tragedie of Philotas

Of their accountes, to make them gree without
They little know to what necessities,
Our courses stand allyed, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation other-wise
To be our selues in our particulare.
They thinke we can command our hart to lye
Out of their place: and still they preach to vs,
Pack-bearing patience, that base property,
And silly gift of th'all induring Affe,
But let them talke their fill, it is but wind,
I must saile by the compasse of my minde.

Enters a Messenger.

My Lord, the King calls for you, come my Lord away,

Ph. Well then, I know there's some new stratagem
In hand, to be consulted on to day.

That I am sent for with such speede to him

Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay,

But here's a sutor stands to impeach my haste,

I would I had gone vp the priuie way,

Whereby we escape th'attending multitude,

Though I confesse, that in humauity

Tis better to deny, then to delude.

Enter Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas* I am come with newes

Of great importance that concerne vs all,

And well hath my good fortune met with you;

VVho best can heare, and best discharge my care.

Ph. Say what it is, and I pray thee friend be brieve.

Ceb. The case requires your patience good my lord

And therefore I must craue your care a while,

Ph. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,

Valeffe you heare, and therefore know the newes

I bring concerne his life: and this is it,

There is one *Dymnus* here within the campe,

Whose

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Whose low estate, and high affections, seeme
I haue thru ſt him int' outragious practises,
This man affecting one *Nichomachus*
A youth, my brother, whome one day h' allures,
Int' a temple where being both alone,
He breakes out in this ſort: *Nichomachus*
Sweet louely youth, ah ſhould I not impart
To thee the deepeſt ſecrets of my hart,
My hart that hath no locke ſhut againſt thee,
Would let it out ſometimes vnwares of me,
But as it iſſues from my faithfull loue,
So cloſe it vp in thine, and keepe it faſt,
Sweare to be ſecret deere *Nichomachus*.
Sweare by the ſacred God head of this place
To keepe my counſell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greateſt conſequence,
That euer man imparted to hiſ friend.

Youth and deſire drawne with a loue to know,
Swore to be ſecret, and to keepe it cloſe,
VWhen *Dymnus* tels him, that within three dayes,
There ſhould be effected a conſpiracie
On *Alexanders* perſon by his meanes:
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours and redeeme them home,
VWhich when *Nichomachus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale ſaith he? O God forbid
Mine oath ſhould tie my tong to keepe in this,
This ougly ſinne of treaſon, which to tell
Mine oath compels me, ſaith againſt my faith
Muſt not be kept, My falſhood here is truth
And I muſt tell; friend or friend not, ile tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceipt,
The ſelfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Standſt ring on him, drawing backe his breath
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts,

Buſie

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Busie with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leisure now, to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before
And as misfortune ere shee came to him.
At length, when as his reason had reduced
His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,
(Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
VVith his returning spirits, he drew his sword,
Puts it t' his owne, then to my brothers' throate,
Then laies it down, the wrings his hands, then kneels,
Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,
VVeepest on his necke, no word, but O wilt thou?
VVilt thou be the destruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miserie grew furious, and againe
He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice
To silence, and their cause, his dearest blood.
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
VVas faine to vowe and promise secrecie;
And as if wonne t' allow and take that part,
Praies him to tell, who were his complices.
VVhich, thogh perplext with griefe for what was don,
Yet thinking now t' haue gaind him to his side,
Dymnus replies: no worse then Loccus,
Demetrius of the priue Chamber, and
Nicanor, Amyntas, and Archelous,
Drocnus, Aphebetus, Leucikus,
Shall be th' associates of Nichomachus:
This when my brother once had vnderstood,
And after much ado had got away,
He comes and tels me all the whole discourse,
VVhich here I haue related vnto you:
And here will I attend t' auouch the same,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
VVhom

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Whom now I left behind, lest the conspirators
Seeing him here, vnusing to this place,
Suspecting to be appeach'd, might shift away.

Ph. Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange reports,
And will finde time to acquaint the king therewith.

SCENA II.

Antigona and Thais.

WHat can a free estate affoord me more
Then my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?

Was I belou'd, enrich'd, and grac'd before?

Am I not lou'd, enrich'd, and graced now?

Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a kings delight.

Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.

Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens sight.

Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within.

My loue was then aboue me, I am now

Above my loue. The King had thousands more,

Philotas hath but me, as I do know;

Nor none els will he haue, and so he swore.

Tha. Nay then, you may beleeue him, if he swore,

Alas poore soule, shee neuer came to know

Her libertie, nor louers perjuries.

Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,

That is alone to me, then with those powers,

Who out of all proportion must be aboue,

And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.

And gentle *Thais*, tho thou a Grecian be,

And I a Persian, do not ennie me,

That I embrace the onely gallant Lord

Thy

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Thy Greece, or all our Persia doth aboard.
Thou, who art entertain'd and grac'd by all
The flower of honour els, doe not despise,
That vnto me (poore captiue) should befall
So great a grace in such a worthies eies.

Tha. Antigona, I enuie not thy loue,
But thinke thee blest t' enioy him in that sort,
But tell me truly didst thou euer proue,
Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sport?

Ant. Thais, let me a little glorie in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele:
And tell the a secret, but in any case,
As yare a woman do not it reuale.
One day as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victorie,
All blood and dust, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glorie of the day most gallantly.
And warm'd with honor of his good successe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Wherat I wondring blam'd his forwardnes.
Faith wench; saies he, thus must we fight, toile, winne
To make that young man proud, thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deserts, our blood
Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him skorne
His owne, his countrey, and the Authors of his good.
My father was the first that out from Greece,
Shew'd him the way of Asia, set him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece
Of this proud worke, which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vse his fortune whilst he may,
Times haue their change, we must not still be lead.
And sweete *Antigona*, thou maie st one day
Yet, blesse the houre I haue knowne *Philotas* bed.

Where

The Tragedie of Philotas.

VVherewith he sweetly kist me, and now deeme,
If that so great a man, whose parts were such,
VVould, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
T'a captiue *Persian* haue reueal'd so much.
But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
VVhose eyes yet neuer saw me any where,
But in his chamber where I should haue beene,
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now haue I that which I desired long,
Laid in my lap by this fond woman here,
And meanest'auenge me of a secret wrong,
That doth concerne my reputation nere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise,
Vaunts to be hers, I must confesse I haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'ingines of these conquering eyes
Affections in his hy-built heart I haue mou'd.
Yet neuer could for what my labour seekes
I see vpon vaine ignorance is spent,
Whilst he that is the glory of the *Greekes*,
Vertues vpholder, honors ornament,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Is false vpon this foolish *Persian* here,
To whom his secrets grauely he imparts,
Which she as wisely gouerns, as you heare,
Tis strange to see the humors of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should be wise,
We women shall know all: for now and then
Out of the humor of their iollities,
The smoke of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what rackes should not reuile,
For this hie humor hath so much of wind,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent,
And none more fit then vs their wile domes find,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be, where they may be most eminent.
And rating of themselves so farre aboue
Vs, in conceipt and in great management.
Imagin how we wonder and esteeme,
All that they doe or say, which makes them stroue,
(To make our admiration more extreeme)
To tell vs all they know or doe contriue,
And then th'opinion that we loue them too,
Begets a confidence of secrecie,
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We shall be sure to know it presently.

But faith I scorne that such a one as shee,
A silly wittied wench, should haue this grace
To be prefer'd and honor'd before mee,
Hauing but onely beauty, and a face.
I that was ouer courted by the great
And gallantst Peeres and Princes of the East,
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state
The earth did euer see him, made his guest.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternitie of fame: there where these hands
Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,
And set a trophie that for euer stands.
Thais Action with the *Grecian* acts shall be
Inregistered alike. Thais she that fired
The stateliest Pallace the earth did euer see,
Darius house that on the clouds aspir'd,
She is put back behind *Antigona*,

But one *Philotas* shall his error see,
Who thinks that beauty best mens passions fits,
For that they vse our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Cleopatra* will I presently,
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse.

Who

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Who I am sure will take it well of vs,
For these great minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatnesse, will be glad,
In such a case of this importancie,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had,

CHORVS.

WE as the Chorus of the vulgar, stand
Spectators here, to see these great men play
Their parts, both of obedience and command,
And censure all they doe, and all they say.
For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they doe well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show.
And though we know not what they doe within,
Where they attire, their mysteries of state:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without doe personate.

We see who well a meaner part became,
Faile in a greater, and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got
Good reputation and beene well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not,
We see affliction act a better scene,
Then prosperous fortune, which hath mard it cleane.
We see that all which we haue prais'd in some,
Haue onely beene their fortune not desert:
Some warre haue grac'd whom peace doth ill become:

The Tragedie of Philotas.

And lustfull ease hath blemish'd all their part,
We see Philotas acts his goodnes ill,
And makes his passions to report of him,
Worse then he is: and we doe feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them,
For sure there is some ingine closely laid,
Against his grace and greatnes with the King:
And that vntlesse his humors proue more slaid,
We soone shall see his utter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still lookes on mens fortunes, not the cause.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander. Epheslion, and Craterus.

Epheslion thou doost Alexander loue,
And Craterus thou the King: yet both you meet
In one selfe point of loyaltie and loue,
And both I finde like carefull, like discreet.
Therefore my faithfull Counsellors to you
I must a weighty accident impart,
Which lies so heauie, as I tell you true,
I finde the burthen much to oppresse my hart.
Ingrate rude and head-strong stubb ornnes,
In one of whome my loue deseru'd respect
Makes me the more sensible of this,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect,
You see how I Philotas raised haue
Above his rankd, his Peeres, beyond his terme:
You see the place, the offices I gaue,
As the earnest of my loue, to bind him firme,
But all he deeming rather his deserts

Then

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Then the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play most peremptory parts,
As fitter to controule, then to obey.
And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too,
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That wou'd runne backe from glory, and vndoe,
All the whole wonder of our ente prize,
And one day to our selfe he dares to write,
(seeming our stile and title to vpbraid,
Which th' oracles themselves held requisite
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And said he pittied those who vnder him should liue,
Who held him selfe the sonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,
Could make mine own thoughts other then they are.
I that am arbiter betwixt my hart
And their opinion know how it stands within
And finde that my infirmities take part,
Of that same frailetie, other men liue in,
And yet what if I were disposed to winke,
At th' entertaind opinion spread so far.
And rather was content the world should thinke
Vs other then we are, then what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, seeing that Maieslie,
Needes all that admiration can lay on
To giue it grace, and beare it vp on hie,
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needes all the complements to rest vpon,
That reuerence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wise man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to instruct vs what to do
But these are but the flourishes he makes,
Of greater malice he is bent vnto,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

For sure me thinkes I view within his face,
The mappe of change, disturbance and vnrest,
I see his pride contented with no place,
Vnlesse it be the throne whereon I rest.
Eph. Had I not heard this from your sacred tongue,
Deare soueraigne, I would neuer haue beleueed
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
T'his owne worth, and th'honors he receiued,
And yet me thought his carriages of late
In such exceeding pompe and gallantrie,
Attended with such troupes did intimate,
That he affected popularitie,
Especially since for his seruice done,
He was adiudged to haue the second place
In honour with *Antigonus*, which wonne,
To some th'opinion to be high in grace.
Then this last action leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue might hap in large
Th'opinion of himselfe considering,
Th'especiall grace and honour of his charge:
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-uaiew that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fortune suring to the place,
But yet I thinke he is not so vnwile,
Although his fauour, youth and iollity,
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprize
Ought against course, his faith and loyalty,
And therefore if your grace did but withdraw.
Those beames of fauor which doe daze his wits:
He would be soone reduc'd t'his rank of awe,
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. With-draw our grace, and how can that be
Without some sullianation to in'ue. (done?)
Can he be safe brought in, being so farre gone,

bold

The Tragedie of Philotas.

I hold it not. Say *Crateras* what thinke you?
Cr. Soueraigne. I know the man; I find his spirit
And malice shall not make me I protest,
Speake other then I know his pride doth merit,
And what I speake is for your interest.
Which long ere this my conscience vttered had,
But that I fear'd your maiesty would take;
That from some priuate giudge it rather bred,
Then out of care for your deare safeties sake.
Or rather that I sought to crosse your grace,
Or to confine your fauour within bounds,
And finding him to hold so high a place:
In that diuine conceipt which ours confounds,
I thought the safest way to let it rest,
In hope that timesome passage open would,
To let in those cleere looks into that brest,
That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discern'd the man,
Whom I protest I hold most dangerous,
And that you ought with all the speed you can
Worke to repress a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swolne so high,
That his affections ouer-flow the brim
Of his owne powers, not able to deny
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him.
For but euen now I had a strange report
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan:
Vaunting what he had done, and in what sort,
He labourd to aduance that proud yong man.
(So termed he your Sacred Maiestie)
With other such extrauagant discourse:
Whereof we shall attaine more certaintie,
I doubt not shortly and descry his course,
Meane while about your person I aduise,
Your grace should call a more sufficient guard:

The Tragedie of Philotas.

And on his actions set such warie eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regard.
And note what persons chiefly he frequents:
And who to him haue the most free access,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents,
The large reuenue of his bounteousnes,
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shall be brought t'applie her vsuall charmes,
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell *Craterus* we doe well allow,
And giue thee many thanks for thy great care,
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are,
For that you see he holds a side of power,
Which might perhaps call vp some muteny.
His father old *Parmenio* at this howre,
Rules *Medea* with no lesser powers then I.
Himselfe you see gallantly followed here
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment:
Cerus that with his sister match'd, doth beare
Next vnder him a chiefe commandement:
Amyntas and *Symanus* his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices.
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduise vs to conceale
The worke in hand, and with great care to deale.

Crat. Your grace saies true, but yet these cloudes of
Vanish before the Sunne in that respect, (smoake
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a natie zeale, and so affect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises,
Of no such giddy traitor (if the thing

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Be tooke in time with due aduisednes
Shall the least shoue of any feeling bring.

Alex. Well then, to thee deere *Craterus*, I referre,
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA II.

Philotas

Ceballinus

Seruus.

Ceb. MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be cald t'auouch my newes.

P. In troth my friend I haue not found the King
At any leisure yet to heare the same,

Ceb. No, not at leisure to prevent his death?
And is the matter of no more import?

Ile trie another: yet me thinke such men,
As are the eyes and eares of prince, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

Ser. My Lord the summe you willed me to giue,
The Captaine that did visite you to day,
To tell you plaine your coffers yeeld it not.

Phi. How? if they yeeld it not; haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels, why sell them?
And go your way, dispatch and giue it him.

Phil. alone.

Me thinkes I finde the King much change of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great.

Although they seeme in show all of one rate,
Yet by the touch I finde them counterfeite.
For when I speake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I see his minde is otherwhere.

And when he speakes to me, I see he strives,
To giue a colour vnto what is not:

For

March in the life
of Alexander.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

For he must thinke that we whose states, whose liues
Depend vpon his grace, learne not by rote,
To obserue his actions, and to know his time,
And though indeed princes be manifold,
Yet haue they still such eyes to waite on them,
As are so pierciue that they can behold,
And penitrate the inwards of the hart.
That no deuice can set so close a dore,
Betwixt their shewes and thoughts, but that their art
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more,
But many malicing my state of grace,
I know do worke, with all the powers they haue
Vpon that easie nature, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue:
And though I know they seeket in close him in,
And faine would loke him vp, and chamber him:
Yet will I neuer sloop and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them,
And scorne to stand on any other feet
Then these of mine own worth: and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Basenes and looting them shall neuer gaine.
And yet I know my presence and accesse,
Cleers all these mists, which they haue rais'd before:
Though with my back streight turnes that happines,
And they againe blow vp as much or more;
Thus doe we role the stone of our owne toyle,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA

The Tragedie of Philotas.

SCENA III.

Craterus. Antigona.

Antigona, there is no remedie,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your conference verifie,
And therefore now it cannot be conceal'd.

Anti. O my good Lord I pray you vige me not,
Thais onely of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a lott,
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (show,

Cra. Why then shall rackes and tortures force thee
Both this and other matters which we know.
Thinke therefore if it were not a wiser part,
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps so beautilous as thou art,
Off faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, then to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Resolue the of this choise, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning back.

Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my loue,
Or dye disgrac'd? what do I make a doubt
Betray my loue? O heauenly powers aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused brest: nay rather first
Let tortures, death, and horror do their worst.
But out alas, this is inconfidrate tongue.
Without my hearts consent and priuie,

Hath

The Tragedie of Philotas,

Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdom to denie,
No wisdom to denie? yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytor to my hart,
Shall either powerfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath impart,
Yet what can my deniall profit him,
Whom they perhaps whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd ypon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be accessarie in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame, in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore:
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thine honour to forsake
Thy loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort,
Alas what notice will the world take,
Of such respects in women of my sort?
This act may yet put on so faire a coate
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blisht appeare with those of cleaneest note,
And haue as high a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred, and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life to batter downe my truth.
O my subdued thoughts what haue you done,
To let in feare and falshood to my heart,
Whom though they haue surprizd they haue not won
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.
Crat. *Antigona* what are you yet resolu'd?

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Ant. Resolu'd my Lord t'indure all miserie,

Crat. And so be sure you shall if that b' your choice.

Ant. What will you haue me doe my Lord, I am
Content to say what you will haue me say.

Crat. Then come, goe in with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

How dost thou weare, and weary out thy daies,
Restles ambition neuer at an end:

Whose traiailes no herculcan pillar slaies,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend.

Above good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climbing and yet neuer canst ascend:

For when thou hast attained vnto the top,

Of thy desires thou hast not yet got up.

That height of fortune, either is contrould,

By some more powerfull ouerlooking eye,

(That doth the fulnes of thy grace withhold)

Or counter-checkt with some concurrency:

As it doth cost farre more adoe to hold,

The height attained, then was to get so hie.

Where stand thou canst not, but with careful toile,

Nor loose thy hold, without thy utter spoile.

There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,

And others calouses, their conserplot

Against some under-working pride, that must

Supplanted be, or els thou standest not.

There wrong is paid with wrong, and he that thrust

Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.

The same concussion doth afflict his breast

That others shooke, oppression is oppress.

That

The Tragedie of Philotas.

That either happinesse dwells not so hie,
Or els above, where reioyrie cannot rise:
And that the highest of mans felicitie,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climbe but up to miserie,
High fortunes are but high calamities,
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue,
Rest dwells below it, happines above.
For in this hight of fortune are imbred,
Those thundring fragors that affright the earth,
From thence haue all distemperatures their bead:
That brings out desolation, famine dearth:
There certaine order is disordered,
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that high of fortune doth vnder
Both her owne quietnes and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

*Alex. Metron. Ceballinus Craterus
Perdiccas, Ephest.*

COME *Metron*, say of whom hast thou receiued,
Th'intelligence of this conspiracie;
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe,
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuie or imagination drawes
From priuate ends to breed a publike feare,
To amaze the world with things that neuer were?
Met. Here may it please your highnes is the man
One *Ceballinus* that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O *Alexander*, I haue sau'd thy life,

I am

The Tragedie of Philotas.

I am the man that hath reueal'd their plot,

Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?

Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomachus*.

Whom *Dymnus* chiefe of the conspirators,

Acquainted with the whole of their intents.

Alex. How long since is it, this was tould to thee?

Ceb. About some 3. daies since, my soueraigne Lord,

Alex. What three daies since? and hast thou so long
The thing cōceald frō vs, being of that weight? (kepe
Guard, take him hence, and giue him his reward.

Ceb. O, may it please your grace, I did not keepe
The thing cenceald one houre, but presently

Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,

Supposing him a man so neere in place,

Would best respect a case that toucht so neere,

And on him haue I waited these two daies,

Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace,

And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that

Your Graces leisure seru'd not fit to heare,

I, to the master of your armorie,

Addrest my selfe forthwith, to *Metron* here,

Who without making any more delay,

Prest in vnto your Grace, beeing in your bath,

Locking me vp the while in th'armorie,

And all what I could shew, reuealed hath.

Alex. If this be so then, fellow I confesse

Thy loyall care of vs was more then theirs,

Who had more reason theirs should haue bin more

Cause *Dymnus* to be presently brought forth,

And call *Philotas* straight, who now I see

Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.

Who would haue thought one whom I held so neere.

Would from my safetie haue bin so farre off,

When most it should and ought import his care?

And wherein his allegiance might make prooffe

Of

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Of those effects my fauours had deseru'd,
And ought t'haue claim'd more duly at his hands
Then any of therest? But thus w'are seru'd,
When priuie grace out of proportion stands,
And that we call vp men from off below,
From th'Element of baser propertie,
And set them where they behold and know
The way of might, and worke of Maiestie.
Where seeing those raies, which beeing sent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
To faile neere hand, and not to shew that prooffe,
(The obiekt onely working that effect,)
Thinke, seeing themselves (though by our fauor) set
Within the selfe same orb of rule with vs,
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set,
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neere eyes hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too.
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath:
And *Alexander* and the king are two.
But here they bring vs *Dimnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Ye, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He stab'd himselfe so deadly to the heart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Al. Say *Dimnus* what haue I deseru'd of thee.
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy king,
Philotas then our selfe. Hold, hold, he sinkes.
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.

Gua. H' hath spoke his last, h' will neuer answer more.

Al. Sorry I am for that, for now h' hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp into his breast all th'others hearts:
But yet this deepe argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be bard it in particular.

Philotas?

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Philotas, are you come, looke here this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene proou'd he had conceald,
Th'intended treason from vs these two daies.
Wherewith he saies, he streight acquainted thee:
Thinke the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence.
And which had beene lesse fowle in him then thee.

Phil. Renowned Prince, for that my heart is cleare,
Amazement cannot ouercast my face,
And I must boldly with th'assured cheare,
Of my vnguiltie conscience tell your grace.
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made,
By any the least thought: or ill in me:
And that the keeping of it vnbeuaid,
Was that I held the rumor vaine to be.

Considering some, who were accus'd, were knowne,
Your auncient and most loyall seruitors:

And such as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood I know, then once indanger yours:

And for me then vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
Thaue told an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In your distrust, and wrong to others truths,
And to no end, but onely to haue made
My selfe a skorne, and odious vnto all.

(For which, I rather tooke the blame was laid,
Then els for any trechery at all.)

I must confesse, I thought the safest way,
To smoothe it a while, to th'end I might,
If such a thing could be, some proofes bewray,
That might yield probabilie of right:
Protesting that mine owne vnspotted thought
A like beliefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought

Imagine

The Tragedie of Philotas.

T' imagine such a detestible deed.

And therefore, O dread Sou'raigne, doe not way
Philotas faith be this his ouer-sight,
But by his actions past, and onely by
Error this charge, not malice, nor despight.

Al. Well, loe thou hast a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou hast not power to cleere thy blame
Yet hath he power to pardon thee the same.
Which, take not as thy right, but as his Grace,
Since here the person alters not the case.
And here *Philotas*, I forgiue th' offence,
And to confirme the same, loe here's my hand.

Phi. O sacred hand, the witnessse of my life,
By thee I hold my safetie as secure,
As is my conscience free from trecherie.

Alex. Wel go t' your charge, & looke to your affaires,
For we to morrow purpose to remooue. *Exit.*

In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes the man seemes surely cleare in this,
How euer otherwise his hopes haue bin
Transported by his vnadulcednesse:
It cannot be a guiltie conscience should
Put on so sure a brow, or else by arte
His lookes stand newtrall, seeming not to hold
Respondencie of int're st with his heart.
Sure for my part, he hath dissolu'd the knot
Of my suspicion, with so cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of milchiefe it may be, he hath no hand.

Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
Who is suspected should be fear'd the more:
For danger from weak natures neuer growes,
Who must disturbe the world, are built herefore.

*He more is to be fear'd than nothing feares,
And malice most affects, that least appeares,*

Pre-

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Presumption of mens powers as well may breed
Assurednesse, as innocencie may :

And mischief seldome but by trust doth speed,
Who Kings betray, first their beliefe betray.

I would your grace had first confer'd with vs,
Since you would needs such clemencie haue shown,
That we might yet but haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue known.

In faults wherein an after shame will liue,

Tis better to conceale, then to forgie.

For who are brought vnto the block of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue past, (breath,

Then on that grace which hath preserv'd their
And more their sufferings then their mercie taste :

He now to plot your danger still may liue,
But you his guilt no: alwayes to forgie.

Know that a man so swolne with discontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore :
He knowes how these who once haue mercie spent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.

But say that through remorse he calmer prooue :
Will great *Parmenio* so attended on
With that braue Armie fostred in his loue :
Be thankfull for this grace you doe his sonne ?
Some benefits are odious, so is this :

Where men are still ashamed to confesse,
To haue so done, as to deserue to die :
And euer doe desire that men should gesse,
They rather had receiu'd an iniurie.

Then life, since life they know in such a case,
May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.

Perd. And for my part my liege, I hold this mind,
That sure he would not haue so much suppress,
The notice of a treason in that kind,
Vnlesse he were a partie with the rest :

Can

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* Sonne,
The generall commander of the horse:
The minion of the campe, the onely one
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse,
Should not in three daies space haue found the King
At leisure to heare three words of that import:
Whilst he himselfe in idle loushing,
Did thousands spend to aduance his owne report?

Cra. And if he gae no credit to the youth,
Why did he two daies space delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,
To hinder his address to other men
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not distrust him straight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings,
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vaineest things.

Al. Well howsoeuer, we will yet this night,
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise,
That it may seeme we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy here within it lies.

Kings may not know distrust, & though they feare
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA. II.

Antigona. *Thais.*

O Yare a secret counsell-keeper *Thais*,
In troth I little thought you such an one.
Tha. And why *Antigona*, what haue I done?
ant.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Ant. You know full well, your conscience you bewraies.

Cha. Alas good soule, would you haue me conceale,
That which your selfe could not but needs reueale?

Thinke you another can be more to you,
In what concerne them not then you can be,
Whom it imports? will others hold them true,
When you prooue false to your owne secrecie?

But yet this is no wonder, for we see,
Wiser then we do lay their heads to gaze
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a properie belongs
Especially to vs and euery age

Can shew strange presidents what we haue beene,
In cases of the greatest plots of men.

And tis the Scene on this worlds stage we play,

Whose reuolution, we with men conuert,

And are to act our part as well as they

Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.

For this great motion of a state we see,
Doth turne on many wheelles, and some, though smal,
Doe yet the greater mooue, who in degree
Stirre those, who likewise turne the great'st of all.

For though we are not wise, we see the wise,

By vs are made, or make vs parties still,

In actions of the greatest qualities

That they can manage, be they good or ill.

Ant. I cannot tell, but you haue made me doe

That which must euermore afflict my heart,

And if this be my wofull part t'vndoe

My deereft loue, would I had had no part.

How haue I siely woman sifted beene,

Examun'd, tride, flattered, terrifide,

By *Craterus* the cunningest of men,

Tha' neuer left me till I had descride

Whateuer of *Philotas* I had knowne,

That

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Tha. What is that all perhaps I haue thereby
Done thee more good, then thou canst apprehen

Ant. Such good I rather you should get then I
If that can be a good t' accuse my friend.

Th. Alas thy accusation did but quote
The mergin of some text of greater note.

Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.

Th. Yes, yes, *Arrigona*, I know it well.

For be thou sure, that alwaies those who seeke
T' attache the Lyon, so provide that still,
Their toyles be such, as that he shall not scape,
To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill,
Philotas neither was so strong nor high
But malice ouerlookt him, and discorde,
Where he lay weake, where was his vanitie,
And built her countermonsts vpon that side.
In such fort, as they would be sure to raze
His fortunes with the ingines of disgrace,
And now maist thou perhaps come great hereby,
And gracious with his greatest enemy.
For such men thinke they haue no full successie,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place,
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.

Ant. Loues, out alas, loue such a one as he,
That seekest vndoe my loue, and in him me?

Th. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.

Ant. I weigh not greatnes, I must please mine eie.

Th. Th' ye nothing fairer sees then dignitie.

Ant. But what is dignitie without our loue?

Th. If we haue that we cannot want our loue.

Ant. Why that giues but the outside of delight:
The day time say, what comfort hath the night?

Th. If power procure not that, what can it doe?

Ant.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Ant. I know not how that can be attained vnto,

Th. Nor will I teach thee if thou knowest it not.

It is vaine I see, to learne an *Asian* wit. *Exit,*

Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill

You *Greekes* professe, let me be foolish still,

So I be faithfull. And now being alone,

Let me record the heauie notes of mone, *Cantab.*

SCENA III.

Craterus, Ephesion, Clitus, &c.

MY Lords, you see the flexible conceit
Of our indangered soueraigne, and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,

Imports the state and vs, and therefore now

We either must oppose against deceit,

Or be vndone. For now hath time delcride,

An open passage to his farthest endes,

From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,

Returne we neuer can without our wracke.

And good my Lords, since you conceiue as much,

And that we stand alike, make not me prosecute

The cause alone, as if it did but touch

Onely my selfe, and that I did both breed,

And vrge these doubts out of priuate grieve,

Indeed I know, I might with much more ease

Sit still like others, and if dangers come,

Might thinke to shift for one, as well as they:

But yet the faith, the dutie and respect,

We owe both to our soueraigne and the state,

My Lords, I hold, requires another care.

Eph.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Eph. My Lord assure you, we will take a time
To venge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.

Cra. My Lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,
You will apply your Phisicke after death.
You se the king inuited hath this night
Philotas with the rest, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vsage to our sight,
As euer and you see the cunning straines
Of sweet insinuation that are vs'd,
T'allure the eare of grace with false reports,
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue, one action quite transports
The kings affections ouer to his hopes:
And sets him so beyond the due regard
Of his owne safetie, as one enterprize,
May serue their turne, and may v. all surprize.

Cl. But now since things thus of themselves break
We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, (out)
And eu'ry day will yield vs more no doubt,
For they are sau'd that thus are warn'd first.

Cra. So my Lord *Clitus* are they likewise warn'd,
T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewraide.

Cl. But that they cannot now it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.

Cra. You doe not know how far it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how far is spred
Already the contagion of this ill.

Cl. Why then there may some one man tortur'd be
Of those whome *Cebellinus* hath receald.

Cra. That one must be *Philotas* from whose head
All this corruption flowes, take him, take all.

Cl. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with the spie,

Cra. That his concealing of the plot bewrayes.

And

The Tragedie of Philotas.

And if we doe not cast to finde him first,
His wit be sure hath laid so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.

Cl. But if he be not found: then in this case,
We doe him more by blemishing his grace.

Cra. If that he be not found t'haue delt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him, for you seldom see,
Such men arraign'd that euer guiltlesse be:

Eph. Well my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his grace
(I thought it to be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case,
And God ordaine it may be for the best.

Excunt.

CHORVS.

SEE how these great men cloth their priuate hate
In those faire coulours of the publique good:

And to effect their ends pretend the state,
As if the state by their affections stood.

And arm'd with power and princes iealousies,
Will put the least conceipt of discontent:

Into the greatest ranke of treacheries.

That no one action shall seeme innocent.

Yet, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made,

As accessaries vnto endes vnjust.

And euen the service of the state must lide,

The needfulst undertaking with distrust.

So that base valenesse idle luxurie,

Seeme safer far, then to doe worthily.

Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,

Doth through the tincture of her owne conceits

The Tragedie of Philotas.

See all things in the coulours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceipt.
That what way euer the suspected take,
Still enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine or will make
Their humours of themselves to take that way.

But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent:
Who eithers caried in conceipt too farre,
Doe worke their owne or others discontent:
Or else are deemed fit to be suppress,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states haue euer had farre more unrest,
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill:
And finde that those doe alwayes better prooue,
Who are equall to impliment not aboue.
For selfe opinion would be seene more wise
Then present counsels, customes, orders, lawes,
And to the end to haue them otherwise,
The common wealth into combustion drawes.
As if ordaind t'imbreyle the world with wit,
As well as grossenes to dishonor it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Artarras. Sostratus.

So? **C** An there be such a suddaine change in
As you report? is to be belieu'd (Court,
That great *Philotas* whom we all beheld
In grace last night should be aiaign'd to day?
Art. It can be: and it is as I report,

For

The Tragedie of Philotas.

For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.

Soft. But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrowne
Before their certaine forfeitures were knowne.

Ant. Tush it was breeding loog, though suddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.

Soft. The time I waited, and I waited long
Vntill *Philotas* with some other Lords

Depart the presence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the king in better moode,

Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace:

Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds' appeare?

Att. Yet court stormes grow, when skies there seem
It was about the deepest of the night, (most cleare,
The blackest houre of darknesse, and of sleepe.

When with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falls downe before the King, in reats, implores,

Coniures his grace, as euer he would looke
To saue his person and the state from spoile,

Now to preuent *Philotas* practises:

Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the destruction of them all.

The King would faine haue put them off to time,
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne,
Which they perceiuing, prest him still the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers, and their owne.

And neuer left him till they had obtaind
Commission t'apprehend *Philotas* streight.

Now to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els but to beget it out of forme,

And carefull preparations of distrust:

About the Palace men in armour watcht,

In armour, men about the King attend,

All passages and issues were forclaid

With horse, t'interrupt what euer newes

Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

I with three hundred men in armour charg'd
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The person of *Philotas* presently :
And coming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the soundest sleepe
That euer man could be, where neither noise
Of clattering weapons, or our rushing in
With rude and trampling rumour could dissolue
The heauy humour of that drowsie brow
Which held perhaps his senses now more fast
As loath to leaue, because it was the last.

Soft. *Artarras*, what can treason sleepe so sound ?
Will that lowd hand or horror that still beats
Vpon the guiltie conscience of distrust,
Permit it t'haue so resolute a rest ?

Art. I cannot tell, but thus we found him there,
Nor could we I assure you waken him :
Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice
Had shooke him hard, and then at length he wakes :
And looking on me with a settled cheere,
Deare friend *Artarras*, what's the newes said he ?
What vp so soone to hasten the remoue,
Or rais'd by some al'arme, or some distrust ?
I to'd him, that the king had some distrust,
Why what will *Nabarxanes* play saith he
The villaine with the king, as he hath done
Already with his miserable Lord ?
I seeing he would, or did not vnderstand
His owne distresse : told him the charge I had :
Wherewith he rose, and rising vs'd these words :
O *Alexander*, now I see my foes,
Haue got aboute thy goodnes, and peuail'd
Against my innocencie, and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that base furniture of shame,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Poore body, said he, hath so many alarme :
Rays'd thee to blood and danger from the rest,
T' inuest thee with his armour now at last,
Is this the seruice I am cald to now ?

But we that were not to attend his plaints,
Cowering his head with a disgracefull weed ;
Tooke and conuaid him suddenly to ward,
From whence he shall be instantly brought forth,
Here to b' arraignd before the king, who sits,
(According to the Macedonian vse)
In cases capitall, himselfe, as Iudge,

Soft. Well then I see, these fatall fortunes proue,
Those are neere lightning, who are neere to Joue.

SCENA. II.

Alexander with all his Councel, the dead bo' y of Dymnans : the reuealers of the conspiracie, Philotas.

THe haynous treason of some few had like,
T' haue rent me from you, worthy followers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your sight, your reuerend sight,
Which makes me more t' abhorre those parricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong,
You had receiued, if their designe had stood,
Since I desire but life to doe you good.

The souldiers murmure,

But how will you be mou'd when you shall know,
Who were the men, that did attempt the shame ?
When I shall shew that which I grieue to show :
And name such as would God I could not name,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

But that the fowlenesse of their practise now,
Blots out all memory of what they were,
And though I would suppress them, yet I know,
This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare,
Parmenio is the man, a man you see
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, and our auncientst friend,
A man of yeares, experience, grauitie,
Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is,
Who here *Demetrius*, *Leuculaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whose dead body you behold,
With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me.

And here comes *Metron* vvith *Nichomachus*
To vvhom this murdered vvretch at first reueald,
The proiect of this vvhole conspiracie
T'auerte as much as vvvas disclos'd to him.
Nichomachus looke here, aduise thee vvell,
What dost thou know this man that here lies dead?

Nic. My soueraigne Lord: I know him very well,
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others to haue slaine your grace.

Al. Where, or by whom, or when did he report
This wicked acte should be accomplished?

Nic. He said vvithin three dayes your maiestie
Should be vvithin your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the nobilitie.

Of vvhom he many nam'd, and they were these
Loccus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopsis*
Nicanor, and *Amyntas*, *Leuculus*,
Droccus, vvith *Aphobetas* and himselfe.

Not. Thus much his brother *Ceballimus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.

Ceb. And so much vvith the circumstance of all
Did I vnto *Philotas* intumate.

Alex.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Alex. Then what hath been his mind, who did sup-
The information of so foule a traine, (presse
Your selues my worthy souldiers well may gesse,
Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment stayes,
To redischarge himselfe of such a waight,
Philotas careles, feareles, nothing weighes
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,
And tels he was content it should be done,
Which though he were no partie makes him one,

For he that knew vpon what power he stood,
And saw his fathers greatnesse, and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way which now withstood,
His vast desires, but onely this my crowne :
Thought in respect that I am issuelesse,
The same was easie to haue been attain'd
But yet *Philotas* is deceiud in this
I haue who shall inherite all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friends,
You are the heyres of all my purchases,
And whilst you liue, I am not issuelesse.

And that these are not shadowes of my feare,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies.)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise :
This shewes their ends, hold read it *Craterus*.
Crat, reads it. My sons, first haue a speciall care vnto
Then vnto those which do depend on you, (your selues,
So shall you doe what you intend to do.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
They might incourage them in their designs,
If enterpris'd might mocke the ignorant.
But now you see what was the thing was ment,
You see the fathers care the sonnes intent,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

And what if he as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest :
That shewes not his innocencie but his power,
Whom they account too great to be suppress,
And rather will accuse themselves then him,
For that whiles he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h' hath borne himselfe in priuate sort,
will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne,
Nor what hath been his arrogant report
T'imbale my actions, and to bragge his owne,
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote,
To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me,
By th' Oracle of *Ioue*, these things I thought
But weakneses, and words of vanitie :
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
Which I suppress, and neuer ceast to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and still t' impart
The best degrees and honors of the field.
In hope to win his loue, yet not at length,
There haue I danger where I lookt for strength:
I would to God my blood had rather been
Pow'd out the offering of an enemy;
Then practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,
That one of mine shou'd haue this infamy
Haue I bene so reseru'd from feares to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all?
Haue you so oft aduis'd me to regard
The safety which you saw mee running from,
When with some hote pursute I pressed hard
My foes abroad, to perish thus at home?
But now that safety only rests in you
Which you so oft haue Wisht me looke vnto.
And now vnto your bosomes must I flie,
Without whose will I will not wish to liue:
And with your wills I cannot, lesse I giue

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Due punishment vnto this treacherie.

Amin. Attarras, bring the hateful prisoner forth
This traitor which hath sought t'vndo vs all.
To giue vs vp to slaughter, and to make
Our blood a scorne, herein a barbarous land:
That none of vs should haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue countrey, to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kinred, and friends.
To make the body of this glorious host,
A most deformed trunk without a head,
Without the life or soule to guide the same.

Cæus. O thou base traitor impious parricide.
Who mak'st me loath the blood that march'd with
And if I might but haue my will I vow (thine
Thou shouldst not dye by other hand then mine.

Alex. Fie *Cæus* what a barbarous course is this
He first must to his accusation pleade.
And haue his tryall formall to our lawes
And let him make the best of his bad cause.

Philotas, here the *Macedonians* are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse,

Phi. The *Persian* language, if it please your grace
For that beside the *Macedonians* here,
Are many that will better vnderstand,
If I shall vse the speech your grace hath vs'd,
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the most men here might vnderstand.

Al. See how his natiue language he disdaines:
But let him speake at large as he desires,
So long as you remember he doth hate
Besides the speech, our glorie, and the state. *Exit*

Phi. Black are the colours laid vpon the crime.
Wherewith my faith stands charg'd my worthy lords:
That as behind in fortune, so in time,
I come too late to cleere the same with words,

My

The Tragedie of Philotas.

My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency, and my iust defence;
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no dore
For mine excuse, to haue an enterance,
That destitute of all compassion, now
Betwixt an vpright conscience of desert,
And an vniust disgrace, I know not how
To satisfie the time, and mine owne hart,
Authoritie lookes with so sterne an eye
Vpon this wofull Bar, and must haue still
Such an aduantage ouer misery,
As that it will make good, all that it will.

He who should onely iudge my cause, is gone,
And why he would not stay, I do not see.
Since when the same were heard, his powre alone,
As well might then condemne, as set mee free:
Nor can I by his absence now be clear'd,
Whose presence hath condemn'd me thus vnhard.
And though the greouance of a prisoners tongue,
May both superfluous, and disgracefull seeme,
Which doth not sue, but shews the iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon mee, I must not disesteeme
My rightfull cause for being dispis'd, nor must
Forake my selfe, though I am left of all,
Feare cannot make my innocence vniust
Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather, seeing how my fortune drawes,
My words should be deformed, then my cause,

I know that nothing is more delicate
Then is the sence and feeling of a state:
The clappe, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
In kings behalfe, thrusts with that violence
The subjects will to prosecute report,
As they condemne, ere they discern the offence.

Eph, Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,

That

The Tragedie of Philotas.

That thinke to win compassion, and beliefe
B'impugning iustice and to make men gesse
We do you wrong out of our heate of grieve,
Or that our place or passions did lay more
On your misfortunes, then your owne desert,
Or haue not well discern'd your fact before,
Or would without due proofes your state subuert,

These are the vsuall theames of traytorstongues,
Whopractise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs-
Your treasons are too manifestly knowne
To make in other liuerie then their owne.

Cra. Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here
With bare suspicions, but with open fact,
And with a reason that appeares as cleare
As is the sunne, and knowne to be your act.

Phi. What is this treason? who accuses me?

Cra. The proceffe of the whole conspiracie.

Ph. But wher's the man that names me to be one?

Cra. Here, this dead traitor shews you to be one.

Ph. How can he dead accuse me of the same,
Whom liuing he nor did, nor yet could name?

Cra. But we can other testimonie show
From those who were your chiefest complices.

Ph. I am not to b'adjudg'd in law you know
By testimonie, but by witnesses.

Let them be here produc'd vnto my face.

That can auouch m'a party in this case.

My Lords and fellow soldiers, if of those

Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one

Out of his tortures will a word disclose,

To shew I was a party, I haue done.

Thinke not so great a number euer will

Endure their torment, and themselues accuse,

And leaue me out. Since men in such case, still

Will rather slander others then excuse.

Calami.

Non testimonis sed rebus.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Calamity malignant is, and he
That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse
Eases his one affliction, but to see
Others tormented in the same distresse,
And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
By rackes and tortures can be forc'd to say.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceald,
My name being held to the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueald
The best to him to whom he must tell all?
Nay if he fastly then had nam'd me one?
To grace himselfe must I of force be one?

Alas if *Ceballinus* had not come to me
And giuen me note of this conspiracie,
I had not stood here now, but bin as free
From question, as I am from trachery.
That is the onely cloud that thundereth
On my disgrace: Which had deemed true,
Or could but haue deuind of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas, had my Lords, sat there with you.
My fault was to haue been too credulous,
Wherein I shewd my weakenesse I confesse.

Cra Philotas what a monarch and confesse
Your imperfections and your weakenesse?

Phi. O do not so insult vpon calamity,
Tis a barbarous grossenes to lay on
The weight of skorne, where heauy misery
To much already waies mens fortunes downe.
For if the cause be ill Ile vndergo.

The law and not reproch must make it so.

Can. Ther's no reproch can euer be to much
To lay on traytors, whose deserts are such.

Phi. Men vie the most reproches where thy feare,
The cause will better proue then their desue

Can: But sir, a traitors cause that is so cleere.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

As this of yours will neuer neede that feare.

Phi. I am no traytor but suspected one,
For not beleiuing a conspiracie.
And meere suspect by law condemneth none,
They are approued facts for which men die.

Cra. The law in treasons doth the will correct,
With like seuerenes as it doth th'effect,
Th'effectiō is the essence of th'offence,
The execution onely but th'accidence,
To haue but wil'd it is't haue done the same.

Phi. I did not erre in wil, but in beleife,
And if that be a traitor, then am I thee chiefe,

Cra. Yea but your will made yout beleife consent
To hide th'practise till th'accomplishment.

Phi. Beleife turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill,
Some facts men may excuse though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end,
Th'exemple of my father made me feare
To be to forward to relate things hoard,
Who writing to the king with him forbear,
The potion his Phisition had prepard,
For that he hard *Darius* tempted had,
His faith, with many talents, to b'vntue.
And yet his druggs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care seeme more then due,
For oft by an vntimely diligence,
A busy faith may giue a prince offence,
So that, what shall we do if we reucale,
Wee are dispil'd, suspected if conceale,
And as for this where euer now thou be
O Alexander thou hast pardon'd me,
Thou hast alreadie giuen me thy hand,
The earnest of thy reconciled hart.
And therefore now *O* let thy goodnesse stand,

Vnto

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Vnto thy word, and be thou what thou wert,
If thou beleiuedst me then, I am absolu'd,
If pardon'd me, these fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night,
When at thy table I such grace did finde,
What hainous crime hath since bin brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy minde
That from a restfull quiet most profound,
Sleeping in my misfortunes, made secure
Both by thy hand, and by a conscience sound,
I must bewak't for Gyues, for ropes impure,
For all disgrace that one me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought that others crueltie,
Should haue wrought more then thine own clemency.

Cra. Philotas whatsoeuer glosse you lay,
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine,
Your pride, your cariage euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice and disdain.
You cannot palliat mischief but it will,
Th'row all the fairest coverings of deceit
Be alwaies seene; we know those streames of ill,
I low'd from that head that feed them with cōcept,
You foster malcontents, you intertaine
All humors, you all factions must imbrace:
You vaunt your owne exploit, and you disdain
The kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace,
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,
With hopes of greater good then hath been seen.
You brag'd of late that something would be done,
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene,
And now we see the thing that should be done:
But God be prais'd we see you first vndone.

Ph. Ah do not make my nature, if it had,
So pliable a sterne of disposition,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

To turne to euery kindnes, to be bad,
For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not you charity to interpret all,
Is done for fauour, to be done for show,
And that we in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends not on mens needs bestow.
Let not my one daies error make you tell,
That all my life time I did neuer well.
And that because this falles out to be ill,
That what what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniust to ioyne to a present fact,
More of time past then it hath euer had
Before to doe with all, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter else to make it bad.
I doe confesse indeede I wrote something,
Against this title of the sonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the king but to the king,
I freely vs'd these words out of my loue,
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of speaking truth with trust one former grace
betraid my meaning vnto ennity
And drawne an argument of my disgrace,
So that I see though I spake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.

And God forbid that euer souldiers words,
Should be made liable vnto misdeedes.
When fainting in their march, tired in the fight,
Sick in their tent, stopping their wound that bleeds,
Or haue an iollie after conquest gote,
They shall out of their heate use words ynkind,
Their deedes deserue to haue them rather thought,
The passion of the season, then their mind.
For souldiers ioy, or wrath is measurelesse,
Rapt with an instant motion and we blame,
We hate, we praise, we pittie in excesse,

According

The Tragedie of Philotas.

According as our present passions frame,
Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine
Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke,
And idle, with our conquests, intertaine
A sullen humor of returning backe.
All which conceits on trumpets sound doth end,
And each man running to his ranks doth loose
What in our tents dislik't vs, and we spend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words if they proceed of leuitie
Are to be scorn'd, if out of madnesse fall
They must be pitied, if of iniurie
Remitted quite, or els not felt at all.
For of themselues they vanish by disdain,
But if pursu'd they will be thought not vaine.

Cra. But words according to the person weigh,
If his designs are hainous so are they,
They are the tinder of sedition, still
Wherewith you kindle fires, inflame mens will.

Phi. *Craterus* you haue th' aduantage of the day,
The law is yours to say what you will say,
And yet doth all your Glosses but beare the sence,
Onely of my misfortune not offence.
Had I pretended mischief to the king,
Could not I haue effected it without

Dymnus ? did not my free access bring
Continuall meanes to haue brought the same about?
Was not I since I heard the thing discride,
Alone, and aim'd in priuate with his grace,
What hindred me that then I had not tride
T'haue done that mischief hauing time and place,

Cra. *Philotas* euen the prouidence aboue,
Protectresse of the sacred state of kings,
That neuer suffers treachery to haue
Good counsell neuer in this case but brings.

Confusion

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Confusion to the actors, did vndo
Your harts, in what you went about to do.

Phi. But yet despaire we see doth thrust men on,
Seeing no way els t'vndoe or be vndone.

Cra. That same despaire doth likewise let men fall
In that amaze they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well, well, my Lords my seruice hath made
The faith I owe my soueraigne and the state (known
Philotas forwardnesse hath euer showne
Vnto all nations at so high a rate

I priz'd my king, and at how low my bloud,
To do him honor and my country good. (are

Eph. We blame not what y haue been, but what you
We accuse not here your valor, but your fault,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill subiect, in a wicked act.

Although we know thrust rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, then with duty lead
You haue done much, yet all your courses proue
You tide still your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honor, when it had bin meete,
You had them laid downe at your soueraignes feete.
God giues to kings the honor to command,
To subiects all their glorie to obey :

Who ought in time of warre as rampiers stand,
In peace as th'ornament of state array.

The king hath recompens'd your seruices
With better loue then you shew thankfulnessse,
By grace, he made you greater then you were
By nature: you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his giift was far more deere
Then all you did, in making you implord.
But say your seruice hath deseru'd at all,
This one offence hath made it odious all,
And therefore here in vaine, you vie that meane

To

The Tragedie of Philotas.

To plead for life which you haue cancelld cleane.
I bi. My lord you far mistake me if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,
From which so oft I ran with light esteeme
And so well haue acquainted me with death,
No, no, my lords, it is not that I feare
It is mine honor that I seeke to cleare:
And which if my disgraced cause would let
The language of my heart be vnderstood,
Is all which euer I haue sought to get.
And which (ô leaue me now) and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you seeke: my life stands in your way
That is your ayme, take it and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I must needes be made the sacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings but only blood suffice,
Yet let m' haue something left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues
But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne:
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours:
The trophies that our blood erects vnto
Their memorie, to glorifie their powers
Let them enioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone.
Let that high swelling riuer of their fame (name.
Leaue humble streames that feede them, yet their
O my deare father, didst thou bring thy spirit
Those hands of valour, that so much haue done,
In this great worke of a *Asia*, this to merit
By doing worthily to be vndone?

And

The Tragedie of Philotas.

And hast thou made this purchase of thy sword,
To get so great an Empire for thy Lord,
And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguish by thy service all thy line?

One of thy sonnes by being too valurous
But five daies since, yet ō, well, lost his breath,
Thy deere *Nicanor* th' halfe arch of my house,
And here now th' other at the barre of death
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in farre worse case,
And is to be confounded with disgrace.

Thy selfe must giue th'acquittance of thy blood;
For others debts to whom thou hast done good,
Which if they would a little time afford,
Death would haue taken it without a sword.

Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war.
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,
Whose fauour, and whose wrath consumes alike,

Eph. Lo here the misery of kings, whose cause
How euer iust it be, how euer strong,

Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes
The world to thinke they couer do the wrong,
But this foule fact of yours you stand vpon

Philotas shall beside th'apparancy
Which all the world sees plaine ere we haue done
By your owne mouth be made to satisfie,
The most stiffe partialist that will not see.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue so false I trust
vnto my hart, to shew it selfe vniust:

And what I heare doe speake I know my lords
I speake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be said I say, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let th'orable of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who if it shall be true.

Will

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Will neuer suffer those who haue conspir'd
Against *Joues* sonnet's cape without their due:
But will reueale the truth, or if this shall
Not seeme conuenient: why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell,
The secret'st thought that could imagin ill. (know
Bel. What need wee send to know more then wee
That were to giue you time t'acquaint yout friends
With your estate, till some combustion grow
Within the campe to hasten on your ends:
And that the gold and all the treasure
Committed to your fathers custody
In *Media*, now might arme his desperate troupes,
To come vpon vs and to cut our throates.
What shall we aske of *Ioue* that which he hath
Reueal'd already? but let's send to giue
Thanks that by him, the king hath skapte the wrath
Of thee disloyall traytor and doth liue.

Guar. Let's teare the wretch in peeces, let vs rend
With our owne hands, the traytorous parthicide.

Alex. Peace *Belon*, silence louing souldiers.
You see my lords out of your iudgements graue
That all excuses sickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus false and faithlesse beene
Must find out other gods and other men
Whom to forswear, and whome he may deceiue,
No words of his can make vs more beleue
His impudence, and therefore seeing us late,
We till the morning do dismisle the court.

ACT V S

The Tragedie of Philotas.

ACTVS V.

Chorus. Grecian and Persian.

Per. **W**ELL then we see there is small difference now
Betwixt our state and yours, you ciuil Greeks,
You great contriuers of free gouernments,
whose skill the world from out all countries seekes.
These whome you call your Kings, we but the same
As are our Soueraigne tyrants of the East,
I see they onely differ but in name;
Th' effects they shew agree, or neare at least.
Your great men here as our great Satrapaes
I see laid prostrate are with basest shame,
Vpon the least suspect, or iealousies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame.
Onely herein they differ, that your Prince
Proceedes by forme of law to effect his end;
Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The strongest truth: his sword the proces endes
With present death, and makes no more adoe,
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence to make it to appeare
In other beue, then that it ought to beare.
Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends,
For more he offends who by the law offends:
What neede hath Alexander so to strine
By all these shewes of forme to find this man
Guiltie of treason, when he doth contriue
To haue him so adiudg'd, doe what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th' offender not th' offence is punish there.
And what auails the fore-condemnd to speake

How

The Tragedie of Philotas.

How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.

*Gre. Ah, but it satisfies the world, and wee
Thinke that well done, which done by law we see.*

*Per. And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,
And to the compasse of your power extends.
But is it for the maicesty of kings,
To sit in iudgements thus themselves with you?*

*Gre. To doe enen iustice is the thing that brings
The greatest maicstie on earth to Kings.*

*Per. That by their subalternate ministers
May be performed as well, and with more grace
For to command it to be done infers
More glory then to doe, It doth imbase
Th' opinion of a power to inuulgar so
That sacred presence, which should neuer go
Neuer be scene, but euen as Gods below.
Like to our Persian Kings, in glorious show;
And who as starres affixed to their sphere
May not descend to be from what they are. (not men,*

Gre. Where kings are so like Gods, their subiects are

Per. Your king begins this course, & what will you be then?

*Gre. Indced since prosperous fortune gaue the raine
To head-strong power and lust, I must confesse
We greacians haue lost deeply by our graine,
And this our greatnes makes vs much the lesse.
For by th' accession of these mightie states
Which Alexander wonderously hath got,
He hath forgot himselfe; and vs, and rates
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe & feeble Asia wrought:
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things.*

How

The Tragedie of Philotas.

How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings enlarg'd then with our wounds
And made these falies of ambition?
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free states, which kept their crownes in awe.
They by these large dominions are made more
But we be become farre weaker then before.
What get we now by winning but wide mindes
And weary bodies with th'expende of bloud?
What should ill doe, since happy fortune findes,
But misery, and is not good, though good?
Action begets still action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of our paines
That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends?
Who counts the world but small, that calles him great:
And his desires beyond his pray distends
Like beasts that murther more then they can eat?
When shall we looke his trauailes will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What discontentments will there still arise
In such a Campe of kings, to inter-shock
Each others greatnesse, and what mutinies.
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer suff'r him to haue
That which he hath of all, which fortune gaue?
And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)
Whose body now rent on the torture lyes
Will flow that vaine of fresh conspiracies,
As ouer-flow him will, do what he can.
For cruellie doth not imbettter men
But tham more wary makes then they haue ben.
He. Are not your great men free from tortures then;

Mus

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Must they be likewise rackt, as other men?

Gre. Treason affords a priuiledge to none,
Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

SCENA II.

Polydamas, Sostratus.

Friend *Sostratus*, come, haue you euer knowne
Such a distracted face of Court as now,
Such a distrustfull eie, as men are growne
To feare themselves and all: and doe not know
Where is the side that shakes not, who looks best
In this fowle day, th'oppressor or th'opprest.
What posting, what dispatches, what aduice,
What search, what running, what discoueries?
What rumors, what suggestions, what deuice
To cleere the King, please people, hold the wise,
Retaine the rude, crush the suspected sort
At vnawares, ere they discerne th'are hurt.
So much the fall of such a weigh ie Peere
Doth shake the state, and with him tumble downe,
All whom his beame of fauour did vpbear,
All who to rest vpon his base were knowne.
And none that did but touch vpon his loue,
Are free from feare to perish with his loue..
My selfe, whom all the world haue knowne to embrace
Parmenio in th'irrenewle of my heart,
And euer in all battailes, every chase
Of danger, fought still next him on that part:
Was seized on this last night, late in my bed,
And brought into the presence of the King,
To pay I thought the tribute of my head,
But 'twas for a more abhorred thing:

I must

The Tragedie of Philotas.

I must redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Permenios* blood,
His life must pay for mine, these hands must gore,
That worthy heart, for whom they fought before.

Soft. What hath the King commanded such a deed,
To make the hearts of all his subiects bleed?
Must that olde worthy man *Parmenio* die?

Pol. O *Sofratus*, he hath his doome to die.
And we must yeeld vnto necessitie.

For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:

Polydamus, we both haue been deceiud
In holding friendship with that faithlesse man
Parmenio, who for all his glozing mind
Thou seest hath sought to cut my throat and thine,
And thou must worke reuenge for thee and me,
And therefore haste to *Media* speedily,
Take these two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my sure and trustie seruants there
The other signed with *Philotas* seale,
As if the same t'his father written were:
Carrie them both, effect what I haue said,
The one will giue th'accesse the other aide,
I toke the letters vowe t'affect the same,
And here I goe the instrument of shame.

Soft. But will you charge your honor with the shame?

Pol. I must or be vndone with all my name,
For I haue left all th'adamantiueties
Of bloud and nature that can hold a heart
Chained to the world, my brethren and allies
The Ostages to caution for my part.
And for their liues must I dishonor mine.
Els should the king rather haue turn'd his sword
Vpon my heart, then forst it impiously,
(Hauiing done all faire seruice to his Lord)

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Now to b'employd in this foule villany.

Thus must we doe who are inthral'd to kings,

Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things,

But now *Parmenio*, O me thinke I see

Thee walking in th'artificiall Grove

Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee,

And thou remembering all our ancient loue

Hastes to embrace me. saying, O my friend,

My deare *Polidamus*, welcome my friend,

Well art thou come, that we may sit and chat

Of all the old aduentures we haue run.

Tis long *Polidamus* since we two met,

How doth my soueraigne Lord how doth my sonne ?

When I vile wretch, whilst m'answere he attends

With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends

His speaking ioy, and stabbs him to the heart,

And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art

For all thy seruice, thou that didst agree

For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*

For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.

Such are the iudgements of the heauenly powr's

We others ruines worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. *Why this is right now Alexander takes*

The course of powre, this is a Persian trick,

This is our way, here publicke tryall makes

No doubtfull noyse but buryes clamor quick.

Gre. Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rue,

For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

EVNCIVS.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

INVENTIVS.

THis worke is done, the sad Catastrophe
Of this great act of bloud is finisht now.

Philotas ended bath the Tragedie.

Cho. Now good my friend, I pray thee tell us how,

N. As willing to relate as you to heare,
A full charg'd heart is glad to finde an eare.

The Counsell being dismiss'd, from hence and gone

Still Craterus plyes the king, still in his eare,

Still whispering to him priuately a'one,

Urging it seem'd a quick dispatch of feare:

For they who speake but priuately to kings

Do seldome speake the best and fittest things

Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death,

According to the Macedonian course;

But yet that would not satisfie the breath

Of busie rumour, but would argue force,

There must be some confessions made within,

That must abroad more satisfaction winne.

Craterus with Cænus and Ephestion,

Doe mainly urge to haue him tortured,

Whereto the King consents, and thereupon

They three are sent to see't accomplished.

Racks, Trons, Fires, and grisely torturers

Stand hideously prepar'd before his face.

Philotas all unmou'd, vnchang'd appeares,

As if he would deathes ugliest brow out-face,

And skorn'd the worst of force, and askt them why.

They said to torture the kings enemy.

Cho! That part was acted well God grant we heare,

No worse a Scene then this, and all goes cleere,

The Tragedie of Philotas.

So should worth act, and they who dare to fight
Against corrupted times should aye upright :
Such hearts kings may dissolue but not defeat,
A great man where he falls he should lye great,
Whose ruine (like the sacred carcases
Of scattered temples) still doe reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no lesse,
Then if they stood in all their maiestic.
But on with thy report.

Nu. Staight were hot yrons appli'd to scere his flesh
Then wrestling racks his comely body straine,
Then yron whips, and then the rack & fresh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe :
Which he endures with foresol'd a looke.
As if his minde were of another side
Then of his body, and his sence forsooke
The part of nature to be wholly tide
To honour, that he would not once consent
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.

Ch. Yet doth he like himselfe, yet all is well
This Argument no tyrant can refell,
This plea of resolution winnes his cause
More right then all, more admiration drawes,
For we loue nothing more then to renounce,
Men stoutly miserable, highly downe.

Nu. But now.

Ch. We feare that but. O if he might descend
Leaue so and let the Tragedie here end :
Let not the least act now of his at last,
Marre all his act of life and glories past.

Nu. I must tell all and therefore giue me leaue,
Swolne with raw tumours, vlcered with the ierkes
Of yron whips, that flish from bone bad raz'd,
And no part free from wounds : it irkes
His soule to see the house so foule defac'd,

wherein

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane
And therefore craves he they would now dismisſe
His grickous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h' had done amiſſe.
Straight were his tortures ceaſt, and after they
Had let him to recouer ſence, he ſaid
Now Craterus ſay, what you will haue me ſay?
Wherewith aſiſ deluded, or delai'd
Craterus in wrath calls preſently againe,
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
When what ſo euer ſecret of his heart
Which had bin ſore-concei'd but in a thought,
What friend ſo euer had but tooke his part
In common loue h' accus'd; and ſo forgot
Hi'r ſelfe that now he was more forward to
Confell's then they to urge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his ſpirits vndone,
Or ſeeing to hide or utter were all one;
Both wayes lay death, and therefore he would vie,
Now to be ſure to ſay enough to die.

And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly beſought them whom he ſcor'd before,
That Alexander where he ſtood behind
A Trauers, out of ſight, was hard to ſpeake,
I neuer thought that man that had a mind
To attempt ſo much, had had a heart ſo weak.

There he confeſt that one Hegelochus,
When firſt the king proclaim'd himſelfe Loues ſonne,
Incein'd his fathers heart againſt him thus
By telling him that now we were vndone,
If we endur'd, that he which did diſdaine
To haue bin Philips ſonne ſhould liue and raigne,
He that aboue the ſtate of man will ſtraine
His ſtile, and will not be that which we are,
Not onely vs contemnes, but doth diſdaine

The Tragedie of Philotas.

*The Gods themselves with whome he would compare,
We haue lost Alexander, lost (said he)
The king, and false one pride and vanity:
And we haue made a God of our owne blood,]
That glorifies himselfe neglects our good
Intollerable is this impious dedde
To Gods, whome he would match, to men he would exceed,*

*Thus hauing ouer-night Hegelochus
Discours'd my father sends next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs
All he had said to him made him re-say.
Supposing out of wine the night before
He might but idlie raue. When he againe
Far more inrag'd, in heat and passion more
Urg'd vs to cleare the state of such a staine,
Coniur'd vs to redeeme the common-weale
And doe like men or e'se as men conceale.*

*Parmenio thought whilst yet Darius stood
This course was on of season, and thereby
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders blood
Would now not profit vs but th'enemy.
But he once dead, we seizing the other powers
Might make all the orient and Asia ours.
That course we likt, to that our counsell stands,
Thereto we tide our oathes and gaue our hands,
And as for this, he said, for Dymnus plot,
Though he were cleere, yet now it cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at last could do
So much with him, as he confest that too.
And said that fearing Bactra would detaine
The King to long, he hastned on his endes,
Least that his father Lord of such a traine,
And such a wealth on whome the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death preuent
These his designes and frustrate his intent,*

Cho.

The Tragedie of Philotas.

Cho. O would we had not heard this latter iarre,
This all his former straines of worth doth marre:
Before this last his foes his spirit commends,
But now he is unpittied of his friends.

Num. Then was Demetrius likewise brought in place,
And put to torture, who denayes the deed,
Philotas he auerres it to his face.

Demetrius still denyes: then he espide
A youth one Calin that was standing by:
Calin said he, how long wilt thou abide,
Demetrius vaine y to auouch a lye.

The youth, that neuer had been nam'd before
In all his tortures, gaue them cause to gesse
Philotas car'd not now to utter more
Then had beed priuie to his practises.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius ston'd him vnto death,
And all whom Dymnus nam'd to haue consir'd,
With grienous tortures now must loose their breath:
And all that were allide which could not stie,
Are in the hands of iustice now to die.

Ch. What must the punishment ariue beyond
Th' offence, not with th' offender make an end?

Nu. They all must dye who may be fear'd in time
To be the heires vnto their kinreds crime.
All other punishments end with our breath,
But treason is pursu'de beyond our death.

Ch. The wrath of kings doth seldome measure keepe,
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deep:
When punish ment like lightning should appeare,
To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare.
Great Elephants, and Lyons murder least,
Th' ignoble beast is the most cruell beast,
But all is well if by the mighty fall
Of this great man, the King be safely freed,

post e
tionet
tas ne
rum d
miser
amni

The Tragedie of Philotas.

But if this Hydra of ambition shall
Haue other heads to spring vp in his seed,
Then hath he made but way for them to rise
who will assault him with fresh trecheries.
The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,
Tadmire high hills, but liue within the plaine.

FINIS.



A
LETTER
SENT FROM
Octavia to her husband
MARCVS ANTONIVS.
into Egypt.



AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterfon.*
1611.

LETTER
SENT FROM



1870
JANUARY 15
1871



*To the right Honourable and
vertuous Lady, the Lady Margaret
Countesse of Cumber-
land.*

*A*lthough the meaner sort (whose thoughts are plac'd
As in another region farre below:
The Sphere of greatnesse) cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her p:issions know:
Yet haue I here aduetur'd to bestow
Words vpon griefes as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Lady show
Out of my feelings, what shee might haue pend,
And here the same. I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Ladie, that vouchsafst to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto me,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread
Being Secretary now, but to the dead.



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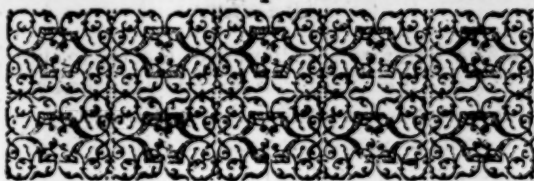
The Argument.

VPon the second agreement (the first beeing broken through icalousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus. Octavia the sister of Octavius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a linke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of nature, or any power of necrest respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others endes, and deliuered up as an Ostage to serue the opportunitie of aduantages, met not with that integritie she brought; but as highly preferred to affliction encountred with all the grieuances that beat upon the miserie of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humors of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet upon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beautie, could admit no new lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe beeing not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the point of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraigntie could drawe a man vnto, could not truely descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modestie, and the nature of her education, knew not to cloth her affections in any other colours then the plaine habit of truth: whercin shee euersued all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of honestie, to winne the
good

The Argument.

good liking of him that held her but as a curtain drawn between him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withall, which the sharpe sight of an equally iealous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easly locke thorow and ouer blood and nature, as he to abuse it: And therefore to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces either to reduce Anthony to the rancke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When Octauia by the emplyment of Anthony (as beeing not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece to find Octavius, with whom her care and teares were so good Agents, that they effected their commission beyond all expectation. and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Anthonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunitie got ouer againe into Egypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prety to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Conntrey, blood, and alliance, which gaue to Octauia the cause of much affliction, and to me the Argument of this letter.

A Letter



*A Letter sent from Octauia
to her husband Marcus Antonius
into Egypt.*

TO thee (yet deare) though most disloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* sendeth word
Of th'vnkind woundes receiued by thy hand,
Great *Anthony*, O let thine eies afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou doest, and doe but read her teares
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

2 Although perhaps, these my cōplaints may come
Whil'st thou in th'armes of thy incestuous Queene,
The staine of *Egypt*, and the shame of *Rome*,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to haue them seene:
Whil'st proud disdainfull shee, guessing from whom
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,
Will skorning say, faith, this comes from your Deere,
Now sir you must be shent for staying here.

3 From her indeede it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royall concubine, and queene of lust)
Whose arme yet pure, whose breasts are void of blame
And whose most lawfull flame, prouest thine vniust:
Tis shee that sends the message of thy shame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust:
Pardon, deere Lord, from her these sorrowes are
Whose bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

† And

The Letters

4 And therefore here her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
Although at first my trust in thee was such
As it held out against the strongest fame.
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least heliefe till all confirm'd the same.
That I was almost last that would beleue,
Because I knew me first that most must grieue,

5 How oft haue poore abused I tooke part,
With falshood onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued against my heart
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my selfe vnto my selfe vntrue.
So much my loue labour'd against thy Sinne
To shut out feare which yet keepes feare within.

6 For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind,
Of worthie and victorious *Antonie*,
Could be by such a *Syren* so declin'd,
As to be train'd a pray to Luxury.
I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind
As to despise his Children, *Rome*, and me:
But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so vniust.

7 But now that certaine fame hath open laid,
Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away
And made the passage of my sorrowes free,
For now poore heart ther's nothing in the way,
Remaines to stand betwixt despaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8 And now I may with shame enough pull in,
The colours I aduanced in his grace,
For that subduing power that him did win

Hath

Hath lost me too, the honor of my face:
Yet why should I bearing no part of sinne,
Beare such a mightie part of his disgrace?
Yes though it be not mine, it is of mine,
And his renowne being clips'd mine cannot shine.

9 Whi h makes me as I doe, hide from the eie
Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,
That sure there was in mesome reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to disesteeme:
So that alas poore vnderferuing I
A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme,
Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

10 And yet my brother *Caesar* counselled
To haue me leaue thy house, and liue more free,
But God forbid, *O Etania* should he led
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed.
Are still the objects that remember me
What *Anthony* was once, though false now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11 These walles that here doe keepe mee out of
Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee, (sight,
And testify that I will doe thee right,
Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

12 Although my youth, thy absence & this wrong,
Might draw my blood to forfeit vnto shame,
Nor neede I frustrate my delights so long,
That haue such meanes to carrie so the same,
Since that the face of greatnesse is so strong
As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame,

Having

The Letter

Hauiug all secret helps that long thereto?

That seldome wants there ought, but will to doe.

Which yet to do, ere lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me aliue, hell rap me hence:

Shall I because despis'd contemne my shame,

And adde disgrace to others impudence?

What can my power but giue more power to fame?

Greatnesse must make it great incontinence;

Chambers are false, the bed and all wil tell

No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

14 Hath greatnesough peculiar else alone
But to stand faire and bright above the base?

What dorth deuide the cottage from the throne,

If vice shall lay both leuell with disgrace?

For if vncleannesse make them but all one,

What priueledge hath honor by his place?

What though our sinnes go braue and better clad,

They are as those in rags as base as bad.

15 I know not how, but wrongfully I know

Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind

Vnder desert, and set vs farre below

The reputation to our sexe assign'd;

Charging our wrong reputed weakenesse, how

We are inconstant, hickle, false, ynkind,

And though our life with thousand 'proofes shewes

Yet since strength saies it, weakenes must be so, (no

16 Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share

Of libertie, of lifes best benefite,

But stand as if we interdicted were

Of vertue, action, practises of might:

Must you haue all and not vouchsafe to spare

Our weakenes any part of natures right,

Is there no portion left for vs at all,

But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall:

17 Thrice happie you in whom it is no fault,

To

To know, to ſpeake, to iudge, and to be wiſe:
 Whoſe woads haue credite, and whole deeds though
 Muſt yet be made to ſeeme for otherwiſe: (naught
 You can be on'y heard whilſt we are taught
 To hold our peace, and not to exerciſe
 The powers of our beſt parts, becauſe your parts
 Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our hearts.

18 We in this priſon of our ſelues confin'd,
 Muſt heare ſhut vp with our owne paſſions liue
 Turn'd in vpon vs and denied to finde
 The vent of outward meanes that might relecue,
 That they alone muſt take vp all our mind,
 And no roome left vs but to thinke and grieue,
 Yet oft our blindfold thoughts looke more direct,
 Then your looſe wiſdomes borne with wild neglect.

19 For ſhould we do (as God forbid we ſhould)
 Carry no better hand on our deſires
 Then your ſtrength doth, what int'reſt could
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
 What mixture of ſtrange generations would
 Succeed the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
 What foule confuſion in your bloud and race,
 To your immortal ſhame and our diſgrace?

20 What are there bars for vs no bound for you
 Muſt leuity ſtand ſure though firmen eſſe fall?
 And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
 And we no grant to be diſpenc'd withall?
 Muſt we inuolable keepe your due,
 Both to your loue, and to your falſhood thrall?
 Whilſt you haue ſtretch'd your luſt vnto your will,
 As if your ſtrength were licenc'd to doe ill.

21 O if you be more ſtrong then be more iuſt,
 Cleere this ſuſpicion, make not the world to doubt
 Whether in ſtrong or weake be better truſt,
 If frailty or eſſe valor be more ſtout:
 And if we haue ſhut in our harts from luſt,

The Letters

Let not your bad example let them cut,
Think that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good

22 Is it that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which drawes you onto do vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs in loosing what we hold,
Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
So that what you vnties, doth vs vnfold?
Then loue tis thou that dost confound vs so,
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

23 Distressed woman kind that either must
For louing loose your loues, or get neglect;
Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust,
And falshood cheeriſht, faith without respect.
Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind
To be most true that vse you most vnkind.

24 Yet well it fits, for that sinne euer must
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame,
For he that holds no faith shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong is sure to reape the same:
How can he look to haue his measure iust
That fills deceit, and reckons not of shame.
And being not pleas'd with what he had in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not? (seem'd
25 Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue
Though to haue sum'd had likewise beene vniust:
Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust,
Because our nature griueth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must,
And it's some ease yet to be kindly vs'd,
In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26 But

26 But wo to her, that both in ſhew deſpis'd,
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuiz'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antonie*, could it not haue ſuffiz'd

That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſkorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy ſelfe only to ſerue her pride?

27 What fault haue I committed that ſhould
So great diſlike of me and of my loue? (make
Or doth thy fault but an occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it reprove?
Because his conſcience gladly would miſtake
Her owne miſdeedes which ſhe would faine remove,
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence becauſe they will offend.

28 Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with ſinne, as wholly his,
Making it now their ſide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe would ſhew t'haue done amiſſe:
For now they thinke not to be oppoſite
To what obraidſ their fault wherewickednes,
So much doth ſo lie thruſt them into blame
That euen to leaue of ſhame, they count it ſhame.

29 Which do not thou deare Lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but ſue for thy returne
Backe to thy ſelfe, whom thou haſt both forgot,
With me, poore me, that doth not ſpight but mourne,
And if thou could'ſt as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, theſe plaints had beene forborne:
And thou ſhould'ſt be the ſame vnto my hart

Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art,
30 Though deep doth ſit the hart recovering ſmart
Of that laſt wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part

The Letter

Of my sad soule, then al th' vnkindnesse past:
And *Antony* I appeale to thine owne heart,
(If th' heart which once was thine thou yet still hast)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue,
Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieue

31 For comming vnto *Athena* as I did,
Weary and weake with toile, and all distrest,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request
And how my trauell was considered
And all my care, and cost, thy selfe knowes best:
That would' it not mooue one foote from lust for me,
That had left all was deare to come to thee.

32 For first what great ado had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæsars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cri'd to stay the sinne
Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both to share with both your ill?
My blood, said I with either of you goes.
Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

33 And what shame shall such mighty persons get
For two weake womens cause to disagree?
Nay what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
Th' inkindeled fire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let these vngilty hands the quenchers be.
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord

34 With prayers, vowes, and teares, with vrging
I wrung from him a slender grant at last, (hard
And with the rich prouision I prepar'd,
For thy intended *Parthian* warre made hast,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past:

And

And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To shew thee of my coming and intent.

35 Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach so neare:
Then sent I backe to know what should be done
With th'horse, and men, and mony I had there:
Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun
To touch thy soule to thinke yet what we were,
Th'Inchanters straight steps twixt thy hart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

36 Shee armes her teares, the ingins of deceit,
And all her battery to appose my loue,
And bring thy coming grace to a retrayt
The power of all her subtilty to proue:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seemes in a sound, ynable more to moue:
Whilst her instructed followers plie thine cares
With forged passions mixt with feined teares.

37 Hard harted lord, say they, how canst thou see
This mighty Queene a creature so diuine,
Lie thus distressed, and languishing for thee,
And onely wretched but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must intitled bee
Thy wife, and shee esteem'd thy concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raise it vnto his right,
And let a scepter base passions quite.

38 Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side
And worke vp on th'aduantage of thy mind,
Knowing where iudgement stood least fortified.
And how t'incounter folly in her kind:
But yet the while O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wrastring thoughts dost find?
In what confused case is thy soule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, sorrow, shame and sinne?

39 I cannot tell, but sure I dare believe

The Letter

My trauailes needs must some compassion moue
For no such looke to bloud could nature giue
To shut our pittie, though it shut our loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reprove.
The guilt of thy offence, that caus'd the same;
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40 Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene complecte
In ioyes intire, but feare still keepe the dore
And held back something from that full of sweet,
To interflowre vn Timer delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were conceiu'd before:
Something must still be left to checke our sinne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue been.

41 Wretched mankind, wherefore hath nature
The lawfull vndelightfull th'vniust, shame?
As if our pleasure onely were forbade
But to giue fire to lust, t'ad greater flame,
Or else but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passionsto confound the same,
Which though it be, yet ad not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

42 Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make
With thy diuided hart oppress'd with toyle, (peace
Breake vp this war; this brest dissention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I doe not onely seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty the while
Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43 I know my pittied loue doth aggrauate,
Enuy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings adde with my estate
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head,

Of Oelania.

Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wisht haue beene vn pittied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

44 Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke to offend me with vnought reliefe?
Whilst my afflictions labour'd to moue none
But onely thee; must pittie play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And moue a part against my deere part?

45 Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make returne at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my enrolled griefe all that is past;
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac't:
And pittie shall bring back againe with me
Th'offended hearts that haue forsaken thee.

46 And therefore come deere Lord, lest longer stay
Doe arme against thee all the powers of spight,
And thou be made at last the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror doe I see prepar'd t'attend
Th'event of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47 With what strange formes & shewes ominous
Did my last sleepe, my griev'd soule entertaine?
I dreamd, yer O, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nylus* floting, thrust into the maine,
Vpon whose backe a wanton Mermaid sat,

The Letter of Othania.

As if shee rul'd his course, and steerd his fate.

48 With whom t'in counter, forth another makes,
Alike in kinde of strength and power as good
At whose engrappling *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, di'de with streames of bloud :
Whereat this looker on, amaz'd forsookes
Her Champion the e, who yet the better stood ;
But seeing her gone, straight after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in his eyes :

49 On followes wrath vpon disgrace and feare,
Whereof hee cutt forooke me with the night,
Put my wak'd cares, gaue me these shadowes were
Drawne but from darknesse to instruct the light,
These secret figures naures message beare
Of comming woes, were they deciphered right ;
But if as clouds of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake,

50 Preuent great spirit the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate ; and let thy heart within
Consider in what danger thou doest lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadows ouercast. (toile,

51 Come, come away from wrong from craft from
Possesse thine owne, with right, with truth, with peace :
Breake from these snares, thy iudgement vnbeguile.
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe release.
But whether am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease ?
Words still with my encreasing sorrows grow,
I know t'haue said too much, but not ynow.
Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the beart that's thine, and sol end.

FINIS,

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
CLEOPATRA.

To the Ladie MARIE
Countesse of PEMBROKE.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.



AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for Simon Waterſon.
1612.

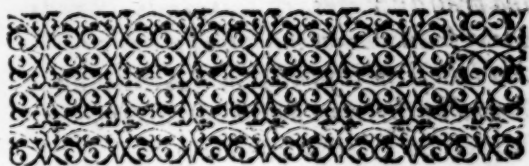
THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
GEORGE

To the Right Honourable
The Lord High Treasurer

of the Kingdom of England



AT LONDON
Printed by I. B. for W. B. at the
1611



TO THE MOST
NOBLE LADY, THE
Lady MARY Coun-
tess of PEMBROKE.

BEhold the work which once thou didst impose
Great sister of the Muses glorious starre
Of femall worth, who didst at first disclose
Unto our times, what noble powers there are
In womens hearts, and sent example farre
To call up others to like studious thoughts
And mee at first from out my low repose
Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes
Whilst I contented with an humble song
Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd me best

The Epistle

And onely told of Delia and her wrong
And prais'd her eyes, & plaind mine owne vnrest
A text from whence muse had not digrest
Had I not seene thy well grac'd Anthonie
Adorn'd by thy sweet stile in our faioe tongue
T'expect his Cleopatras company.
And that those notions which at first in me
The, then delicious Wilton did impress
That arbor of the Muses grac'd by thee
And which did likewise grace thy worthinesse
Were grown to apprehend how th'images
Of action and of greatnesse figured were
Made me attempt t'attire her misery
In th'habit I conceiu'd became her care
Which if to her it be not fitted right
Yet in the sute of nature sure it is
And is the language that affliction might
Perhaps deliuer when it spake distresse
And as it was I did the same addresse
To thy cleere vnderstanding and therein
Thy noble name, as in her proper right
Continued euer since that time hath beene
And so must likewise still, now it is cast
Into this shape that I haue giuenthereto
Which now must stand, being like to be the last
That I shall euer herein haue to doo.

And

Dedicatorie.

And glad I am I haue renewd to you
The vowes I owe your worth, althougħ thereby
There can no glory vnto you accrew
Who consecrate your proper memory.
Those holy Hymnes the melody of heauen
Which Israels singer to his God did frame
Vnto thy voice eternall fame hath giuen
And shews thee deer to him frō whence they came
In them shall rest thy euer reuerent name
So long as Sions God remaineth honored
And till confusion hath all zeale bereauen
And murthered faith and temples ruined
By them great Lady you shall then be knowne
When Wilton may lie leuell with the ground
And this is that which you may call your owne
Which sacrilegious Time cannot confound:
Here you suruiue your selfe, here are you found
Of late succeeding ages fresh in fame,
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where in eternall brasse remains your name.
O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
Within these strict and narrow limits, so,
But that the musique of our well tund Ile
Might hence be heard to Mintium arme & Po,
That they might know how far Thames doth out
Declined Tybur, and might not contemme. (goe

The Epistle.

Our Northern tunes, but now another while
Receine from vs more then we had from them

Or why may not some after comming hand
Vnlock these limits, open our our confines,

And breake a sunder this imprisoning band
T'inlarge our spirits, and let out our designs

Planting our roses on the Apinines,

And to Iberus, Loyce and Arue to teach

• That we part glory with their, and our land
Being match forworth, comes not behind in speech

Let them produce the best of all they may
Since Rome left bearing, who bare more the men

And we shall paralell them every way

In all the glorious actions of the men.

Our Phœbus is the same that theirs hath beene,

How euer ignorance, phantesticke growne

Rates them aboue the valem that they pay,

And likes strange notes, and disesteemes our owne

They cannot shew a Sidney, let they shew

All their choice peeces, and bring all in one

And altogether shall not make that shew

Of wonder and delight, as he hath done :

He hath th'Olimpian prize (of all that run

Or euer shall witd mort all powers) possesst

In that faire course of glory and yet now

Sydney is not our all, although our best.

That

Dedicatorie.

*That influence had Elizaes blessed peace
Peculiar to her glory as it spread
That sacred flame of many, and th'increase
Did grace the season, and her honored
And if the same com: now extinguished
By the distemperature of time, and cease
Suffice we were not yet behind the rest,
But had our part of glory with the best.*



De la Roche

Le 15 Mars 1665

Monseigneur le Duc de Montpensier

Monseigneur le Duc de Montpensier

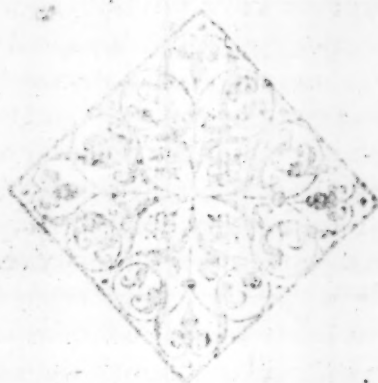
Monseigneur le Duc de Montpensier

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Monseigneur le Duc de Montpensier





The Argument.

After the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (li-
uing still in the monument shee had caused to
be built) could not by any meanes be drawne
forth, although Octavius Cæsar very earnest-
ly Laboured it, and sent Proculius, to use
all diligence to bring her unto him: for that he thought
it would be a great ornament to his triumphs, to get her
aliue to Rome. But neuer would shee put her selfe into
the bandes of Proculius, although on a time he found
the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the
Monument,) to come downe unto her: where hee per-
swaded her (all he might) to yeeld herselfe to Cæsars
mercy, which shee (to be rid of him) cunningly seemed to
grant unto. After that, Octavius in person went to vi-
site her, to whom shee excused her offence, laying all the
fault upon the greatnes, and feare shee had of Antoni-
us, and withall seemed very tractable, and willing to be
disposed of by him.

Whereupon Octavius, thinking himselfe sure resol-
ued presently to send her away to Rome. Whereof Dol-
bella a fauourite of Cæsars (and one that was growne
into some good liking of her) hauing certified her shee
makes her humble petition to Cæsar that he would suf-
fer her to sacrifice to the Ghost of Antonius, which bee-
ing granted her, shee was brought unto his Sepulchre,
where, after her rites performed she returned to the mo-
nument, and there dined with great magnificence. And

The Argument.

in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a count-
triman, with a basket of figges vnto her, who (vnsuspe-
cted) was suffered to carry them in: And in that basket
(among the Figges) were conueied the Aspickes where-
with she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended,
she dispatched Letters to Cæsar, containing great la-
mentations with an earnest supplication, that she might
be intombed with Antonius. Whereupon Cæsar, know-
ing what she intended, sent presently with all speede,
Messengers to haue prèuented her death, which notwithstanding
before they came, was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, which she had by Iulius Cæsar
(conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the
warres) was about the same time of her death murde-
red at Rhodes; trained thither by the falshood of his
Tutor, corrupted by Cæsar. And so hereby came the
race of the Ptolomies to bee wholly extinct, and the flou-
rishing rich kingdome of Egypt utterly ouerthrowne and
subdued.

The names of the Actors.

Cleopatra.

Oct. Cæsar,

Cæsario.

Dolabella,

Proculeius.

Arins.

Philopstratus.

Selcucus.

Rhodon.

Dirsetus.

Diomedes.

Charmion.

Eras.



THE TRAGEDIE of CLEOPATRA.

ACTus I. Scena I.

Cleopatra. Cesario. Rodon.

COME *Rodon*, here, conuey from out this coast
This pretious iem, the chiefeſt I haue left,
The ieuell of my ſoule I value moſt,
My deare *Cesario*: Saue him, ſaue my theſt,
Guide him to *India*, lead him ſaſſe from hience,
Conceale him where ſecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And *Egypt*s peace be reconcil'd againe,
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe,
The riſing Sunne of our declining ſtate:
Theſe be the hands that may reſtore our wracke,
And raiſe the ſhattered ruines made of late:
He may giue limits to the boundleſſe pride
Of fierce *Ottavius*, and abate his might,
Great *Iulius* offspring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.

Ro. No doubt he may, deare Soueraigne when the
Of this confuſed ſtorme is ouerpaſt, (rage
That furiouſly now beates vpon this age,
And, may be, iſtoo violent at laſt.

And

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And *Casars* fortune which now seems to grow
Into th' Ascendent of felicitie,
And makes the round and full of glory now,
May come to waine like others wretchednes:
No tyrant can prescribe to iniurie:
Kings Rights may oft be sicke, but neuer die.

Ch. Rodon, my selfe, those turnes of Chance haue
And known both sides of fortune, wo. ft & best (seen
And therefore he, whose birth, whose sexe hath beene
Worthier then mine, why should not he reblest
Turne backe to rule the scepter of this land?
Which ah, how well it would become this hand?

O how he seemes the modell of his syre,
Now doe I gaze my *Cesar* in his face:
Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire,
Such was his threatening brow, such was his grace;
Hie should red, and his forehead euen as hie,
And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late,
He might haue rul'd the worldswide Monarchy.
And now haue bin the Champion of our State,
But O deare sonne, the time yeilds no delays,
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reserue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me thy wofull mother to indure
The fury of this tempest here alone,
Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure:
Thou maiest reuenge when others can but mone.
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guid
Thee in the way, thou shalt not need to feare,
Rodon my faithfull seruant will prouide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, tender well his youth,
The wayes are long, and dangerous euery where;
I vrge it not, that I doe doubt thy truth,

But

But mothers cast the worst, and alwaies feare.

“ The absent danger greater still appeares,

“ Lesse feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.

Rod. Madame, nor can, nor haue I other gage,

To lay for this assurance of my troth,

Butth' earnest of that faith, which all my age

Your grace hath gi'd: and which againe by oath

Vnto the care of this sweet Prince I vow,

Whose safetie I will tender with more heede

Then mine owne life. For consider how

The life of Egypt stands on his good speed:

And doubt not Madame *Cesar* lett vs hath

The posterne gate of *Nylus* free, to flie,

And *India* lies beyond the bounds of wrath,

And owes no homage to his Empery.

And there we shall find welcome, there remaine

Safe, till good fortune brings vs backe againe.

Cle. But ah, I know not what presaging thought

My spirit suggests of ominous euent:

And yet perhaps my loue doth make me dote

On idle shadowes, which my feates present.

But yet the memorie of mine owne fate,

Makes me feare his, and yet why should I feare?

His fortune may in time regaine his state,

And he with greater glory gouerne here.

But yet I feare the *Genius* of our race,

By some more powerfull spirit comes ouerthrowne,

Our blood must be extinct, in my disgrace,

And Egypt haue no more kings of their owne.

Then let him stay, and let vs fall together,

If it be fore-decreed that we must fall:

Yet who knowes what may come, let him go thither

What Marchant in one vessell venters all?

Let vs diuide our starres, goe, goe my sonne:

Let not the fate of Egypt find you here,

Tric

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Trie if so be thy Destinie can shun
The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hide him any where?
Then what need I to send thee so farre hence
To seeke thy death, that maiest as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in rest,
Not trauelling to what will come to thee:
Why should we leaue our blood vnto the East,
When Egypt may a tombe suffi. ient be?

O my diuided soule what shall I doe,
Whereon shall now my resolution rest?
What were I best resolue to yield vnto?
When both are bad, how shall I know the best?
Stay; I may hap to worke with *Cesar* now,
That he may yield him to restore thy right.
Goe; *Cesar* neuer will consent that thou
So neere in blood shalt be so great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my sonne, farewell.
But stay: there's something I would gladly say,
Yet nothing now. But O God speed you well,
Lest saying more, that more might make thee stay.
Yet let me speake, perhaps it is the last
That euer I shall speake to thee, my sonne,
Doe mothers vse to part in such post haste?
What must I end when I haue scarce begun?
Ah no (deare heart) tis no such slender twine
Wherewith the knot is tyde twixt me and thee:
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me.
And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O sonne,
Though I haue made an end, I haue done.

Ces. Deare soueraigne mother, suffer not your
To tumult thus with th' honor of your state: (care
The miseries of ours no strangers are,

Nor

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

O *Eros*, said he, and hath fortune quite
Forsoaken me? must I b'outgone in all?
What? can I not by losing get a right?
Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
In death? must I looth a woman, and a slaue
The start before me of this glory haue?
With that he takes his sword, and downe he falls
Vpon the dismall point, which makes a gate
Spacious enough for death, but that the walls
Of nature, skorn'd to let it in thereat,
And he suruiues his death. Which when his loue,
His royall *Cleopatra* vnderstood,
Shee sends with speed his body to remoue,
The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.
Which brought vnto her tombe, (lest that the prease
Which came with him, might violate her vow)
Shee drawe him vp in rowles of tastatie
T'a window at the top, which did allow
A little light vnto her monument.

There *Charmion*, and poore *Eros*, two weake maids
Foretir'd with watching, and their mistresse care,
Tngd at the pulley hauing no other ayds,
And as they hoise the swounding body there
Of pale *Antonius* showing out his blood
On th' vnder-lookers, which there gazing stood.

And when they had now wrought him vp half way
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
The frame stood still, the body at a stay,
When *Cleopatra* all her strength thereto
Puts, with what vigor loue, and care could vse,
So that it mooues againe, and then againe
It comes to stay. When shee a fresh renewes
Her hold, and with reinforced power doth straine,
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
Whose surcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.

The Tragedie of, Cleopatra.

Well then, here is a sad daies worke begun :
For first, betweene these armes, my *Antony*
Expir'd this day: and whilst I did vphold
His struggling limmes in his last extasie,
The yet vncloused wound, which his owne sword
Had made before, burst out, imbru'd my wombe,
And here with these faire collours of my Lord
Which now I weare: I come from out a tombe,
To send away this deere part of me
Vnto distresse, and now whilst time I haue,
I gotte interre my spouse. So shall I see
My sonne dispatch for death, my loue t'his graue.
Exit.

SCEMA. II.

Octavius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.

V Hat newes brings now *Dircetus* from our foe,
Will *Antony* yet struggle beeing vndone ?

Dir. Noe, *Cesar* he will neuer vex thee more,

His worke is ended, *Anthony* hath done.

Here is the sword that hath cut off the knot

Of his intangled fortunes, and hath freed

His grieued life from his dishonor'd blot.

Oct. Who is the man that did effect this deed ?

Dir. His owne hand and this sword hath done the

Oct. Relate *Dircetus* of the manner how. (deed,

Dir. My Lord when *Anthony* had made this last

And delperate triall of his fortunes, and

With all the forces which he had amass

From out each coast and corner of the land.

Had

Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
 His ships in stead of blowes shooke hands with yours
 And that his powers by land were vanquisht now,
 Backe to the city he with griefe retires,
 Confounded with his fortunes, crying out,
 That *Cleopatra* had betraid his trust.
 Shee all amaz'd, and fearing least he mought
 In this conceipt to farther rages burst,
 Hastes to the tombe which shee crected had
 (A stately vault in *Ius* temple ioyn'd)
 And thence caus'd word be sent how she was dead,
 And had dispatcht her selfe, through griefe of mind.
 Which when *Antonius* heard, he straight burst forth
 Into this passion: what and hast thou then
 Preuented me, braue *Queene*, by thy great worth
 Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men?
 Hath shee outgone me in the greatest part
 Of resolution, to die worthily?
 And must I followe doth thee disappoint
 Me, of th' example to reach her to die?
 Come *Eros*, doe this seruice for thy Lord,
 The best and greatest pleasure thou canst doe:
 Imploy this weapon here; come, make this sword
 That wone me honor, now to saue it to.
 It is a deed of glory, *Eros*, this:
 For these drie deaths are womanish and base.
 It is for an vnfinewed feeblenesse
 T' expire in feathers, and t' attend disgrace.
 Ther's nothing easier *Eros* then to die,
 For when men cannot stand, thus they may flie.
Eros, his late enfranchis'd seruant, takes
 The sword, as if he would haue done thee deede,
 And on it falls himselfe: and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to see him bleed,
 Who should haue first euented out his breath.

O *Eros*,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.
And this good, let your many sorrowes past
Worke on your heart, 'till harden it at last.
Looke but on all the neighbour States beside,
Of *Europe, Afrique, Asia*, and but note
What Kings? what States? hath not the *Roman* pride
Ransackt, confounded, or else seruite brought?
And since we are so borne that by our fate,
Against the stormes we cannot now beare saile,
And that the boistrous current of their state
Will beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile:
Let vs yet temper with the time: and thinke
The windes may change, and all these States oppress,
Colleagu'd in one, may turne againe to sincke
Their Greatnesse, who now holds them all distrest:
And I may lead their troupes, and at the walls
Of greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood
Of th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,
And doe th'inhall'd *Prouinces* this good.
And therefore my deare mother doe not leaue
To hope the best, I doubt not my returne.
I shall doe well, let not your griefe bereaue
Your eies of seeing those comforts when they turne.
— *Cleop.* Well, worthy sonne, and worthily the sonne
Of such a father. And in this thou shew'st
From whence thou cam'st; I say no more: begone,
Grow in thy vertue, as in years thou grow'st

Exeunt.

Cleopatra sola.

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our distresse
Makes miserable, and like comfortlesse.
Alas, such forced heering from our owne,
Vpon our griefes doe more affliction lay,
To thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,
On whom we sought our glory to conuay.

Well

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

At length shee wrought him vp, and takes him in,
Layes his yet breathing body on her bed,
Applies all meanes his senses to rewinne
Stops vp his wound againe that freshly bled,
Calls him her Lord, her spouse, her Emperor,
Forgets her owne distresse, to comfort his,
And interpoints each comfort with a kisse.

He after some small rest and cherishing
Raises himselfe, and frames a forced cheere,
Wils *Cleopatra* leaue her languishing,
And like herselfe these accidents to beare,
Considering they had had so full a part
Of glory in this world: and that the turne
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.
T'was now in vaine for her to stand and mourne:
But rather ought shee seeke her race to free,
By all the meanes (her honor sau'd) shee can,
And none about *Octavius* trust, said he,
But *Proculeius* she's an honest man.

And for my selfe, suffice I haue not fail'd
In any acte of worth: and now in this,
A Roman hath but here a Roman quayl'd,
And onely but by fortunes variousnes.
And yet herein I may this glory take,
That he who me vadoes, my sword did make.
This said, he calls for wine, which he requires
Perhaps not for his thirst, but t'end his breath:
Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires:
And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.

Oct. I grieue to heare this much. And I protest
By all the gods, I am no cause of this,
He sought his ruine, wrought his owne vnrest;
And here these letters are my witness,
How oft I labour'd to recall him home,
And woo'd his friendship, su'd to him for loue:

And

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And how he still contemn'd me, scorned Rome,
Your selues my fellow citizens can proue,
But Gallus you, and Proculeius haste
With speed vnto the cittie to preuent
Lest Cleopatra desperat now at last,
Bereave vs of the onely ornament,
Which is herselfe, that can our triumphs grace.
Or fire the treasure which she hath amast
Within that vault, of all the precious stuffe
That Egypt yields, and disappoint at last
Our trauels of the benefit thereof.
Supple her heart with hopes of kinde reliefe.
Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of griefe.

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies still
Torment their toriur'd brest,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnrest
Which when being most distrest,
Yet more to vexe their sprite,
The hideous face of sinne,
(In formes they must detest)
Stands euer in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th' eternall larum is
That euer barking dog that calls vpon their misse.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himselfe can finde
No way to start aside

Out from the hell of minde.
But in himselfe confin'd,
He still sees sinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That swiftly comes behind,
The which is euermore,
The sure and certaine gaine
Impictie doth get,
And wanton lose respect, that doth it selfe forget.

And Cleopatra now,
Well sees the dangerous way
She tooke, and ear'd not how,
Which led her to decay:

And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood:
Or liue a seruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniust,
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne,
And thus shee hath her state, her selfe, and vs vndone.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that shee did not well,
To take the course shee did,

For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine,
No secret closely done,
But now is uttered.

The text is made most plaine
That flatterie glō'd vpon,
The bed of sinne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that shame would haue conceal'd.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

The scene is broken downe,
And all uncoverd lies,
The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.

The complots of the wise
Proue imperfections (moake;
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure gazing eies,
Lies scattered, dashed, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore unconsidrate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.

ACTVS II. SCENA. I.

Cleopatra.

Charmion.

Eras.

YET do I liue, and yet can breath extend
My life beyond my life: nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of Cleopatra dead, and shee not dead?
Haue I outliu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes in aure the gasty looke
Of desolations darke and ougly face,
Woont but on fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was, but applause, but smiles, & grace
Whil'st on his shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and the Champion of my pride,

That

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

That did the world of all my gloryfway :
Who here throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vnluckie partie of mine eyes,
The traines of lust and imbecillitie.

Now who would thinke that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth enrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, ingyr'd with state,
Glittering in pompe that hearts and eyes bewite'h,
Should thus distrest cast downe from off the height,
Leueld with low disgrac'd calamitie.
Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery?

Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride
Adorn'd like *Iphis* scorn'd mortalitie?
Ist I would haue my frailtie so belid,
That flatterie could perswade I was not I?
Well now I see they but delude that praise vs,
Greatnes is mockt, prosperitie betraies vs.
And we are but our selues, although this cloud
Of enterpoised-smoake makes vs seeme more.
The spreading parts of pompe whereof w^e are proud,
Are not our parts, but parts of other store.
Witness these gallant fortune-following traines,
These summer-swallowes of felicitie,
Gone with the heat of all, see what remains,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.
And I t^e adorne their triumphs am reseru'd
A captiue kept to honor others spoiles,
Whom *Cesar* labours so to hold preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles,
But *Cesar* it is more then thou canst doe,
Promise, flatter, threaten extremities,
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands and will, and I can die,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Char. Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt
With some perswading words, this streame of mone?

Eras. No *Charmion*, stay the current that is stoppt
Will but swell vp the more: let her alone.

Time hath not brought this hot disease of griefe,

T' a *Crisis* fit to take a medicine yet;

Tis out of season to apply reliefe.

To sorrowes late begun, and in the fit

Calamitie is stubborne in the prime

Of new afflictions, we must giue it time.

Cle. Shall Rome behold my scepter-bearing hand
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares?

Shall I passe by whereas *Octavia* stands

To view my misery, that purchast hers?

No, I disdain that head which wore a crowne

Should sloop to take vp that which others giue:

I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,

Tis sweet to die, when we are forc'd to liue.

Nor had I staid behind my selte this space,

Nor paid such interest for my borrowed breath,

But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace

For my distressed seed after my death.

Its that which doth my dearest bloud controule,

Thats it alas detaines me from my tombe,

Whilst nature brings to contradict my soule,

The argument of mine unhappy wombe.

But what know I if th'he:uens haue decreed,

And that the sinnes of Egypt haue deseru'd

The *Ptolomes* should faile, and none succeed,

And that my weakenes was thereto reseru'd,

That I should bring confusion to my state,

And fill the measure of iniquitie:

And my luxurioulnes should end the date

Of loose and ill-dispens'd libertie.

If it be so, then what need these delays,

Since

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Since I was made the meanes of miserie,
Why should I not but make my death my praise,
That had my life but for mine infamie?
And leaue ingrau'd in letters of my blood,
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example for such princes good,
As please themselves, and care not what become.

Char. Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart
No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,
And hold your state, and haue as great a part
In *Cæsars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue:
He that in this sort doth sollicit you,
And treats by all the gentle meanes he can,
Why should you doubt that he should proue virtue,
Or thinke him so disnatur'd a man,
To wrong your royall trust or dignitie?

Cle. *Charmion*, because that now I am not I,
My fortune, with my beauty, and my youth.
Hath left me vnto misery and thrall,
And *Cæsar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.

Ch. You know not *Cæsars* dealing till you try.

Cle. To try, were to be lost and then descry.

Ch. You to *Antonius* did commit your selfe,
And why might not *Antonius* so haue done?

Cl. I wonne *Antonius*, *Cæsar* hath me woone.

Er. But madame, you might haue articulated
With *Cæsar*, when *Thyrius* he of late
Did offer you so kindly as he did,
Vpon conditions to haue held your state.

Cl. Tis true, I know I might haue held my state,
If I would then haue *Anthony* betrai'd,

Er. And why not now, since *Anthony* is dead,
And that *Octavius* hath the end he sought,
May not you haue what then was offered?

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

On fairer tearmes, if things were sily wrought
And that you would not teach him to deny,
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.

Cleop. Fearefully *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare,
Who now am got out of the reach of wiath,
About the power of pride, What should I feare
The might of men, that am at one with death?
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here.
What? will you two, who still haue tooke my part
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare
To make me mutinie against my heart?

No *Antony*, because the world takes note
That 't was my weaknesse that hath ruin'd thee,
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be.
My constancie shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witnessse of my blood
To testifie my fortitude, that binds
My equall loue, to fall with him I flood,
Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid
Vpon my soule, whom ill successe makes ill:
And my condemn'd misfortune hath no aide
Against prou'd lucke that argues what it will.
Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That being the first to fall, I did not first.

Though I perhaps could light en mine owne side
With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawne downe with power: but that were to diuide
My shame, to stand alone in my disgrace.
To cleare me so, would shew my affections naught,
And make th' excuse more hainous then the fault.
Since if I should our errors disynite,
I should confound afflictions onely rest,
That from steine death, euen steales a sad delight
To die with friends, and with the like distress.

And

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And I confesse me bound to sacrifice
To death and thee the life that doth reprove me,
Our like distresse I feele doth simp' thize,
And now affliction makes me truely loue thee.
When heretofore my vaine lasciuious Court
Fertile in euery fresh and new-choyce pleasure,
Afforded me so bountifull disport,
That I to stay on loue, had neuer leisure.

My vaga bound desires no limits found,
For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.
When thou bred in the strictnesse of the citie,
The ryotous pompe of monarchs neuer learnedst
Inu'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilst others fand, thou felt'st to loue in earnest
Not knowing women loue them best that houer,
And make least reckoning of a doting louer.

And yet thou c'mst but in by beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinckles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeares, seem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly shining,
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Fayling of what I was: and was but thus,
When such as we doe deeme in ieaiousie,
That men loue for themselves, and not for vs,
Then and but thus thou didst loue most sincerely.
(O Antony that best deseru'd'st it better)

This Autumne of my beauty, bought so deerely,
For which in more then death I stand thy debtor
Which I will pay thee with so true a minde,
Casting vp all these deepe accounts of mine
As both our soules, and all the world shall find
All reckonings cleer'd betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent prowd *Cesar*,
Who doth so eagerly my life importune:
I must preuaile me of this little leisure,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Seeming to suite my mind vnto my fortune:
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide,
For what my death, and honor best shall fit,
An yeelding base content must wary hide
My last designe, till I accomplish it:
That hereby yet the world shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue, had wit to die.

SCENA II.

Octavius. Proculeius. Gallus.

Kingdoms I see we win, we conquer Climats,
Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience
Affections kept in close concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence,
Who forc'd doe pay vs dury, pay not loue,
Free is the heart, the temple of thy mind,
The sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keyes that loose and bind,
No mortall hand force open can that dore,
So close shut vp and lockt to all mankind,
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest anothers right that rules the minde.

Behold my forces vanquisht haue this land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine,
All Egypt yeelds to my al-conquering hand:
And all their states, and all themselues resigne,
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left, except a mind,
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as chance hath her assign'd,

But

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

But *Proculeius* tell me what y'haue done,
Will yet this womans stubborne heart be woo'd?

Pro. My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd,
According to th'instructions which you gaue,
And hope in time she will be pacifi'd,
And these are all the likelihoods we haue.
First when we came into her arch'd vault,
I *Gallus* set to entertaine the time

Below with her, conferring at a grate,
Whilst I found meanes vp to the top to clime:

He there perswaded her to leaue that place,
And come to *Cesar* and to sue for grace.

She said, she crau'd not life, but leaue to die;
Yet for her children praid they might inherit,

That *Cesar* would vouchsafe in clemencie,
To pittie them, though she deseru'd no merit.

I now descending in the closest wise,
And silent manner as I could contriue,

Her woman me descri'd, and out she cries.

Ah *Cleopatra*, thou art forc'd aliue.

With that the queene raught from her side her knife,
And euen in act to stab her martyred brest,

I stept with speed, and held, and sau'd her life,

And forth her trembling hand the blade did wrest.

Ah *Cleopatra*, why should you said I,

Both iniurie your selfe, and *Cesar* so?

Barre him the honor of his victory,

Who euer deales most mildly with his foe.

Liue, and relye on him, whose mercy will

To your submission alwayes ready be.

With that, as all amaz'd, she held her still

Twixt maiestie confus'd, and miserie,

Her proud grieu'd cies, held sorrow and disdain,

State and distresse warring within her soule,

Dying ambition dispossess her raigne.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

So base affliction seemed to controule.
Like to a burning lampe whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent
That so the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So she in spight to see her low borne state,
When all her hopes were now consum'd to naught,
Skornes yet to make an abiect league with fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnus'd to beleech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers so,
As words of rule, conioyn'd with humble speech
Shew'd she would liue, yet skorn'd to pray her foe.

Ah what hath *Cæsar* here to doe, said she,
In confines of the dead, in darknes lying,
Will he not grant our sepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force vs here?
Hath misery no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pride, ist selfe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffice,
And all that I held deare, to him made common,
But that he thus must seeke to tyrannize
On th'wofull body of a wretched woman?
Tell him my frailtie, and the Gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content,
And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue me heare in horror to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah let him yet in mercy leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed carse.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good,
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

To fauour the wofull ofspring of my blood,
A mixed issue yet of Romane race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in princes,
Not spurs of hate my poore *Cæsars* may
Find fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæsars* blood, may *Cæsars* raging stay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All must be rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, or no regard at all,
Can ought with nature, or with blood dispence,
Then be it so, if needs it must be so.
There staies and shrinkes, in th' horror of her state,
When I began to mitigate her woe,
And your great mercies vnto her relate,
And wisht her not despaire but rather come,
And sue for grace, and shake of all vaine feares,
No doubt shee should obtaine as gentle doome
As shee desir'd, both for her selfe and hers,
Wherewith at last shee seem'd well pacifi'd,
And gaue great shewes to be content to liue,
And said shee was resolu'd your doome to abide,
And to accept what fauour you would giue.
And therewithall crau'd onely that she might
Performe some obseques vnto the coase
Of her dead loue, according to her rite,
And in the meane time might be free from force.

I granting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, as seeming well in rest.

Oct. But doe you thinke she will remaine so still?

Pro. I thinke, and doe assure my selfe shee will:

Oct. Ah, priuat thoughts, aime wide from princes hearts
Whose state allow's them not to act their owne parts.

Pro. Why tis her safetie to come yeild to the

Oct. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro. She may by yeilding work her childrens good,

Oct.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Off. Princes respect their honor more then blood

Pro. Can Princes power dispence with nature thā.

Off. To be a Prince is more then be a man.

Pro. Ther's none but haue in time perswaded bin.:

Off. And so might shee too, were shee not a queene.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Off. Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd,

A priuate man may yeild, and care not how,

But greater hearts will breake before they bowe,

And sure I feare she will not condescend

To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace.

But yet let still a wary troupe attend,

To guard her person, and to watch the place:

And well obserue with whom shee doth conferre,

And shortly will my selfe goe visit her.

CHORVS.

Sterne, and imperious Nemesis

'Daughter of iustice, most seuerer,

That art the worlds great arbitresse,

And Queene of causes raigning here:

Whose swift-sure hand is euer nere

Eternall iustice, righting wrong:

Who neuer yet deferrest long

The prowds decay, the weakes redresse:

But through thy power cuery where,

Dost raze the great, and raise the lesse

The lesse made great dost ruine too,

To shew the earth what heauen can doe.

Thou from darke-cloud eternitic,

From

From thy blacke cloudy hidden seat,
The worlds disorders dost discry :
Which when they swell so proudly great
Reuersing th' order nature set,
Thou giu'st thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th' inuitable destinie,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd vnto necessity,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th' alternate course of weale or woe.
O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortallity :
And doth their weaknesse still betray,
In their best prosperitie :
When being lifted vp so hie,

They looke beyond themselues so farre,
That to themselues they take no care;
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
Their late proud mounting vanity :
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it iustice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punisht be,
And to destruction thus persu'd ?
O why should th' heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselues procured all ?
Or doe the gods in close decree,
Occasion take how to intrude
Man from the earth with crueltie ?
Ah no, the gods are euer iust,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Our faults excuse their rigor must,

This is the period Fate set downe,

To Egypts fate prosperitie:

Which now unto her greatest growne,

Must perish thus, by course must die.

And some must be the carvers wly

This revolution must be wrought:

As borne to bring their state to naught

To change the people and the crowne,

And purge the worlds iniquitie:

Which vice so farre hath ouergrowne,

As we, so they that treat vs thus,

Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS III. SCENA.

Philoptratus.

Arius. 2. Philosophers.

HOW deeply Arius am I bound to thee
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of
Obtaining Cæsars gentle grace for me, (mine,
When I of all help else despair'd but thine:
Although I see in such an wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd,
Since all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honor, and our owne expir'd:
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouergone vs;
And that we live in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a land most wretched of all other.
When yet we reckon life our dearest good,

And

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And so we liue we care not how we liue,
So deepe we feele impressed in our blood
That touch which nature with our breath did giue,
And yet what blasts of words hath learning found
To blow against the feare of death, and dying:
What comforts vsicke eloquence can sound?
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safetie,
Without the compasse of destruction liuing,
What precepts shew we then, what courage losetic,
In taxing others feares, in counsell giuing?
When all this aire of sweet contriued words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the heart;
For when this ship of life pale terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himselfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toyle, and labour to adiourne
The day of death by any meanes he can.

All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base begging of a seruile breath,
Wherein I my profession did abuse,
So shamefully to seeke t'auoyd my death.

Arius. Philostratus, that same desire to liue,
Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then,
No priuiledge Philosophy doth giue,
Though we speake more then men, we are but men,
And yet in troth these miseries to see,
Wherein we stand in most exream distresse,
Might to our selues sufficient motives be,
To loath this life, and weigh our death the lesse,
For neuer age could better resiste,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath,
How soone improvident prosperitie,
Comes caught, and ruin'd in the day of wrath.

See

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

See how dismaide confusion keepe those streetes,
That nought but mirth and musique late resounded.
How nothing with our eie but horror meeres;
Our state,our wealth,our glory all confounded.
Yet what weake sight did not discern from farre,
This blacke arising tempest all-confounding?
Who did not see we should be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding?
When dissolute impietie possest,
Th'vnrespectiue mindes of prince and people,
When insolent securitie found rest,
In wanton thoughts,with lust,and ease made feeble.
Then when vnwarie peace,with sat fed pleasure,
New fresh inuented ryots still detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
Our lawes,our gods,our mysteries neglected,
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders would
S'uglph this state in th'end,that no detrice
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold?
O thou,and I,haue heard,and read,and knowne,
Of mighty lands,are wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them examples for our owne,
Which now amongst examples must be numbred,
For this decree a law from hie is giuen,
An ancient Cannon of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the stars of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded fate:
That no state can in th'height of happines,
In th'exaltation of their glory stand,
But thither once arriu'd,declinit g lesse,
Doe wracke themselves,or fall by others hand.
Thus doth th'euerechanging course of things,
Run a perpetuall circle euer turning,
And that same day that highest glory brings,

Brings

Brings vs vnto the point of backe returning,
 For senselesse sensualitie doth euer
 Accompanie our loose felicity,
 A fatall which, whose charmes doth leaue vs neuer
 Till we leaue all confus'd with miserie.
 When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
 Although the same be first decreed on hie,
 Our error still must beare the blame of all,
 Thus must it be, earth aske not heauen why.

Yet mightie men, with wary iealous hand,
 Striue to cut off all obstacles of feare,
 All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
 Their least conceit of quiet held so deare:
 And so intrench themselves with blood, with crimes,
 With all iniustice, as their feares dispose,
 Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes,
 The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose.
 And sure I cannot lee how this can lie
 With great *Augustus* safetie and renowne,
 T'extinguish thus the race of *Antony*
 And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.

Pbi. Why must their issue be extinguished?

Ar. It must: *Antillus* is already dead.

Pb. And what *Casari*s sprung of *Casars* blood?

Ar. Pluralitie of *Casars* are not good.

Pbi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?

Ar. Not for it doth, but that it may doe harme.

Pbi. Then when it offers hurt repressie the same.

Ar. Men seeke to quench a sparke before it flame.

Pb. Tis humane an innocent to kill.

Ar. Such innocents seldome remaine so still.

They thinke his death will farther tumults cease,

Competitors are subiects miseries.

And to the end to purchase publike peace,

Great men are made the peoples sacrifice.

But

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe to trie,
And worke the minde of our distressed queene
To apprehend some empirie hope, whereby
Shee may be drawne to haue her fortunes seene.
Though I thinke Rome shall neuer see that face
That queld her Champions, blush, in base disgrace.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus, Dolabella,

WHat *Cleopatra*, dost thou doubt so much
Of *Cæsars* mercie, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or thinke you, your offences can be such,
As they surmount the measure of our grace?

Blco. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy sight
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that my griued soule abhorring light
Likes best in darkenes my disgrace to inclose:
And here in those close limits of dispaire,
This solitarie horror where I bide;
I thought not euer Roman should repaire
More, after him, who here distressed di'd.
Yet now here at thy conquering feete I lie,
A captiue soule that neuer thought to bow,
Whose happie foote of rule and maiestie,
Stood late on that same ground thou standest now.

Cæs. Rise madame, rise, your selfe was cause of all,
And yet would all were but your owne alone,
That others ruine, had not with your fall,
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone,

For

For your dissolu'd that league and loue of blood,
Which makes my winning ioy, a gaine vnpleasing,
Who cannot now looke out into our good,
But through the horror of our owne blood shedding.
And all we must attribute vnto you.

Cleop. To me? what, *Cesar*, should a woman doe,
Opprest with greatnesse what was it for me
T'contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenesse, made
An instrument to euery enterprize.
For when the Lord of all the orient bade,
Who but obeyd, who then his helpe denies?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand,
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The interest of my faith in straitest band
My loue to his, most firmly did combine.

Cas. Loue? no, alas, it was th'innatred hatred,
That you and yours haue euer borne our people.
That made you seeke all means to haue vs skattered,
To disvnite our strength and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that brest nurse our dissention,
With hope t'exalt your selfe, t'augment your state,
To preyp upon the wracke of our contention,
And with the rest our toes to ioy thereat.

Cle. How easie *Cesar* is it to accuse,
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
They who are vanquished may not refuse
The titles of reproch th'are charg'd withall.

The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
The ouerthrowne must be the worse part.
Which part is mine, because I lost my part,
No lesser then the portion of a crowne,
Ynough for me. Ah what neede I vse art
To gaine by others but to keepe mine owne?
But weaker powers may here see what it is,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

To neighbour great competitors so neere,
If we take either part we perish thus.
If newtrall stand, both parties we must feare,
Alas what shall the forc'd partakers doe,
When they must aid, and yet must perish too?
But *Cesar* since thy right, or cause is such,
Weigh not so heauie on calamitie,
Depresse not the afflicted ouermauch;
Thy chiefest glorie is thy lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune, and thy name.
Creat *Cesar* me a queene at first did make,
And let not *Cesar* now confound the same.
Read heare these lines which still I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours cuer,
And God forbid it should be said of thee,
That *Cesar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cesar*:
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
And here I doe present you with the note
Of all my treasure, all the iewels rare,
Which *Egypt* hath in many ages gote
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath is there.
Sel. Nay thei's not all set downe within that rowle,
I know some thing she hath reseru'd apart. (throwle
Cle. What? vile and gratefu'l wretch durst thou con-
Thy queene, and soueraigne, caytiffe as thou art?
Ces. Hold, hold, a poore reuenge, can worke so feeble
Cle. Ah *Cesar* what a gre. r indignitie, (hands
Is his, that here my vass'l subject stands,
T'accuse me to my Lord of treacherie:
If I reseru'd some certaine womens toyes
Alas, it was not for my selfe, God knowes,
Poore miserable soule that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward shewes.

But

But what I kept I kept to make my way,
 Vnto thy *Liuis* and *Octavius* grace,
 That thereby in compassion moued, they
 Might mediate thy fauour in my case,
Cef. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, you shall finde
 What fauour you desire or can expect,
 For *Cesar* neuer yet was found but kinde,
 To such a yeeld and can themselues subiect.
 And therefore comfort now your drooping minde
 Relieue your heart thus ouercharg'd with care,
 How well I will intreat ye you shall finde,
 So soone as some affaires dispatched are,
 Til when farewell, *Cle.* Thanks thrice renowned *Cesar*,
 Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer,
Dola. No meruaile *Cesar*, though our greatest spirits,
 Haue to the power of such a charming beautie,
 Bin brought to yeeld the honor of their merits,
 Forgetting all respect of oother dutie.
 Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
 The wondring object to each wanton eie
 Before her full of sweet, with sorrow waind,
 Came to the period of this miserie.
 If still, euen in the midst of grieve and horror
 Such beautie shines th'row clouds of age and sorrow,
 If euen those sweet decaies seeme to plead for her,
 Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
 If in calamitie she could thus moue,
 What could shee do a dorn'd with youth and loue?
 What could shee do then when as spreading wide,
 The pompe of beauty in her glory dight,
 When arm'd with wonder shee could vse beside
 The ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight.
 Daughter of meruaile, Beautie, how dost thou
 Vnto disgracing sorrowes giue such grace?
 What power shoves't thou in a distressed brow

To

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

To make affliction faire, and teares to grace?
What can vndressed lockes, dispoyled haire,
A weeping eie, a wailing face be faire?
I see then artlesse feature may content,
And that true bewtie needs no ornament.

Cæs. What in passion *Delabella*, What take heed.
Let others fresh examples charme this heate,
You see what mischiefes these vaine humors breed,
When once they come our iudgements to defeate.
Indeed I saw shee labour'd to impart,
Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere,
Presuming on that face that knew the art
To moue, with what respect soeuer t'were.
But all in vaine, shee takes her aime amisse,
The ground and marke her leuell much deceiues,
Time now hath altered all, for neither is
Shee as shee was, nor we as shee conceiues,
And therefore now tis fit shee were more lage,
Folly, in youth is sinne, madnes in age.

And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
In her, some feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greatest trophy that my toyle shall gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of such worth.
And now since shee doth seeme so well content,
To be dispos'd by vs: without more stay,
Shee with her children shall to Rome be sent,
Whil'st I by Syria, after take my way.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how dost thou molest
 Th' affected minde of restless man,
 Who following thee neuer can,
 Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
 For, getting what thou saist is best,
 Yet loe, that best he findes farre wide
 Of what thou promisedst before:
 For in the same he lookt for more,
 Which proues but small when once tis tride,
 Then something else thou findest beside,
 To draw him still from thought to thought,
 When in the end all proues but nought.
 Farther from rest he findes him then,
 Then at the first when he began.

O malecontent seducing guest,
 Continuer of our greatest woes:
 Which borne of winde, and fed with shewes,
 Doozt nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest.
 Judging vngotten things the best,
 Or what thou in conceit designst,
 And all things in the world dost deeme,
 Not as they are, but as they seeme:
 Which shewes, thou ill desin'st,
 And liu'st to come in present pain'st.
 For what thus hast, thou still dost lacke:
 O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
 Vaine promiser of that sweete rest,
 Which neuer any yet possessest.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

If we unto ambition tend,
Then dost thou draw our weakenesse on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend.
How doth that pleasant plague infest
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straight dost cast t'intice vs by
And tel'st vs that is cuer best,
Which we haue neuer yet possesse.
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we haue not tri'd.
And when the same likewise is bad,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis so,
By th' experience of their woe.
Shce can say, shce neuer knew
But that lust found pleasures new,
And was neuer satisfi'd:
He can say by prooffe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the heart of pride:
And finds no rest when all is tri'd.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th' other lists and bounds bath none.
And both subuert the mind, the state,
Procure distraction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leanes not here,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perswading now, how shce shall gaine,
Honour by death, and fame attaine.

And

And what a shame it were to liue,
Her kingdome lost, her louer dead:
And so with this perswasion led,
Despaire doth such a corrage giue,
That nought else can her mind relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this conclusion all is brought,
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death, that all things ends.

ACT V S III.

Seleucus.

Rodon.

Friend Rodon? neuer in a better hower
Could I haue met a friend then now I doe,
Hauing affliction in the greatest power
Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.
For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes,
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete vs with a sigh but at a close.

Rod. And neuer friend *Seleucus* found'st thou one,
That better could beare such a part with thee,
Who by his owne knowes others care (to mone,
And can in like accord of grieve agree.
And therefore tell th'oppression of thy heart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and run'd to care,
And I will likewise vnto thee impart
As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare,
So shall we both our mournfull plaints combine
I will lament thy state, thou pittie mine.

Sele.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Sel. Well then thou know'st how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, and of worthy place,
And euer held my credit in that sort,
Till now, in this late shifting of our state,
Whe thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the present time;
I come to be disgrac'd and ruin'd cleane.
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reueal'd to *Cesar*, to haue fauour wonne
My treachery hath purchas't due disgrace,
My falshood's loath'd, and not without great reason,
For Princes though they get, yet in this case,
They hate the traytor, though they loue treason.
For how could he imagine I could be
Entire to him, beeing false vnto mine owne?
And false to such a worthy Queene as shee
As had me rais'd, by whome my state was growne.
He saw 'twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, and mine estate to settle,
Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is subtle.
And therefore skorn'd of him, skorn'd of mine owne,
Hatefull to all that looke into my state:
Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
The marke of infamie, that's pointed at.
Rod. Tis much thou saist, and too too much to feele,
And I doe pittie and lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou do'st here reueale,
Compar'd with mine, will make thine seem but smal,
Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull.
Mine sprung of mischiefe, thine from feeble minde,
Mine stain'd with blood, thou onely but vngatefull.

For

For *Cleopatra* did commit to me
The best and dearest treasure of her blood,
Her sonne *Cesar*, with a hope to free
Him, from the danger wherein Egypt stood :
And chard' d my faith, that I should safely guide,
And close to India should conuey him hence:
Which faith, I most vnkindly falsifi'd,
And with my faith and conscience did dispence.
For skarce were we arriu'd vnto the shore,
But *Cesar* hauing knowledge of our way,
Had sent an agent thither sent before,
To labour me *Cesar* to betray,
Who with rewards and promises so large,
Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content,
And backe againe did reconuey my charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,
To make him king of Egypt presently,
And in their hands haue left him now to die.

Scl. But how hath *Cesar* since rewarded thee ?

Rod. As he hath thee ; and I expect the same
As *Theodorus* had, to fall to me.
And with as great extremitie of shame,
For *Theodorus* when he had betraid
The yong *Antillus* sonne of *Antony*,
And at his death from off his necke, conuey'd
A iewell : which being askt, he did deny :
Cesar occasion tooke to hang him streight,
Such instruments with Princes liue not long :
Though they must vse those actors of deceit,
Yet still their sight, seemes to obraid their wrong :
And therefore they must needs this danger run,
And in the net of their owne guile be caught,
They may not liue to brag what they haue done,
For what is done is not the Princes fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra* wofull Queene,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And our shame will not that we should be scene.

Exeunt.

SCENA. II.

cleopatra. Charmion. Eras Diomedes.

WHat hath my face yet power to win a loue,
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so
That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer
What he intends with me and mine to doe?
Why then poore beauty thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou couldst euer doe me,
For now the time of death reueald thou hast,
Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.

Here *Dolabel* a far forsooth in loue,
Writes now that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith to send
Both me and mine, the aire of Rome to prooue,
There histriumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue, and letter,
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for the other, I must die his debtor,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.

Come *Diomedes*, thou who hast bin one,
In all my fortunes, and art still all one,
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,
As did those other smooth State-pleasures all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou must doe a seruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy loyaltie must worke her best.
Thy honest care and dutie shall be scene,
Performing this, more then in all the rest.

Thou

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Thou must seeke out with all thy industrie,
Two *Aspics*, and conuey them close to me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,
If th'heauens doe not my designes withstand,
But doe the charge, and let me shift for that.

Diom. I who am sworne of the societie
Of death, and haue iudur'd the worst of ill,
Prepar'd for all euents, must not deny
What you command me, come there what there will.
And I shall vse the aptest skill I may
To cloake my worke and long I will not stay.

Exit.

Cleop. But hauing leaue I must goe take my leaue
And last farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whose dearely honord tombe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.

O sacred euer memorable stone,
Thou hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofulst mone,
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and loue,
Most precious parcels of the worthiest liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remooue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
Who liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoyle,
Sleepe quiet in this euilasting bed,
In forraine land preferd before your soyle.
And O if that the spirits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die:
Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine,
And be attent to her milerie.
But if that labour some mortalitie,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Found this sweete error onely to confine
The curiouse search of idle vanitie,
That would the depth of darknes vndermine
Or else to giue a rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'aftercomming ioy
Of those conceiued fields, whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy
Then why doe I complaine me to the ayre?
But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer liuing Ghost attends my prayer,
And I doe know his houting spirit is neere.
And I will speake and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall soule, that deign'st to heare:
I feele thou answerst my credulitie,
With touch of comfort, finding none else where,
Thou knowst these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and inforc'd, which now must seruite be,
Reseru'd for bands to grace proud *Cæsars* state,
Who make in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuer'd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italy,
Be made the monuments of fortunes wonder?
If any powers be there whereas thou art,
Since our owne countrey gods be traies our cause,
O woeke they may their gracious help impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace,
Doe not permit the would in triumph shew
The blush of her reproch, ioynd with thy shame,
But rather let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had power to auoid the same.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking, a conceiued aide,
Why doe I not my selfe occasion find,
To breake these bounds, wherein my selfe am staid?

Words

Words are for them that can complaine and lue,
 Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
 Can to their sorrowes time and leisure giue,
 But *Cleopatra* must not doe the same.
 No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more,
 A lingring death with thee deserues no merit
 I must my selfe force open wide a dore
 To let out life, and to vnhouse my spirit.
 These hands must breake the prison of my soule,
 To come to thee, there to inioy like state,
 As doth the long pent solitary foule,
 That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
 This sacrifice, to sacrifice my life,
 Is that true incense that my loue beseemes,
 These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
 Who doing them, haue done sufficient deemes.
 My heart-bloud should the purple flowers haue been
 Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,
 No smoake but my last gaspe should here bin scene,
 And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
 But what haue I, saue onely these bare hands,
 And these weak e fingers are not yron-pointed,
 They cannot pierce the flesh that them withstands,
 And I of all meanes else am disappointed.
 But yet I must away, and meanes seeke how
 To come vnto thee, and to vnion vs,
 O death art thou art so hard to come by now,
 That we must pray, intreat, and seeke thee thus?
 But I will find, where euer thou doest lie,
 For who can stay a mind resolu'd to die.

And now I come to worke th' effect indeed,
 I neuer will send more complaints to thee,
 I bring my soule, my selfe, and that with speed,
 My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.
 Come, goe my maides, my fortunes sole attenders,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

That minister to misery and sorrow,
Your mistresse you vnto your freedom renders,
And will discharge your charge, yet ere to morrow.
Eras Good madame if that worthy heart you beare
Doe hold it fit; it were a sinne in vs
To contradict your will: but yet we feare
The world will censure that your doing thus,
Did issue rather out of your despaire
Then resolution, and thereby you loose
Much of your glory, which would be more faire
In suffering, then escaping thus your foes.
For when *Pandora* brought the boxe from heauen
Of all the good and ill that men befall,
And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,
Hope in the bottome lay, quite vnder all.
To shew that we must still vnto the last
Attend our fortune, for no doubt there may
Euen at the bottome of afflictions past
Be found some happier turne if we but stay.

Cl. *Eras*, that hope is honors enemy,
A traytor vnto worth, lies on the ground,
In the base bottome of seruilitie:
The beggars wealth a treasure neuer found,
The dreame of them that wake, a ghost of th'ayre,
That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,
A spirit of grosser substance then despaire,
And let them *Eras* hope, that can be slaues.

And now I am but onely to attend
My mans returne, that brings me my dispatch,
God grant his cunning sort to happy end,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch
So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be sorry,
Flye to my loue, scape my foe, free my soule,
So shall I act the last of life with glory,
Die like a Queen, & rest without controule. *Exeunt.*

Scena

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

SCENA III.

*Cæsario, with a Guard conuoying him
to Execution.*

NOW gentle Guard, let me in curtesie
Best me a little here, and ease my bands
You shall not neede to hold me for your eye
May now as we'll secure you as your hands.

Gu. Doe, take your ease *Cæsario*, but not long,
We haue a charge, which we must needs performe.

Cæs. Loe here brought back, by subtile traine to
Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather, (death,
My fault, my bloud, and mine offence my birth,
For being the sonne of such a mighty father.

I now am made th'oblation for his feares, (him,
Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may do
Respecting neither bloud, nor youth nor yeeres,
O how small safetie can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of being borne great?

Then wret hed greatnesse, I den misery,

Pompous distresse, glittering calamitie.

Is it for this th'ambitious fathers sweat

To purchase blood and death, for them and theirs:

In this th'inheritance that glories get,

To leaue th'estate of ruine to their heires?

Then how much better had it been for me,

From low descent. deriu'd from humble birth,

T'haue eate the sweet-sowre bread of pouertie,

And drunke of *Nylus* streames, in *Nylus* earth?

Vnder the cowering off some quiet cottage,

Free from the vwrath of heauen, secure in mind,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Vntoucht, when proud attempts of Princes dotage,
Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind,
So had he not impeach'd their high condition,
Who must haue all things cleere, and al made plaine
Betweene them, and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the prospect of their raigne:
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submission,
Whose greatnesse must all in it selfe containe.

Kings will alone, competitors must downe,
Neere death he stands, who stands too neere a crown

Such is my case, *Augustus* will haue all,
My blood must seale th' assurance of his state,
Yet ah weake state, which blood assure him shall,
Whose wrongfull shedding, gods and men doe hate.
Iniustice cannot scape and flourish still,

Though men doe not reuenge it, th' heauens will.

And he that thus doth secke with bloody hand,
T'extinguish th' ofspring of anothers race,
May finde the heauens, his vowes so to withstand,
That others may depriue him in like case.

When he shall see his proud contentious bed
Yeilding him none of his that may inherit,
Subuert his blood, place others in their steed,
To pay this his iniustice, hee due nerit,

If it be true, (as who can that deny
Which sacred Priests of *Memphis*, doe foresay,)

Some of the ofspring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire sway
And then *Augustus* what is it thou gainest
By poore *Antullus* blood, and this of mine &
Nothing but this. thy victory thou staineest,
And pulst the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.

In vaine doth man contend against the sterres,

For what he seekes to make, his wise dome mars.

But in the meane time, he whom fates reserue,

The

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

The bloody sacrifices of ambition,
We feele the smart, what euer they deserue,
And we endure the heauy times condition,
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satisfie it selfe not vs,
But yet *Casario* thou must die content,
God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.
Well now alone, I rested haue ynow,
Performe the charge, my friends, you haue to doe.
Exeunt.

CHORVS.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
Strict Religions strange obseruer,
State-order zeale the best rule-keeper,
Fostring still in temp'rate seruor:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly,
All religion, law, and order?
And thus become the most unholy
Of all Lands, that *Nylus* border?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
Where sterne Law sate so senerely?
How durst weake lust and riot venter,
Th'eye of iustice looking neerely?
Could not those meanes that made thee great,
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state?

Al no, the course of things requireth
Change and alteration euer:
That staide continuance man desireth,
Th'vncoustant world yeildeth neuer.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

*We in our counccels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And oftentimes the thing least minded,
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
Who when they see their country sliding,
for their priuate are contented.
We imitate the greater powers,
The Princes manners fashion ours*

*Th' example of their light regarding,
vulgar looseness much incenses:
Vice uncontroul'd, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust, and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those lawes that old Sesostris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Herchy first came to be confounded.
which our state so long preserued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.*

*For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter
Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weaknesse to disscatter?)
Caesar found th' effect true tried,*

in his easie entrance making.
Who at the sight of armes, discried
all our people, all forsaking.
For riot (worser then warre) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruite rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tndred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if beauen be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their senses,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenesse,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnesse,
ouercome with our demises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Dolabella. Titius.

COME tell me *Titius* every circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes,
Tell euery looke, each gesture, countenance,
That shee did in my letters-reading vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise,
It was the time when as shee hauing got

Leaue

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Leaue to her dearest dead to sacrifice.
And now was issuing out the monument
With odours, incense, garlands in her hand,
When I approach't (as one from *Cesar* sent)
And did her close thy messenger vnderstand,
Shee turns her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale,
And reades, and smiles and stares, and doth begin
Again to read, then blushes, and then was pale,
And hauing ended with a sigh, refolds
The letter vp; and with a fixed eye
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
Shee mus'd a while, standing confusedly,
At length, ah friend, saith shee, tell thy good Lord
How deare I hold his pittying of my case,
That out of his sweet nature can afford
A miserable woman so much grace,
Tell him how much my heapy soule doth grieue
Mercilesse *Cesar* should so deale with me,
Pray him that hee the best aduice would giue
That might diuert him from such cruelty,
As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it rests, and ener shall.
I haue it not my selfe, nor can it haue,
Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
Then any whosoeuer liuing can.
He that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A worthy Roman and a gentleman.
Although his nation fatall vnto me,
Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a prey,
Yet his affection must accepted be
That fauours one from whom all run away.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue bene lou'd
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted,

Before

Before shee had declining fortune prou'd,
Or seene her honour wrackt, her flower all blasted,
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can mooue.
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
Poore soule, needs rather pittie now then loue.
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me,
And ending so her speech no longer staid.
But hasted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all shee did, and all shee said.

Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady, what hard heart
Could choose but pittie thee and loue thee to?
Thy worth inesse, the state wherein thou art,
Requireth both, and both I vow to doe:
And what my powers and praiers may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both to hinder thy disgrace:
And euen this present day, I will not faile
To do my best with *Cesar* in this case.

Tit. And Sir, euen now her selfe hath letters sent,
I met her messengers as I came hither,
With some dispatch, as he to *Cesar* went
But knowing not what meanes her sending thither;
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from sacrifice, how richly clad
Was seru'd to dinner, with most sumptuous state,
In all the brauest ornaments shee had.
How hauing din'd, shee writes and sends away
Him, streight to *Cesar*, and commanded than,
All should depart the tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and one poore countyman.

Dol. When then I know she sendes t'haue audience
And means t'experience what her state can do, (now
To see if Maiesue will make him bow,
To what affliction could not mooue him to.
And now if that shee could but bring a view

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Of that rare beawtie shee in youth possesse,
The argument wherewith shee ouerthrew
The wit of *Julius Caesar* and the rest
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powerful loue, far stronger then ambition,
Might worke in him a minde to be content
To grant her asking in the best condition.
But beeing as shee is, yet doth shee merit,
To be respected for what shee hath beene.
The wonder of her kind of powerfull spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty queene.
And now but by a little weakenes falling
To doe that which perhaps sh'was forc'd to doe,
Alas, an error past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenesse, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now He vse my heart,
Thy presence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will reach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA II.

[*Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion, Diomedes.
the Guard, and Caesars messengers.*]

NOW *Eras*; come, what newes hast thou lookt out,
Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not?

Eras. Madame, I haue from off the turret top,
View'd euery way, he is not comming yet,

Cl. Didst thou see no man tending hitherward?

Er. None truly madame, but one countryman
Carrying a basket as I could discern.

Cleo

Cle. Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent
Of my designe, for sure he would not stay
Thus long I know, did not some force preuent
His forward faith, and hold him by the way.

Char. Madame there may be many hindrances
To counterchecke and interrupt his speed.
He hath a wary worke to doe in this
He must take time.

Cl. *Charmion* tis true indeed.
And yet in all this time me thinkes he might
Effected haue his worke, had all gone right.

Er. Alas we euer thinke the stay is more,
When our desire is run t'our wish before.

Cle. *Eras* I know my will to haue it done
Rides post, and feare in doing to b'vndone
Puts spurs thereto; whilst that for which we long
Creepes but a foote. Yet sure he staries too long.
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe,
Yet stay a while, I know it is in vaine.
O gods, I craue no other fortune I
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die:
And shall I not haue that. Well, I will yet
Write my dispatch to *Cesar*, and when that
Is done, I will dispatch my selfe, what way
Soeuer, I must vse no more delay.

Enter the Guard with Diomedes.

Gua. And whither now sir, stay, what haue you there?

Diom. Good sirs, I haue a simple present here,
Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.

Gua. What is't? let's see? *Diom.* And please you sirs it is
Onely a few choice figs which I haue growne
In mine owne garden, and are soonest ripe
Of any here about, and euery yeare
I vse to bring a few vnto our queene.
And pray my masters take a taste of them

For

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

For I assure you they are very good.

Gua. No, no, my friend, goe on, and beare them in.

Cl. Now *Eras*, looke if he be comming yet.

See here he comes, This is that countriman

Which *Eras* thou discri'd'st, O happy man,

Can such poore rogues beguile a Princes power &

Why then I see, it is our outsid'es most

Doe mocke the world, But tell me are they here?

Speake *Diomedes*. *Diom.* Madame they are there.

cle. O good-ill lucke, most fortunate distresse,

Deare *Diomedes*, thou hast blest me now:

And here, goe take these letters, and dismaske

Thy selfe againe, returne to thine owne shape

Good *Diomedes*, and giue *Cesar* these.

Goe, leaue me here alone, I need no more:

I haue but these to keepe a death in store,

I will not vse their help till needes I must,

(And that is now) goe *Diomedes* goe.

Diom. Good madame, I know well this furniture

Of death, is farre more requisite, then that

Of life, where such as you cannot endure

To be beneath your selues, debas'd in state.

I goe't effect your will as well in this

As I haue done in that onely pray

Our tutelarie gods to giue successe

Vnto the same, and be it what it may.

Cl. Come rare'st beast, that all our Egypt breeds,

How deerely welcome art thou now to me?

The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes,

Me thinkes I see, in now be holding thee.

Better then death, death's office thou dischargest,

That with one gentle touch canst free our breath,

And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,

Making our selues not priue to our death.

O welcome now of wonders, wonder chiefe,

That

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

That open canst with such an easie key,
The dore of life, come gentle cunning thee,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away
And now I sacrifice these armes to death,
That lust late dedicated to delights,
Offering vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites,

What now false flesh what? and wilt thou conspire
With *Caesar* too, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke e my shame, and hinder my desire:
And bend thy ribble parts against my powers?
Wouldst thou retaine in closure of thy vaines
That enemy, base life, to le: my good?
No know, there is a greater power, constraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood:
For to a minde that's great nothing seemes great:
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace which I shall get,
What doe I lose that haue but life to lose?

Erw. See, not a yeilding shrink, or touch of feare
Consents now to bewray least sence of paine,
But still in one same sweet vnaltered cheere,
Her honor doth her dying spirit's retaine.

Cle. Well now this worke of mine is done, here endes
This act of life, that part the fates assign'd
What glory or disgrace this world could lend,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind,
And Egypt now the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I die vnforc'd,
Witnes my soule parts free to *Antony*,
And now proud tyrant *Caesar* doe thy worst.

Erw. Come *Charmion*, come, wee must not onely
Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too. (be
Now comes our part, you know we did agree
The fellowship of death to vndergoe,

And

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime
A glorie by this acte, they shall haue fame.

Ch. Eras I am prepar'd, and here is that
Will do the deed.

Er. And here is of the same.

Ch. But *Eras* ile begin, it is my place.

Er. Nay *Charmion*, here I drinke a death to thee,
I must be fi ft.

Ch. Indeed thou hast prevented me.
Yet will I haue this honor to be last
Which shall adorne this head, which must be seene
To weare that crowne in death, her life held fast,
That all the world may see, shee di'd a queene.
O see this face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death a grace, that graces death.
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rise,
As none would thinke this bewty could want breath.
And in this cheereth impression of a smile
Doth seeme to shew shee skorns both death & *Cesar*,
And glories that shee could them so beguile, (her,
And here tels death, how well her death doth please
Ces. mess. See, we are come too late, this is dispatch,
Cesar is disappointed of this grace.
Why how now *Charmion*, what is this well done?
Ch. Yea very well, and shee that from the race
Of so great kings descends doth best become.

CHORVS,

Then thus we haue beheld
Th'accomplishment of woes
The full of ruine and

*The worst of worst of ill:
And sceme all hope expeld,
That euer sweet repose,
Shall repofesse the land,
That desolation fills,
And where ambition spills
With vncoutrouled band,
All th' issue of all those
That so long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.*

*And canst O Nylus thou
Father of fionas indure
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bowe
To him those sects so pure,
Whose unknowne head we hold
A power diuine to be?
Thou that didst euer see
Thy free bankes vncoutrould,
Lie vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeild thy streams
A prey to other Reames?*

*Draw backe thy waters flo:
To thy concealed head:
Rockes strangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.
And turne thy courses so,
That sandy Desarts dead,
The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee up all,*

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Nay drinke so much as shall
Reuine from vastie graues
A lining greene which spread
Far flourishing, may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing now drawes breath,

Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs hast done,
With plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Lespected not before.
Reaue leueld Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for euer more,
Of plenties yielding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedie lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possesse
Th'inheritance of shame,
The fee of sinne that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoke of whose distresse
Must still upbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonnesse
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer more shall see
The glory of that worth

They

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

They left who brought vs forth.

O thou al-seeing light,
High president of Heauen,
You Magistrates the starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence of Right
Are these the boundy haue giuen
Th'vntranspassable barres,
That limit pride so short,
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnes marres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe drinen
On rockes of her owne might?
Doth order order so
Disorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.



The History of Cleopatra.

By John Dryden.

London, Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1686.

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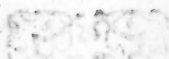
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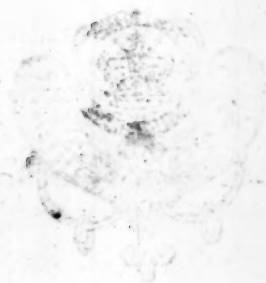
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OF
ROSAMOND.



AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterson.*
1611.

THE
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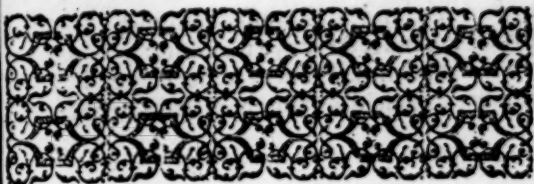
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AT LONDON

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1182



THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

OVt of the horror of infernall deepes
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wherewith my kind and youth did staine it,
My bodie found a graue where to contraine it.
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elizian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for ghosts repurified,
The euer springing gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me waiteage with the rest.
And saies, my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe: for how should I
Procure the sacrifice amongst the liuing?
Time hath long since worne out the memory

H

Time

The complaint

Both of my life, and liues vniust depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing :
 Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrog'd the same.

No muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each pen doth ouer-passe any iust complaint,
Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base,
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint,
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint,
Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which scene with griefe, my miserable ghost
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to sollicite thee, (since others faile,)
 To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
 To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toyl'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares haue little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse,
 Thy ioyes depend on a womans grace,
 So moue thy mind a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our story,
And offer vp her sigh along the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest,
That indulgence would profit me the best,
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led, To

To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.
So I (through beauty) made the wofulst wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death :
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath,
She that can blesse vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best,
That thereby thou maiest ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my selfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore wil'd her boldly tell her mind,
And I (more wil'ing) tookē this charge assign'd
Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne,

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downefall of my slippery state,
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To reach to others what I learnt too late,
Exmplifie my frailetie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our Fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them, 'tis forbidden.

For whilst the Sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate,
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get,
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
Disgrace darkt honor, sin did cloud my brow.
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I staine'd, was good and of the best,
My birth had honor, and my beauty fame :

The Complaint

Nature and Fortune ioyntly to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concur'd to make me happy first,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I, whilst parents eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,
And countrey home kept me from being ei'd,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies :
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yeilds,
Deeming such beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flower which honor keepes,
There where the worser thriues the better weepes
Ay me (poore wench) on that vnhappy shelve,
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands
With all assaulting powers inuironed :
Hauing but onely prayers and feeble hands
To hold their hono's fort vnvanquished :
There were to stand and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pittie be vnkind.

For thither com'd, when yeares had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proofe of beauty euer scene :
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene :

Soone

Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw, (though yeares with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire,)
Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite,
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire :
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre,
Yet well perceiued, how fortune made me then
The enuy of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it:
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it:
So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds such sights so deere

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet silent thetorique of perswading eyes:
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the words, or wisdom of the wise :
Still harmony, whose diapason lyes
Within a brow, the key which passions mooue,
To rauish sense, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe, whose power was such ?
What cannot women doe that know their power ?
What woman knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lies in their laugh or lowner ?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flower.
Whilst nature deckes them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such

The Complaint

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush, which bankrupt beauties seeke,
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs ynknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke,
Vile staine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe, thy selfe denyest,
Treason to counterfeite the seale of Nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest,
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest.
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
And all that honour the c idolatrice.

Farre was that sinne from vs, whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breast,
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honor won,
In all conflicts which mine eyes begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no mean obiect
A crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyd me,
Whō Fortune made my King, loue made my subiect,
Who did command the land, most humbly praid me,
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me
Found well (by prooffe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne,
Vnmarcht by sword, was vanquish't by a glance,
And

And hotter warres within his breast begun,
Warres, whom whole legions of desires drew on:
Against all which, my chastitie contends
With force of honor, which my shame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing raies of cristall-pointed eies:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age; yet old men would be wise,
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thoght a Monarch wold haue euer,
Obeyd his handmaide of so meane estate:
Vu'ture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that same crosse still counterchecks our lucke,
As here behold th'incomparable blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke:
Whose lothing, we from natures breasts doe sucke,
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equall age doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause, and pleasure can behold,
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting.
May not be suffred oncer to thinke th'are olde,
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so farre

The Complaint

The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eies,
H'is forc'd to forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies,
And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.
For thus reuiu'd againe he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires,
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repeld an ynchast louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.

Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And safe mine honor stood till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of our frailetie clad,
One who the liuery of like weakenes had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

Shee set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age cou'd cunningly deuise,
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other leard her how to subtilise,
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold my happie chance,
That

That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maiest thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune
That points thee out, & seemes thee to importune.

Doest thou not see, how that thy King (thy Ioue)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate,
And showers downe gold and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doest shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fonding sic, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou must not think thy flower can alwaies flourish
And that thy beantie will be still admired:
But that those raies which all these flames do nourish
Cancel'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will skorne what now is so desired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howeres:

Read in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeares vpon my aged brow:
I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou:
I lost my time, and I repent it now,
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeares, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great scale:
Besides the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme

The complaint

Esteeme not fame more then thou doest thy weale.
Fame (whercof the world seemes to make such
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice. choice)

Then why should this respect of honour bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of reputation ;
Titles which coldseueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation,
Ages opinion, Customes our-worne fashion,
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leaue the sweets, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne,
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.
So breaths his blast this many headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so,
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe,
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest goe
With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with shewes

Then vse thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract ;
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefeest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knows the hart.
What

What, dost thou stand on this: that he is old &
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone,
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combate in my blood,
Seeing my weake youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood,
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sinne,
Pure blushing shame, was euer vpon retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in,
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes gan vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say.

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth the flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Sathan tempt thee taste forbidden tree,

Or

The Complaint

Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed,
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled,
So to disgrace thy selfe, and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enioy the ayre,
Then that thou breathe'st the breath of ch' stitie,
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie,
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what he is my King, and may constrain me,
Whether I yeild or not, I liue defamed,
The world will thinke Authority did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeild, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd yet thought the same,

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeares cannot resolu'e this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despight) some scandale will be giuen.

Thus flood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sinne,
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanity did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin
And impious thoughts alleadg'd this wantō clause
That

That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast down before me.
 Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
 Whereat my retchlesse youth stooping to stoie me,
 Lost me the goale, the glory and the day.
 Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play.
 And bad me vse the vertue of mine eyes,
 For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from court
 To a solitarie Grange, there to attend
 The time the King should thither make resort,
 Where he loues long-desired worke should end,
 Thither he daily messages doth send.
 With costly iewels (Orators of Loue)
 Which (ah too well men know) do women moue

The day before the night of my defeature,
 He greetes me with a casket richly wrought:
 So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
 To expresse the cunning work-mens curious thought
 The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
 And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Any mone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Any mone, old *Danaus* fayrest daughter,
 As she was fetching water all alone,
 At *Lerna*, whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
 From whom she stru'd and struggled to be gone,
 Beating the aire with cries and pettious mone:
 But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,
 'Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,

At

The Complaint

At those proud feet, not satisfide with prayer,
Wailing her heauy hap, curling the day,
In act so pittious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore careful girle)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

Whose pure clear streames, (which lo so fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames, (miracle of loue.)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue.
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Jones* deereely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares,
Strangely distress'd (O beauty borne to cares,)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne,
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.

For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours,

Witness the world, wherein is nothing riser,
Then miseries vnkend before they come,
Who can the characters of chance decipher,
Written in clouds of our concealed doome.

Which

Which though perhaps haue been reueal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as successe did proue them)
That men must know they haue the heauens aboue
(them,

I saw the sinne whercin my foot was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the vertue to defend it,
So weake is sence, when error hath condemn'd it,
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet wee choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neare:
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,
And dreadfull blacke had dispossest the cleerc,
Com'd was the night (mother of sleepe and feare)
Who with her sable mantle friendly scouers,
The sweet stolne sports of ioyfull meeting louers.

When loe I ioy'de my louer, not my loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired,
Enforc'd th'vnproued bitter-sweet to proue,
Which yeeldes to mutuall pleasure when tis shired:
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But soone, his age reuiu'd his short contenting
And sleepe sealde vp his languishing desires,
When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my senses liers:
Now op'ned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sinne.

Now

The Complaint

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loath the new felt touch of sinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning,
For nature cheekes a dew offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme, as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That ieaiousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H'is driuen to deuise some subtile way,
How he might safeliest keepe so rich a pray.

A stately pallace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable waies,
With such confused errors so beguilde,
Th'vnguidest entres with vncertaine strayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootlesse labour leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame
That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the sence of wanton eyes,
Euill of loue, from whence lusts frame arise.

Here I inclos'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of misfortune, the ages wonder,

Liu'd

Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case,
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine maides that did attend my need,
And he himselfe came guided by a theed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Hate and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle fire,
Fostred with feares thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lier
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire,
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happy were louers, if they neuer knew thee,

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Fury, pleasures smart,
Enuious obseruer, prying in euery part:
Suspicious, fearefull gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie,
The onely good that women hold so deare,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemy,
Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same,

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, lockes of Amber,
Ordain'd

The Complaint

Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sun for light :)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due,
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debar'd it, hath not right
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort :
For beauty will be, where is most resort.

Witnes the fairest streetes that Thames doth visite,
The wondrous concourse of the glitt'ring faire,
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thir her couets not to make repaire ?
The solitary countrey may not stay her,
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting DELIA, left to adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired,
And herein all our chiefeft glorie lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
Whil'st niggardly our fauours we discover,
We loue to be belou'd, yet skorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot oad neuer mou'd,
From countreies fetic, from the fields of rest
To know the danger to be highly lou'd
And liue in pompe to braue among the best,
Happy for me, better had I beene blest,
If I vnluckily had neuer straid,
But liu'd at home a happy countrey maid,

Whose vnaffected innocency thinkes,

No guilefull fraud, as doth the Courtly liuer,
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where she drinckes,
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsell giuer:
She loues sincerity and is loued euer.

Her daies are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate,
Nor had my name enold with maides mislead,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhappie fate)

This lesson (which my selfe learnt with expence,)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sence,

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impiety will out, neuer so closely done.
No wals can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproof when we least thinke thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts.
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller,
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her,
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vtting secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That she the wholl of all our practise learned,

And

The Complaint

And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entered by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord,
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Off'ing me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelp,
Rues fiercely raging through the woods astray,
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Doth furiously assault what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So fell she on me in ourragious wise,
As could dildaine and iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
Shee forc'd me take the poyson she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought,
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spitefull Act that to Reuenge is common,
No beast being fiercer then a iealous woman.

Here take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse strumpet, take this next your heart,
Your loue-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene,
With pleasures surfeit, must be pur'gd with Arte,
This potion hath a power that will conuert
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so,
And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe:
Tremble you (minion) come dispatch with speed,
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all these teares you shed will nothing speed,
Those dainty fingers needes must do the deed
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Having this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:
Rig'r about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last.
All hope of pitty and of comfort past,
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end,

Those hands that beauties ministers had beene,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sinne,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe to appease the wrong,
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And shee no sooner saw I had it taken.
But forth shee rushes, (proud with yictory)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of death, which she had left with me,
(Death and my selfe alone together be)
To whome she d'd her full reuenge refer,
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sinne,
I appeare before me, in a hidious face:
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,
When

The Complaint

When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place,
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace,
Whilst I remaine oppress'd in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence,
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed sence,
And therefore cast by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of heauen needes satisfie,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange, vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamie.
And poore distressed *Rosamond* (said I,)
Is this thy glory got? to die forlorne
In Desarts, where no eare can heare thee mourne.

Nor any eye of pittie to behold,
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy,
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vs vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliuie, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breath out to these wals the breath of mone,
Tell th'aire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well;
Vnder thy griefe, wherewith thy soule doth swell.
And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorse,

And

And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Didst glorious liue, admir'd and honoured,
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoile to lust, to wrath, to death:
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best,
Framing thine eye, the starre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoile the rest?
O beauty, thou an enemy profest,
To Chastity, and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee how w^e are loath'd, and with the lost.

You, you that proude with liberty and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of duty,
Would God I might to you but ere I go,
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my wo,
To keepe your feet in cleane paths of shame,
That no enticing may diuert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weakenes still,
The strength of wit, of gold and all is bent:
And all th^e assaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent.
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent,
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge, what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder

The Complaint

Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame,
And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to
To make a lawlesse entrie on your fame, (moue,
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march wih equall pace,
In those pure wayes that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whil' st that ambition vainely weds,
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beside:
Whil' st married but to titles, we abide,
As wedded widowes, wanting that we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

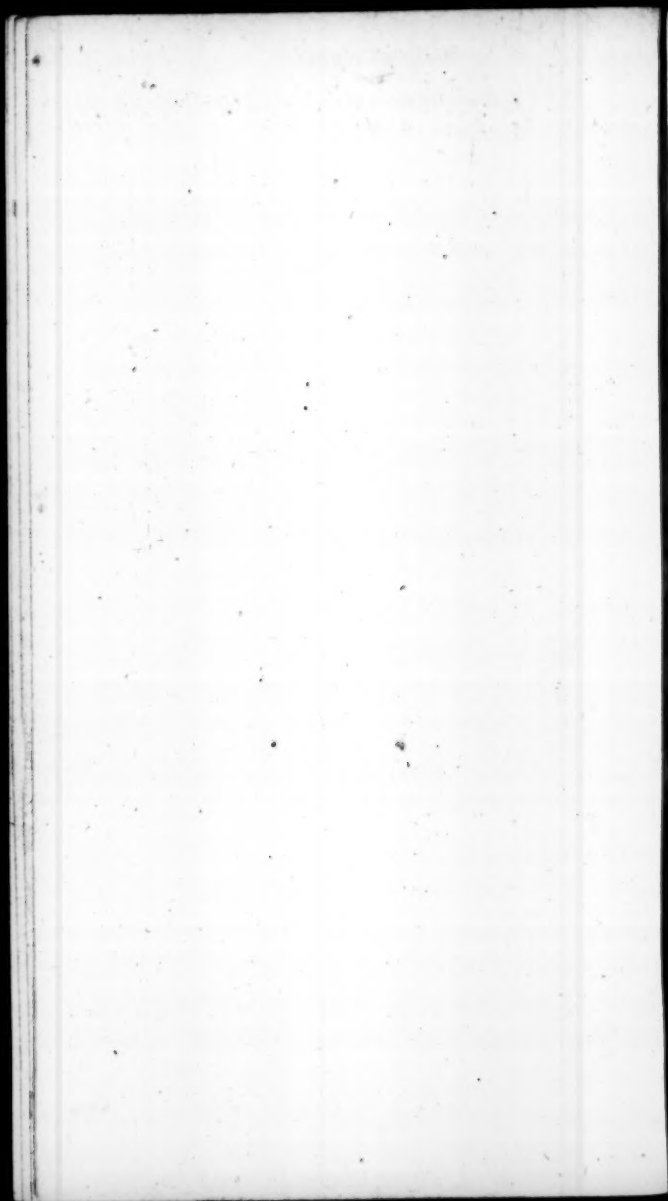
Or whil' st we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire,
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime,
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whil' st those decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, skorned and reprov'd,
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit
Lest this or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloud with infamie your beauties shine,
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine,
Treasurie that's vnpossest of any:
And hard tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) these bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monsters of our sexe, that make a pray,
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindly meane,
And euen (like vipers) eating out a way,

Through

7.



Confus'd effects each other do confound:
Oppres'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speake, when mighty griefs are dumb

At length extremitie breakes out a way,
Through which th'imprisoned voice with tears attēde
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray.
With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes (the poore eale calamitie affords,)
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth
(words.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hateful rayes of this vnhappy sunne?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes contrould,
With blood of mine owne shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknesse hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,
What had my dayes, whom troubles still afflicted,
But onely this to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted:
This sweet, whole losse hath all distresse inflicted:
This that did season all my lowre of life,
Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my bloud, iorres in my bed:
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread:
(Such life hath tyrants; and this life I led)

These miseries go mask'd in glittering shewes;

The Complaint

Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it,
And as the Vine, married vnto the Elme,
With strict embraces, so doth he infold it,
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that now even death commends
On senselesse lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gauest,
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish,
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This for owing fare well of a dying kisse,
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Mouues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place :
Decayed Roses ot discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deepe notes of former grace,
And vgly death sits faire within her face,
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That death her selfe doubts whether she be dead

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaints
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee,
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee)
Hasten her speedy course to ouertake thee.
He meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge

Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind,
And I will cause posteritie shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde,
And after-ages monuments shall finde,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer :)
He doth repress what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discover,
And yet respect scarce bridles such a louer,
So farre transported that he knew not whether,
For loue and maieslie dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At *Godstow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries,
Vnto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brasse so little lasting be.

For those wals which the credulous deuour,
And apt beleeuing ignorant did found,
With willing zeale, that nener call'd in doubt,
That time their workes should euer so confound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder ground.
And what their ignorance esteemed holy,
Out wiser ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines,
Re-edified the wracke of my decaies,
And that thy accents willingly assigns,
Some farther date, and gaue me longer dayes.

The Complaint of Rosamond.

Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise,
But thus renew'd, my fame red eemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirthlesse Thames shall haue no Swan to sing
All Musicke silent, and the Muses dumbe,
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourish't, though not cherish't so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end I may no longer stay,
I must returne & attend at Stygian flood :
Yet ere I goe this one word more I pray,
Tell *Della*, now her sight may doe me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood,
And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanish she, and left me to returne,
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose,
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath been,
Who made me known, must make me liue vnseen.

FINIS.

II ANCODE I A

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
 passing happy dayes and houres,
 One Bird reports unto another,
 in the fall of siluer showers,
 Whilst the earth our common mother,
 bath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heauen,
 with bright rayes warms Floras lap,
 Making nights and dayes both euen,
 chearing plants with fresher sap,
 My field of flowers quite hercauen,
 wants refresh of better hap.

Eccho, daughter of the Aire,
 (babling guest of Rocks and hills,)
 Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
 and sounds the accents of my ills.
 Each thing pilties my despaire,
 whilst that she her lower kills.

Whilst that she (O cruell Maide)
 doth me and my loue despise,
 My lincs flourish is decayed
 that dependeth on her eyes,
 But her will must be obeyed,
 and well he ends for loue who dyes.

A PASTORALL.

O Happy golden age,
 Not for that rivers ranne,
 With streames of milke, and hony dropt from trees,
 Not that the earth did gage,
 Unto the husbandman,
 Her voluntary fruits, free without fees,
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cold beguile
 Th' eternall flowring spring
 whercin li'd cuery thing;
 And whereon th' heaueus perpetually did smile,
 Not for no ship had brought
 From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought,
 But onely for that name,
 That idle name of wind:
 That Idoll of deceit that empty sound
 Call'd Honor, which became
 The tyrant of the minde:
 And so torments our nature without ground,
 Was not yet vainely found:
 Nor yet sad griefes imparts
 Amidst the sweet delights.
 Of ioyfull amorous wights.
 Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts,
 But golden lawes like these
 which nature wrote. That's lawful which doth please
 Then amongst flowers and springs
 Making delightfull sport
 Sate louers without conflict, without flame:
 And Nymphs and shepheards sing
 Mixtng in wanton sort
 Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the same
 which from affection came:
 The naked virgin then
 Her Roses freshreueales,

which

Which now her dayle conceales.
 The tender Apples in her bosome scene,
 And oft in Rivers cleere
 The Louers with their Lones consorting were,
HONOR, thou first didst close,
 The spring of all delight?
 Denying water to the amorous thirst
 Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
 The glory of their light.
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reuerst.
 Thou in a Lawne didst first
 These golden haire's incase,
 Late spread vnto the winde,
 Thou mad'st loose grace unkinde,
 Gau'st bridle to their wordes, art to their pace,
 O Honour is it thou
 That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow,
 It is thy worke that brings
 Our griefes and torments thus!
 But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Lone,
 The quallifier of Kings,
 What dost thou here with vs
 That are below thy power stout from above?
 Go and from vs remooue,
 Trouble the mighties sleepe,
 Let vs neglected base,
 Liue still with the grace,
 And th'vse of th'auncient happy ages keepe,
 Let's loue, this life of ours
 Can make no truce with time that all deuours,
 Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe
 But when as our short light
 Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.

Come

Vlisses and the Syren.

Syren **C**ome worthy Greeke *Vlisses* come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free

Here may we sit and view their toile
That trauaile in the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Vliss Faire Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leaue such toiles as these.

But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vlisses, O be not decciue'd
With that vnreall name:
Tis honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And rests on others fame.

Begotten onely to molest,
Our peace and to beguile.
(The best thing of our life) our rest.
And giue vs vp to toile.

Vliss, Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report.

Yet manlines would scorne to weare,
The time in idle sport,

For toile doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feeble our ioy,

And

And ease findes tediousnes as much
As labour yeeldes annoy,

Syr. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
Whereto tendes all your toile,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diuersly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And ease may haue variety,
As well as action may.

Ulyss But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as yow in ease,

And with the thought of actions past,
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaues a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cause,
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes,
Then euer Nature did.

No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sports are without bloud,
The world wee see by warlike wights
Receiues more hurt then good.

Ulyss. But yet the state of things require
These motions of vnrest:
And these great Spirits of high desire
Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischietes that increase,

And

Ulysses and the Syren.

And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war,

Sy. Well, well *Ulysses* when I see,
I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there,
I muo be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndone.

FINIS.



MUSOPHILUS.
CONTAINING
a Generall defence of all
LEARNING.



AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterson.*
1611.

THE NEW YORK

CONTAINING

A GENERAL HISTORY OF

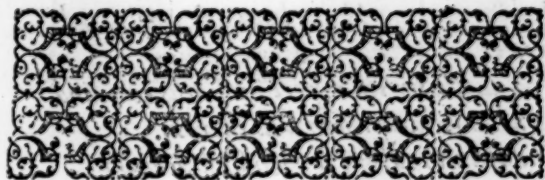
THE CITY OF NEW YORK



AT LONDON

Printed by J. L. for James W. & Co.

1811



TO THE RIGHT
worthy Knight SIR
FOVLKE GRIVELL.

I F I haue err'd or run a course unfit
To vent my understanding in this kinde
Your approbation hath beene cause of it
That fed this gratefull error of my mind
For your most worthy and iudicious Knight
Did first draw forth from close obscuritie
My vnpresuming verse into the light
And grac'd the same, & made me known thereby:
And euery man we see is easily
Confirm'd in that wherein he takes delight,
But chieflly when he findes his industry
Allow'd by him he knowes can iudge aright.
Though praise I feare me is not vertues friend
So much as we would make it seeme to be,
For more vndone, then raised thereby we see
Whereas themselves men cannot comprehend.
And

The Epistle

*And for my part, I haue beene oft constrained
To reexamine this my course herein
And question with my selfe what is containd
Or what solidity there was therein.
And then in casting it with that account
And reckonings of the world, I therein found
It came farre short, and neither did amount
In valew with those hopes I did propound
Nor answer'd the expences of my time
Which made me much distrust my selfe & ryme
And I was flying from my heart and from
The station I was set in, to remaine :
And had left all, had not fresh forces come
And brought me backe vnto my selfe againe,
And furnisht my distrusts with this defence
This armor wherewithall the best I could
I haue made good, against the difference
Of fortune, and the world, that which I told.
And haue maintain'd your honor in the same
Vwho herein holds an interest in my fame.*

SAMVELL DANIELL.



MVSOPHILVS.

Containing a generall defence of all learning.

Philocosmus.

Fond man *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend
In an vngainefull art thy deereſt daies,
Tyring thy wits and toyling to no end,
But to attaine that idle ſmoake of praife,
Now then this buſie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely muſicke of neglected layes,
Other delights then theſe, other deſires
This wiſer profit-seeking age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confeſſe indeede
I loue this ſacred art thou ſett'ſt ſo light,
And though it neuer ſtand my life in ſteed,
It is enough, it giues my ſelfe delight,
The whiles my vnafflicted mind doth feed,
On no vnholly thoughts for benefite,
Be it that my vnreaſonable ſong
Come out of time, that fault is in the time,
And I muſt not doe vertue ſo much wrong,

As

Musophilus.

As loue her ought the worse for others crime,
And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,
That cherish me, and like and grace my rime.
A Gaine that I do more in soule esteeme
Then all the gaine of dust, the world doth craue,
And if I may attaine but to redeeme
My name from dissolution and the graue,
I shall haue done enough and better deeme
T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue di'd to haue,
Short-breath'd mortalitie would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate, seeke to beguile her end,
Of some few lingring daies of after staie,
That all this little All, might not descend
Into the darke a vniuersall pray.
And giue our labors yet this poore delight,
That when our daies do end they are not done,
And though we die we shall not perish quite,
But liue two liues where others haue but one,

Philocosmus.

Sillie desires of selfe-abusing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of ayre,
That hauing done the vttermost he can,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire,
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire
And what art thou the better thus to leaue
A multitude of words to small effect
Which other times may skorne and so deceiue
Thy promis'd name of what thou doest expect,
Besides some viperous *Crisicke* may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy worth, for some defect,
And get more reputation of his wit,

By

By but controlling of some word or sence,
Then thou shalt honor for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care, and diligence,
Being learned now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence,
Besides so many, so confusedly sing,
As diuers discordes haue the musicke mar'd
And in contempt that mysterie doth bring
That he must sing alowd that will be heard,
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For some vnhalloved strings that vildly iar'd,
Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vaine,
Is held but vaine, and his vnreck'ned pen,
The title but of leuitie doth gaine,
A poore light gaine to recompence their toile,
That thought to get eternitie the while,
And therefore leaue the left and out-worne course,
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most inforce,
Be new with mens affections that are now
Striue not to run an idle counter course,
Out from the scent of humors men allow,
For not directly to compose our parts,
Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selues, and make our artes
Rebels to Times, and to societie,
Whereby we come to burie our desarts,
In th'obscure graue of singularity.

Musophilus?

Do not prophane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie,
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell,
The

Musophilus.

The wayes of right which vertue doth descry,
That ouer-lookes the base, contemptible,
And low laid follics of mortalitie,
Nor mette out truth and right deserving praise,
By that wrong measure, that confused ill,
The vulgar foot, which neuer takes his wayes
By reason, but by imitation still:
Rowling on with the rest, and neuer way's
The course which he should go, but what is gone.
Nor what he ought to doe but what is done.
Well were it with mankind, if what the most,
Did like were best, but ignorance will lue
By others square, as by example lost,
And man to man must th' hand of error giue,
That none can fall alone at their owne cost,
And al, because men iudge not, but beleue) bounds
For what poore bounds haue they whom Lut th' earth
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got releues not, but confounds,
Hauing but traueile to succede their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing that propounds,
Affliction but his end, and grieve his gaines?
Inchroaching, gathering, wresting, ioyning to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, altring, and so much a do
To his soules toile, and bodies trauailing,
And all this coth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th' inhering,
And his faire house rais'd hie in enuies eye,
Whose pillars rear'd perhaps on bloud and wrong,
The spoiles and pillage of iniquitie,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the wals of pietie,
Shall the profanest piles of sinne keepe strong?
How many proud aspiring pallaces,

Haue

Haue we knowne made the pray of wrath & pride
 Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnes,
 Whilest titlers their pretended rights decide,
 Or ciuill tumults, or an orderles
 Orderpretending change of some strong side?
 Then where is that proud title of thy name?
 Written in yce of melting vanity,
 Where is thine heire left to possesse the same?
 Perhaps not so well as in beggerie,
 Some thing may rise to be beyond the shame,
 Of vile and vnregarded pouertie,
 Which I confesse, although I often strue,
 To cloth in the best habite of my skill,
 In all the fairest colours I can giue,
 Yet for all that me thinkes she lookes but ill,
 I cannot brooke that face, which dead aliue,
 Shewes a quicke bodie, but a buried will,
 Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint,
 Holds goodnes in, which loose wealth would let
 And fraudelesse riches barrainer then want, (lie,
 Brings forth small worth from idle libertie:
 Which when disorders shall againe make skant,
 It must retetch her sitte from pouertie.
 But yet in all this interchange of all,
 Virtue we see, with her faire grace stands fast,
 For what hie races hath there come to fall,
 With low disgrace, quire vanquished and past
 Since *Chaucer* liu'd, who yet liues and yet shall,
 Though (which I grieue to say) out in his last,
 Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
 And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,
 Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime:
 That by his meanes came first adorn'd with baies,
 Vnto the sacred Reliques of whose time,
 We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise,

And

Musophilus.

And could our lines begotten in this age
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeeres,
And scape the fury of that threatnings rage,
Which in confused cloudes gastly appeares,
Who would not straine his trauailes to ingage,
When such true glory should succcede his cares,
But whereas he came planted in the spring,
and had the Sun before him of respect,
We set in th'Autume the deflourishing,
And fullen season, of a cold defect
Must taste those squire distasts the times do bring,
Vpon the fulnesse of a cloid neglect.
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out th'infection of distempered dayes,
And come with glory to out-lieue this fall,
Recovering of another spring of praise,
Cleer'd from th'oppressing humors, wherewithall
The idle multitude surcharge their lays,
When as perhaps the words thou scornest now,
May liue the speaking picture of the minde.
The extract of the soule that laboured how,
To leaue the image of her selfe behind,
Wherein posterity that loue to know
The iust proportion of our spirits may find.
For these lines are the vaines, the Arteries,
And vndeayling lifestrings of those hearts
That still shall pant and still shall exercise,
The motion spirit and and nature both imparts
And shall with those alieue so simpathizes
As nourisht with their powers inioy their parts,
O blessed letters that combine in one,
All ages past and make one liue with all
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto counsell call,
By you th'vnborne shall haue communion.
Of what we feele and what doth vs befall,

Soule of the world, knowledge, without thee,
 What hath the world that truly glorious is?
 Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
 To be forgot? what good is like to this,
 To do worthy the writing, and to write
 Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
 And let th'innaturall and wayward race,
 Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
 That neuer read t'observe, but to disgrace,
 Raise all the tempest of their power to blame,
 That puffe of follie neuer can deface,
 The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.
 Yet why should ciuill learning seeke to wound,
 And mangle her owne members with despight,
 Prodigious wits that study to confound,
 The life of wit, to seeme to know aright.
 As if themselues had fortunately found
 Some stand from of the earth, beyond our sight,
 Whence ouer looking all as from aboue,
 Their grace is not to worke, but to reprove.
 Presumption euer fullest of defects,
 Fayles in the doing to performe her part,
 And I haue knowne proud words & poore effects,
 Of such indeed as do contemne this art,
 But let them rest it euer hath beene knowne,
 They others vertue skorne that doubt their owne
 And for the diuerse disagreeing cordes,
 Of interiangling ignorance that fill,
 The dainy eares and leaue no roome for wprds,
 The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will,
 Seeing how the best he hath, he frankly foords,
 And skornes to be a niggard of his skill,
 And that the rather since this short-liv'd race,
 Being fatally the sonnes but of one day,
 That now with all their power ply it apace,

Musophilus.

so hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chace,
To make of all a vniuersall pray.
I no w great *Nature* hath laid downe at last
That mighty birth, wherewith so long she wen
And ouerwent the times of ages past,
Here to lie in, vpon our content,
Where fruitfull she, hath multiplied so fast,
That all she hath on these times, seem'd t' haue
All that which might haue many ages grac'd, (spent
Is borne in one, to make one cload withall,
Where plenty hath imprest a deepe distast,
Of best and worst, and all in generall:
That goodnes seemes, goodnes to haue defac'd
And virtue hath no virtue giuen the fall,
For emulation, that proud nurse of wit,
Skorning to stay below or come behind,
Labors vpon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection to the highest kind,
Enuie and wonder looking after it
Thrust likewise on, the selfesame blisse to find.
And so long struing till they can no more,
Do stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out;
Who doubting to ouertake those gone before,
Giue vp their care; and cast no more about,
And so in skorne leaue all asfore posselt,
And will be none, where they may not be best,
Euen like some empty Creek that long hath laine,
Left or neglect of the Riuer by. (vayne
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wandring
Finding some little way that close did lye
Steale in at first, then other streames againe
Second the first, then more then all supply,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest powre that way,

Plying

Musophilus.

Plying this new found pleasant roome so fast
Till all be full and all be at a stay,
And then about and backe againe doth cast,
Leauing that full to fall another way,
So feares this humorous world that euermore,
Rapt with the Current of a present course
Runs into that which lay contem'd before,
Then glutted leaues the same, and falls t'a worse,
Now zeale holds all, no life but to adore,
Then could in spirit, and faith is of no force.
Straight all that holy was, vnhalloved lyes,
The scattered carkasses of ruind vowes.
Then truth is false, and now hath blindnes eyes,
Then zeale trusts all, now scarcely what it knows.
That euermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatall is to be seduc'd with shoves,
Sacred Religion, mother offorme and feare,
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deckt?
What pompous vestures do we make thee weare?
What stately piles we prodigall erect?
How sweet perfum'd thou art how shining cleere?
How solemnly obseru'd with what respect?
Aro' her time all plaine, and quite threed bare,
Thou must haue all within and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, disrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout,
Powerlesse, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare,
Thee necessarie rites to set thee out.
And either truth and goodnes are not still,
The selfe same which they are and alwaies one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we our actions make them wait vpon,
Putting them in the livery of our skill,
And cast them of againe when we haue done.
You mighty Lords that with respected grace;

Musophilus.

Doe at the sterne offaire example stand
And all the body of this populace,
Guide with the onely turning of your hand,
Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,
Obserue the point of glory to our land.
Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe vertue in request giue worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous meanes confound
So faire a good to bring in night a new,
Be not, O be not accessaries found,
Vnto her death that must giue life to you.
Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laid,
In gorgeoustombs, in sacred Cels secure?
Do you not see those prostrat heapes betraid,
Your fathers bones, & could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitfull stones sayre laid,
And thinke they will be to your honor true?
Poore idle reliques that can neuer crowne,
Your memories which cannot keep their owne,
Winnesse that huge and wondrous *trophei* now,
Which on the goodly plaines nere *Wilton* stands
That huge dumbe heape that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence he is, nor with whose hands
Nor for whose glory it was set to shew,
How much our power mocks that of other lands
When in a lesler roome securely lie,
And lie most safe as fresh as if a liue,
All those great worthies of Antiquitie,
Which long foreliu'd vs and shall long suruiue,
Who stronger tomps found for eternitie,
Then could the powers of all the earth contriue.
Where they remaine these trifles to obraid,
Out of the reach of spoile and way of rage,
Though time with hail his power of years hath laid,
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining age.

Yet they make head onely with their owne aide,
And warre with his all conquering forces, wage:
Pleading the heauens prescription to be free
And t'haue a grant t'indure as long as he.

Philocosmus.

Behold how euery man drawne with delight,
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way,
And struing t'haue her course seeme onely right,
Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray
Imagination bringing brauely dight
Her pleasing images in best aray,
With flattering glasses that must shew him faire
And others foule, his skill and his wit best,
Others seduc'd, decei'd and wrong in their,
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest:
Not seeing how these minions in the ayre
Present a face of things falsely exprest,
And that the glimmering of these errors showne,
Are but a light to let him see his owne.

Alas poore Fame in what a narrow roome,
As an encaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst vs, where euen as good be dumbe
As speake and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this scarce discerned Ile,
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vn-
Made neuer any trafficke of our stile. (knowne,
And is this all where all this care is showne,
T'inchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue wooed so much
Think you to make your barbarous language such

Musophilus.

Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
That cannot promise any forraine vent:
And yet if here to al your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne it might content
But lo how many reads not, or disdaines
The labours of the chiefe and excellent.
How many thousands neuer weigh the name
Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their bookes;
And yet braue fellowes and presume of fame,
By following enely what the season brookes.
What then shall they expect of meancr frame,
On whose endeuours few or none scarce lookes
Do not you see these *Pamphlets*, *Libels*, *Rimes*,
These strange confused tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the sicknes of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind;
Your vertues, by your follies, made your crimes,
Haue issue with your indiscretion ioin'd
Schools, artes, professions, all in so great store,
Passe the proportion of the present state,
Where being as great a number as betore,
And fewer roomes then to accomodate,
It cannot be but they must throng the more,
And kicke, and thrust, and shoulder with debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of farre inferiour vertues in their sight,
They present with the sharpe of *Enuy* straine
To wound them with reproches and despight
And for these, cannot haue as well as they
They scorne their faith should daigne to look that
Hence discontented Sects, and Schisms arise, (way,
Hence interwounding controuersies spring,
That feede the simple and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cauelling,

Disgrace that these to others do deuise,
Contempt and scorne on all in th'end doth bring
Like scolding wiues reckning each others fault
Make standers by imagine both are naught.
For when to these rare dainties time admits,
All commers, all complexions, all that will,
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose milde discretion could comport with skill,
And when the place their humour neuer fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall address
They euen become th'incombrance of the land
As out of ranke disordering all the rest,
This grace of theirs to seeme to vnderstand,
Murtheres all their grace to doe, without their rest,
Men finde that action is another thing,
Then what they in discoursing papers reade,
The worlds affaires requires in managing
More arts then those, wherein you Clarks proceed
Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering
Audacious ignorance hath done the deede.
For who knows most the more he knows to doubt
The least discourse is commonly most stout.
This sweet enchanting knowledge turnes you cleene
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide vnwilling to be seene
In th'open concourse of a publike sight,
This skill wherewith you haue so cunning beene,
Vnsinowes all our powers, vnman you quite.
Publike societie and comuerce of men
Require another grace another port,
This eloquence, these rimes, these phrases then
Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort,
Th'vnnaturall swelling of your pen

Musophilus.

Touch not the spirit that action doth import.
A manly stile fitted to manly cares
Best grees with wit, not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudie liu'rie weares
Of nice corruptions which the times doe sway,
And waite on th' humor of his pulse that beares
His passions set to such a pleasing kay,
Such dainties serue onely for stomacks weake,
For men doe fowlest when they finest speake.
Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise
Be sung the great heroycall deserts
Of braue renowned spirits, whose exercise
Of worthy deedes may call vp others hearts,
And serue a modell for posterities
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts:
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto
To make it not our grace, to say, but do.

Musophilus.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I heare
As one that am not so possesst with loue
Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
An eare to learne, then a tongue to disproue:
I know men must, as carried in their spheare
According to their proper motions moue.
And that course likes them best which they are on
Yet truth hath certaine bounds, but falshood none
I doe confesse our limits are but small
Compar'd with all the whole vaste earth beside,
All which againe rated to that great All,
Is likewise as a point scarcely describe,
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point where we abide.
But if we shall descend from that highland

Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread vpon,
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world standing alone.
Where if our fame confind cannot get out,
What shall we then imagine it is pen'd
That hath so great a world to walke about,
Whose bounds with her reports haue both one
Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout (end
That farther then her owne scorne to extend?
Where being so large a roome both to doe well
And eke to heare th'applause of things well done
That farther if men shall our vertues tell
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won,
It doth not greater make that which is laudible,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their care,
That few in all the world, which with a few
Do theuer liue, and moue, and worke and stirre,
This is the heart doth feele, and onely know
The rest of all, that onely bodies beare
Rowle vp and downe, and fill but vp the row.
And serue as other members not their owne,
The iustruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this not to be knowne
To those know not to giue themselues respect?
And though they swel with pompe of folly blown
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in neglect.
And for my part if onely one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large ynow,
And his applause onely sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
Who is my all, and all I am is his.

Musophilus.

And if some worthy spirits be pleased to,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will,
But what if none, it cannot yet vndo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill,
This is the thing that I was borne to do
This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.

Let those that know not breath esteeme of winde,
And set t' a vulgar ayre their seruile song,
Rating their goodnes by the praise they finde,
Making their worth on others fits belong,
As vertue were the hircling of the mind,
And could not liue if fame had ne'r a tongue.

Hath not all-knowing power that holdes within
The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,
(Where whatsoeuer is, or what haue bin,
Reflects a certaine image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seeke an almes of fame?

Must she like to a wanton Curtezan
Open her breasts for shew to win her praise,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man,
As if she were enamourd of his waies,
And knew not weakencs nor could rightly scan
To what defects his humorous breath obeies.

She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all
But what is giuen of meere deuotion, (thrall?
For which how much it sweats, how much it's
What toile it takes, and yet when all is done,
The endes in expectation neuer fall

Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
And prostrate her faire body to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenes, for so grosse a benefit,
Hauing reward dwelling within her gate,

And

Musophilus.

And glory of her owne to furnish it.
Her selfe a recompence sufficient
Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content,
Is not enough that she hath rais'd so hie
Those that be hers, that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this all to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iust height of swolne mortality
Right as it is, not as it seemes to be,
And vndeceiued with the *par alax*
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsid'es what the inward lacks
Measuring man by himselfe not by his shew,
Wondring not at their rich and golden backs
That haue poore minds, and little else to shew,
Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their lode,
The lies of fortune, wherewith all men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad, (& knee
Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd,
And thinke like *Is Affe*, all honours are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idol which they beare,
That onely makes them to be gazed on,
For take away their pack and shew them bare,
And see what beast this honor rides vpon,
Hath knowledge lent to hers the priuy key,
To let them in vnto the hie stage
Of causes, secrets, Councels to suruay
The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gaine say,
Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age.
And shall we trust goodnes as it procedes (breath,
From that vnconstant mouth, which with one
Will

Musophilus.

Will make it bad againe, vnlesse it feedes
The present humor that it fauoureth?
Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloiweth?
Then whereto serues it to haue beene enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the minde,
It for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discouered errors, which we finde?
As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,
Yet we ouer selues staid in a seruile kind.
That virtue must be out of countenance,
If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow braine,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distast, vncomprehend, disdain,
When such sicke eyes, can neuer cast a glance
But through the colours of their proper staine.
Though I must needs confesse the small respect,
That these great-seeming best of men do giue,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sorts neglect,)
Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue:
Yet stronger, see how iustly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue:
That learning needs must run the common fate,
Of all things else, thrust on by her owne waight
Comporting not her selfe in her estate
Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit:
Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate
Vnto contempt that on, our quarells waite.
Whereby we haue bewraide our gouernment
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The generall, for some weake, impotent,
Which beare out their disease with a stolne face,
Who (silly soules) the more wit they haue spent
The lesse they shew'd not bettring their bad case,
Nor would our so great number passe the rate

Of our prouisions, where they delt aright.
But yeeld sufficient meanes t'accommodate,
More then we haue in places requisite,
The ill disposing only doth vs set,
In disaray and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the minde shall get,
Vnder our coulours that which is our dues,
And to our trauailes neither benefite,
Nor grace nor honour. nor respect accrewes.
This sicknesse of the states soule: Learning then
The bodies great distemperature ensues.
For if that learnings roomes to learned men,
Were as their heritages distributed,
All this disordered thrust would cease. For when
Tee fit were clad, th'vnworry frustrated,
These would be sham'd to seeke, those to b'vnfough
Who in their turne were sure they should be sped,
Then would our drooping Academies brought,
Againe in heart regaine that reuerend hand,
Or lost opinion, and no more bethought,
Th'vnnessefulle furnish of the land,
Nor discourag'd with their smale esteeme,
Confus'd, irresolute, and wandring stand,
Not caring to become profound but seeme
Contented with a superficial skill
Which for a sleight rewarde enough they deeme,
When the one succedes as well as the other will,
Seeing shorter waies lead sooner to their end,
And others longer trauailes thrive so ill,
Then would they onely labour to extend
Their now vnserching spirits beyond these bounds
Of others powers wherein they must be pend,
As if there were besides no other grounds.
And set their bold plus ultra far without.

The

Musophilus.

The pillar of those *Axioms* age propounds,
Discovering dayly more and more about,
In that immense and boundlesse Ocean,
Of Natures riches neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man,
So far beyond the ordinary course
That other vnindustrious ages ran,
That these most curious times they might diuorce,
From the opinion they are linckt vnto,
Of our disable and vnactive force.
To shew true knowledge can both speake and doo,
Arm'd for the sharp which in these daies they find
With all prouisions that belong thereto,
That their experience may not come behind
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the minde,
Are states best strengths, & kingdoms chiefe grace
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
Makes maiesty appeare with her full face. (praise
Shining with all her beames with all her raies
Vnscanted of her part's vnshadowed
In any darkened point which still bewraies
The vaine of power, when power's vnfurnished
And hath not all those entire complements
Wherewith the state, should for her state bee sped.
And though the fortune of some age consents
Vnto a thousand errors grosely wrought,
Which flourish't ouer with their faire euents,
Haue past for current and good courses thought,
The least whercof in other times againe,
Most dangerous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilst to the times, not to mens wits pertaine
The good succesles of ill manag'd deedes
Though

Though th'ignorant deceiu'd with colours vaine,
 Misse of the causes whence this lucke proceeds.
 Forraine defects, giuing homes faultes the way,
 Make euen that weaknes sometimes well succeeds
 I grant that some vnlettered practique may,
 (Leauing beyond the *Alps* faith and respect,
 To God and man) with impious cunning sway,
 The courses fore-begun with like effect,
 And without stop maintaine the present way,
 And haue his errors deem'd without defect,
 But when some powerfull opposition shall
 With an incountring shocke of strength, disioynt
 The fore contriued frame, and there withall.
 Th'experience of the present disappoint,
 And other stirring spirits and other hearts.
 Built huge for action meeting in a point,
 Shall driue the world to summon all their arts,
 And all to little for so reall might,
 When no aduantages of weaker parts,
 Shall beate out shallow counsels from the light,
 And this sence opening action (which doth hate,
 Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right,
 Who then holds vp the glory of the state,
 (which lettered armes, & armed letters won)
 Who shall be fittest to negotiate
 Content and *Iustinian*, or els *Listleton*?
 When it shall not be held wisedome to be,
 Priuately made and publicquely vndone,
 But sound designes that iudgement shall decree
 Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes,
 That lye direct, with safe going equity,
 Imbroyling not their owne and others daies,
 Extending forth their prouidence beyond,
 The circuite of their owne particular,
 That euen the ignorant may vnderstand

How

Musophilus.

How that deceit is but a cauiller,
And true vnto it selfe can neuer stand,
But still must with her owne conclusions war,
Can truth and honestie, wherein consists
The right repose on earth, the surest ground
Of trust, come weaker armed into the lists
Then fraud or vice, that doth it selfe confound,
Or shall presumption that doth what it lists
Not what it ought, carry her coursesound?
Then what safe place out of confusion:
Hath plaine proceeding honestly to, dwell?
What sure of grace hath vertue to put on
If vice shall weare as good, and do as well,
If wrong, if craft, if indiscretion,
Act as faire parts with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of euent,
The world, the vniuersall mappe of deedes
Strongly controules, and prooues from all discent,
That the directest courses best succedes,
When craft, wrapt still in many comberments,
With all her cunning thriues not, though it speeds
For should not graue and leard experience,
That looks with the eyes of all the world beside
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer then deceit without a guide,
Which in the by paths of her diffidence,
Crossing the wayes of Right; still runs more wide;
Who will not graunt? and therefore this obserue,
No state stands sure but on the grounds of Right,
Of vertue knowledge iudgement to preserue,
And all the powers of learnings requisite
Though other shifts a present turne may serue,
Yet in the triall they will way to light,
And do not thou contemne this swelling tide,
And streame of words that now doth rise so hie,
Aboue

About the vsuall bankes, and spreads so wide
Ouer the borders of antiquitie,
Which I confesse comes euer amplified
With th'abounding humors that do multiply,
And is with that same hand of happines
Inlarg'd as vices are, out of their bands,
Yet so, as if let out but to redresse
And calme, and sway th'affections it commands,
Which as it stirres, it doth againe repress
And brings in th'out gone malice that with stands.
Power aboue powers, O heavenly eloquence,
That with the strong reine of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and maister th'eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their swords,
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affoordes?
Thou that canst do much more with one poore pen
Then all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, diuert, dispose, and fashion men
Better then force or rigour can direct,
Should we this ornament of glory then
As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades neglect?
Or should we carelesse come behind the rest
In power of words, that goe before in worth,
When as our accents equall to the best
Is at le greater wonders to bring forth,
When all that euer hotter spirits exprest
Comes bettered by the patience of the North?
And who in time knowes whether we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores,
This gaine of our best glorie shall be sent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stors?
What world is in th'yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great worke in hand

The

Musophilus,

The greatnes of our stile is now ordain'd ?
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits com'nd
What thoughts let out, what humors keep restrain'd
What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd,
And as for Poetrie (mother of this force)
That breeds, brings forth, & nourishes this might,
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
With comely motions how to go vpright,
And softning it with bountifull discourse
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.
What should I say since it is well approu'd (merce
The speech of heauen, with whome they haue co-
That onely seeme our of themselves remou'd,
And do with more then humane skills conuerse,
Those numbers wherewith heauē & earth are mou'd
Shew weaknes, speaks in prose, but power in verse
Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow
That th'acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombes we can bestow
Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd.
Wherein thou dost no other vertue show
The what most barbarous countries haue obseru'd
When all the oappiest nations hitherto
Did with no lesser glory speake then do.

FINIS.

THE
QUEENES
ARCADIA.

A Pastorall Trage-come-
die presented to her Maie-
iestie and her Ladies, by the Vniuersi-
tie of Oxford in Christs Church,
in August. 1605.

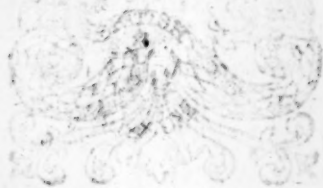


LONDON
Printed by I. L. for Simon Waterston.
1611.



The names of the Actors.

Melibæus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergastus. }
Colax. a corrupted traveller.
Techne. a subtle wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. } the lovers of *Cloris.*
Carinus. }
Cloris. }
Palamon. } jealous Lovers.
Silvia. }
Mirtillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in love with *Carinus.*
Daphne, at used by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quack-saluer.
Lincus, a Petty-fogger.
Montanus, the father of *Amyntas.*
Acrysius, the father of *Cloris.*



LONDON

Printed by J. L. for J. W. & J. R.

1711



To the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

THat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent
To shew the best they could that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately represent
Renowned Empresse to your Princely sight:
Is now the offering of their humblenesse,
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to blesse
So poore presentmen s, and to grace the same:
And though it be in th' humblest ranke of words,
And in the lowest region of our speech,
Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords
With rurall passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred:
And best become a claustrall exercise,
Where men shut out retyr'd, and sequestred
From publicke fashion, sence to sympathize
With innocent, and plaine simplicitie:
And lining here under the awfull hand
Of discipline, and strict obseruancie,
Learne but our weaknesse to understand,
And therefore dare not enterprize to show
In lowder stile the bidden mysteries,
And artes of Thrones, which none that are below
The Sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truly shew: though men may straine
Concept above the pitch where it should stand,
And forme more monstrous figures then containe

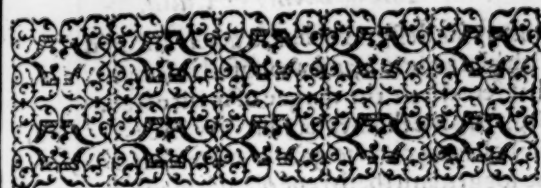
The Epistle

A possibilitie, and goe beyond.

*The nature of those managements so farre,
As oft their common decencie they marre:
Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill
Is needlesse) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turne all to a taste of ill
What euer power shall do, or might intend:
And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Yet the eye of practise, looking downe from hie
Vpon such our-reaching vanitie,
Sees how from error it error it doth stole,
As from an unknowne Ocean into a Gulfe: (Goate,
And how though th' Wolfe, would counterfeit the
Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Wolfe.*

*And therefore in the view of state I haue shewd
A counterfeit of state had been to light
A candle to the Sunne, and so bestowd
Our paines to bring our dimnesse vnto light.
For maiestic, and power, can nothing see
Without it selfe, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore darst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath birth,
Erect our Scene, and there on are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring;
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serue but for a spring,
The first sent is the best in things as these:
A musicke of this nature on the ground,
Is euer wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royall goodnes may raise new,
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.*

Chi non fa, non falla.



THE QUEENES ARCADIA.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Ergastus. *Melibæus.*

Erg. **H**OW is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Cuntry, faire *Arcadia*, so much changd
From what it was, that was thou knowest of late,
The gentle region of plaine honestie,
The modest seat of vndisguis'd truth,
Inhabited with simple innocence
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

Mcl. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuersell a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complaining of disloyaltie,
Amongst your yonger Nymphes, nor euer found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either side.
We neuer had in any age before

The Queenes Arcadia.

So many spotlesse Nymphes, so much distain'd
With blacke report, and wrongfull infamy,
That few escape the tongue of malice free.

Erg. And me thinkes too, our very aire is chang'd,
Our holesome climate growne more maladuic,
The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we may thinke so, then they did before)
The windes of Autumne, now are said to bring
More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring:
And all of vs feele new infirmities,
New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath either lost the nature, or we ours.

Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Montanus and *Acrysus* interstrue
How farre their seuerall Sheep walkes should extend
And cannot be agreed to what we can:
As if some vnderworking hand strake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And softred their contention and their hate.

Erg. And me thinkes too, the beauty of our Nymphes
Is not the same, as it was wont to be.
That *Rosie* hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,
To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare:
Or else their shame doth make them alwaies blush,
For alwaies doth their beauties beare one hew,
And either Nature's false, or that ynttrue.

Mel. Besides their various habits grow so strange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwaies differing from themselues so farre,
As if they skorn'd to be the same they are.

And all of vs are so transform'd, that we

Discerne

The Queenes Arcadia.

Discerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attire,
Our ancient Pastorall habits are despis'd,
And all is strange, hearts, clothes, and all disguis'd.

Erg. Indeed vnto our grieve we may perceiue,
The whole completion of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot finde the occasion of this change:
But let vs with more wary eye obserue
Whence the contagion of these customes rise,
That haue infected thus our honest plaines,
With cunning discord, idle vanitie,
Deceiptfull wrong, and causlesse infamie.
That by th'assistance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at first, may labour to preuent
The further course of mischiefes, and restore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergastus*, and euen here will be.
A place conuenient for so fit a worke:
For here our Nymphes, and heardsmen on this Green,
Do vsually resort, and in this GROVE
We may obserue them best, and be vnseene.

ACTVS I. SCENA II.

Colax.

Techné.

Col. Come my deare *Techné*, thou and I must plotte
More cunning proiects yet, more strange designs
Amongst these simple grosse *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plaines,
Nor yet can apprehend the subtle traines
We lay, to mock their rurall ignorance.
But see, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs close conuay
Our selues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouerheare their passionate discourse.

Techné. *Colax*, this place well such a purpose fits,

Let

The Queenes Arcadia.

Let vs sit close, and wait, it shall goe hard,
Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits,

Carinus. *Amyntas.*

Ca. Now fond *Amyntas*, how can'st thou possesse
With such a vaine presumption, as thou art,
To thinke that *Gloris* should affect thee best,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?

Am. And how *Carinus* canst thou be so mad,
T' imagine *Gloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by so many signes as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me?

Ca. what are those signes by which you come to cast,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?

Am. More certaine signes, then thou canst euer shew.

Car. But they are more then signes, that I can shew.

Am. Why let each then produce the best I can.
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man.

Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.

Am. And I am well contented to begin.
First if by chance, whilst she at Barley-breake
With other Nymphes, do but perceiue me come,
Streight looks her cheeke with such a Rosie red,
As giues the setting Sunne vnto the West
When morrow tempests are prefigured.

Car. Euen so that heu prognosticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the stormie windes of sighes.

Am. And if I finde her with her fellow Nymphes
Gathering of flowers by some sweet Riuers side,
At my approach she straight way stands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets slide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.

Car. So doth the lillie sheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedie Wolfe at hand.

Am.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Am. And if she meet but with my dog she takes
And strokes him on the head playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the back,
And sayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.

Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.

Am. Whilst at a Chrystall spring the other day,
She washt her louely face, and seeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainty hand,
And with a downe-cast looke besprinkles me. (thee

Car. That shews that she would gladly quench in
The fire of loue, or else like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddesse, when she cast
Disdainefull water on *Aescops* face.

Am. As *Silvia* one day, sate with her alone,
Binding of certaine choise selected hearbes,
To her left arme against bewitching spels,
(And I at th' instant conning) she perceiu'd
Her pulse with farre more violence to beat
(As she' after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt when natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer doth surprise our powers.

Am. And euen but yesternight, she going before
With other maides, and seeing me following her,
Lets fall this dainty Nose gay, gay hauing first
Bestowd a kisse thereon to th' end I might
Receiue it so, and with it doe the like. (know,

Car. Poore withred fauours, they might teach thee
That she esteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As those dead flowers, she wore but for a show,
The day before, and cast away at night.

Am. Now friend *Carinus*, thou that mutterest so
At these plaine speaking figures of her loue,
Tell by what signes thou dost her fauours proue?

Car. Now silly man, dost thou imagine me
So fond to blaue the fauours of my loue?

L

Am.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Am. Was't not a pack agreed twixt thee and me;
Car. A pact to make thee tell thy secrecie.

Am. And hast thou then betrayd my easie trust,
And dallyed with my open simplenesse?

Car. And fitly art thou seru'd, that so wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nymph;
And this is that which makes vs feeble that dearth
Of grace, I haue kindness at so hie a rate.

This makes them wary how they doe bestow
The least regard of common curtesie,
When such as you, poore, credulous deuout,
And humble soules, make all all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely do conuert
All shadowes to the figure of your hopes.

Am. *Carinus* now thou doest me double wrong,
First to decide my easie confidence,
And then t'vpbraid my trust, as if my tongue
Had here prophand faile *Cloris* excellencie,
Intelling of her mercies, or had sin'd
In vittering th'honor of a modest grace
Bestowing comfort, in so iust a case.

Car. Why man, thou hast no way deseru'd her loue.

Am. Desert I cannot vige, but fagh I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.

Car. But you know how I sau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, who had else vndone
Her honour vterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne Soueraigne in her thought.

Am. But how that free and vnsubdued heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beate the imposition of a due
I doe not see, since loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region o' our will.
And therefore vige thy due, I for my part,
Must plead compassion, and a faithfull heart.

Car.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilst I will get thy loue,
For you kinde soules doe seldome gracefull proue.

Am. The more vnkind they, who should better way
Our honest vowes, and loue, for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will,
And for the wrong they do, they speed as ill.

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

Col. A les poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who shall possesse a prey that's yet vngon,
But *Techne*, I must by the help forestall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilst they shall
Pursue the Ayre, I must surprise their gaine.
And fitly now thou, maist occasion take
By these aduantages discouered here,
T'impresse in *Chor*'s tender heart that touch
Of deepe d'slike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholly vnto me.

Tec. Why will you then *Dorinda*'s loue forsake,
For whom you traueled so, and made me take
Such labour to enice herto your loue?

Col. Tush *Techne* we desire not what we haue,
But what we would; our longings neuer stay
With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.

Tec. And why? *Dorinda* is as fayre as she.

Col. That I confesse, but yet that payes not me,
For *Gloria* is another, and tis that,
And onely that, which *Techne* I desire.
Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beauty that doth giue an edge
To our desires, and more we will conceiue.

The Queenes Arcadia.

In that we haue not then in that we haue.
And I haue heard, abroad where best experience,
And wit is leaund, that all the fayrest choyce
Of women in the world, serue but to make
One perfect beauty, whereof each brings part.
One hath a pleasing smile, and nothing else:
Another but some silly Mole to grace
Th'area of a disproportion'd face;
Another pleases not but when she speaks,
And some in silence onely gracefull are:
Some till they laugh, we see, seeme to be faire,
Some haue their bodies good, their gestures ill,
Some please in Motion, some in sitting still,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe faire that nothing louely are.
So that we see how beauty doth consist
Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract
And therefore vnto all my loue aspires,
As beauty varies, so doth my desires.

Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not so much wrong
Vnto a Nymph, now when thou hast subdu'd
And won her heart, & knowst she holds thee deare,

Col. Tush wrong is as men thinke it, and I see
It keeps the world the best in exercise
That else would languish, and haue nought to do.
Discord in parts, makes harmon' in the whole:
And some must laugh, whilst other some condole.
And so it be not of the side we are.

Let others beare it what neede we to care.
And now *Derinda* something hath to doe,
Now, she may sit, and thinke, and veze and plot,
For ease, and ioyning of her full delight
Would but haue dild her spirits, & marr'd her quite.

Tec. Alas yet I must pittie her poore soule
In this distresse, I being one my selfe

The Queenes Arcadia.

Of that frayle corporation, and doe know
That she will take it very grienously.
And yet in tro: his is serud but well now,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honest loue,
And trust stronge protestations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdie clothes.

Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not waile alone,
She shall haue others to consort her mone :

For since my late returne from *Telos* Court
I haue made twenty of their coyest Nymphes
Turne louers, with a few protesting words
And some choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palemon*, to suspect the faith
Of his chaste *Silua*, and chaste *Silua* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Those fetters which so heauily were laid
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But customary bands, not naturall.

And I thinke *Techné* thou hast done thy part,
Here, in this gentle region of kinde hearts,
Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriu'st.

Tec. Indeepe whilst I in Corinth doe remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were so many of my trade, that sold
Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuifors of new fashions and strange wiers
Bedbrokers, Night wormes, and Compositors
That though I knew these arts as well as they
Yet being so many we could get small pay.
Here, who but *Techné* now is all in all?

Techné is sent for, *Techné* onely shewes
New strange deuifes to the choycest Nymphes:
And I thinke *Techné* teaches them those trickes,

The Queenes Arcadia.

As they will not forget againe in hast.
I haue so opened their vnapt concepts
Vnto that vnderstanding of themselues,
As they will shew in time they were well taught.
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.

Col. Ah well done *Techné*. Thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they must haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techné*, doe not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adieu,

Tec. *Colax* I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a litle leaning loue
To sweet *Amyntas*, for me thinkes he seemes
The loueliest Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeelds
And I would gladly intercept his loue,

SCENA IIII.

Melibæus. Ergastus

Meli. So this is well Here's one discouery made;
Here are the heads of that distemperature, (nymphs
From whence these strange deban'shments of our
And vile deluding of our Shepheards Springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lusts
As wide as is his will, and left his will
Without all bounds, & cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne desires fulfill,
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection which vndoes
His countrey goodnesse, and impoysons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite at home.
Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that natiue honestie,

Which

The Queenes Arcadia.

Which here the breeding of his countrey g'ue.
For here I doe remember him a childe,
The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
T'advance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceited surlinesse,
With an insinuating impudence.

Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad
Where I would God he had remained still,
With those loose-living wanton *Sybarites*,
Where luxurie, had made her outmost prooffe.
From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.

And for this other viper which you saw,
I do remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our yonger maides to dresse, and trie our Flaxe,
And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
And such like skill being skill enough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of other science, different farre
From that plaine Arte of honest huswiferie,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Citties round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
T'abuse our Nymphes, and as it seemes desires,
To sute their mindes, as light as their attires,
But we shall soone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that she descry
The true symptoma of this maladie,
And by this ouerture thus made we trust
We shortly shall discouer all the rest.

The Queenes Arcadia.

ACTVS II. SCEN. I.

Silvia. Cloris.

Sil. O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full ought
Sate and beene merry, in this shady Groue.
Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Nofegayes, laught at loue,
And others passions, whilst my selfe was free,
From that intollerable misery,
Whereto affection now inuassels me.
Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy
To see, or to be seene, with mortall eye,
Now sorrow must be all my company.

Clo. Why *Silvia*, whence should all this griefe arise?

Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that suffice.

Clo. Tell me sweet *Silvia*, how comes that to passe?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
Free, from that miserable plague of loue,
Keepe thee so still, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
Thy heart to liking, for belecue me this,
They are the most vnfaitfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleue
Their protestations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceipt, none meanes the thing he sweares.
Trust a mans faith? nay rather will I goe
And giue my selfe a prey to Sauage beasts,
For all they seeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They go and triumph on the spoile they haue wonne.
Trust men, or take compassion when they griene,

The Queenes Arcadia.

O *Cloris* tis to cherish and relieue
The frozen Sn^{ake}, which with our heat once warmed,
Will sling vs to the heart in recompence,
And ô no maruaile tho the Satyre shund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the same breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palemons* othes
Would haue prou'd false? who would haue iudgd the
That promis'd so much faith, and honestie, face
Had beene the visor but of tracherie?

Clo. Is't possible *Palemon* should b^e vntrue?

Sil. Tis possible, *Palemon* is vntrue.

Clo. If it be so, deare *Silua*, I thinke then
That thou saist truth, there is no trust in men,
For I protest I neuer saw a face

That promis'd better of a heart then his,
And if he faile, whose faith then constant is?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didst but know how long,
And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue,
What vowes he vs'd, what othes, what teares among,
What shewes he made, his constancie to prooue,
You would admire and then againe to see
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out, and would by no meanes vrged be,
To shew the least affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (ô now too well)
I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that easily was got.

Clo. *Silua*, indeed and I haue heard so too.

Sil. And therefore I would trie him, and not seeme
His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
At length one day, here in this selfe same place,
(Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue
To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrged me most earnestly:

O *Silua*

The Queenes Arcadia.

O *Silvia*, said he, since nor othe, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the powers to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue:
I must trie some way else to shew the same,
And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
Thy wayward error, and my constant truth:
When thou maist sigh, and say in grieve of minde,
Palemon lou'd, and *Silvia* was vnkinde,
With that vtringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares would hardly let him looke,
Yet such a looke, did through his teares make way,
As shew'd how sad a farouell there he tooke.
And vp towards yonder craggie Rocke he goes,
His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
With such a mournfull pace, as shew'd his woes
Way'd heavier then his passions could abide:
Faine would I haue recold him back, but shame,
And modestie could not bring forth his name:
And faine would I haue followed, yet me thought
It did not fit the honour of a maide
To follow one, yet still I sent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
At length when he was gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how with vnfolded armes,
And lookes vp bent to heauen, he stands and turnes
His wofull face vnto the other side,
Whereas that hideous feareful downfall is:
And seem'd as if he would haue throwne him off:
And as I thought, was now vpon the point:
When my affrighted powes could hold no more,
But pittie t'reaking all those bands of shame,
That held me back, I shrink'd, and ran, God knowes,
With all the speed my feeble feete could make,

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And, clammering vp at length (with much ado)
Breathlesse I got, and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and was not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him back :
But could not speak e one word, no more did he,
Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me,
And on before I went, and lead him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine,
And yonder loc, vnder that fataill tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We fate vs downe, my arme about his necke,
Which *Ioue* thou know'st held neuer man before;
There onely did my teares conferre with his,
Words we had none, it was inough to thinke,
For passion was too busie now within,
And had no time to come abroad in speech.
And though I would haue spoken, yet me thought
I should not, but my silence told him this,
That tolde too much, that all I was was his.

Clo. Well *Silvia*, I haue heard so sad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we must be exposd
Vnto the mercie of vnconstant men.
But what saide then *Palemon* in the ende?
Sil. Oh what he said, and what deepe vowes he made;
When ioy and griefe, had let his senses loose,
Witnes & gentle tree vnder whose shade,
We fate the while; witnes if euer maide
Had more assurances by oathes of man.
And well may you beare witnes of this deede,
For in a thousand of your barkes he hath
Incaru'd my name, and vnperwrote his vowes,
Which will remaine so long as you beare bowes.
But *Cloris*, learne this lesion now of mee;
Take heed of pitty, pittie was the cause

The Queenes Arcadia.

Of my confusion, pittie hath vndone
Thousands of gentle natures, in our sexe,
For pittie is sworne seruant vnto loue,
And this be sure, where euer it begin
To make the way, it lets your maister in.

Clo. But what assurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you suspect him without cause?

Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause,
He who beheld him wrong mee in these woods,
And heard him courting *Nisa*, and protest
As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treacherie,

Clo. Pray who was that? tell mee good *Silvia*, tell.

Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report vnto thees to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy parts,
He told me all, and more then I will shew
I would I knew not halfe of that I know,

Ah had he none but *Nisa* that base trull,
The scorne and iest of all *Arcadia* now
To serue his lusts, and falsifie his vow?
Ah had it yet beene any els, the touch
Of my disgrace, had neuer bin so much
But to be left for such a one as she,
The stale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me so much loath
Myselfe, loath these woods, and euen hath the day,
As I must hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
I cannot stay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
P. try thy poore companion *Silvius* care,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.

Clo. *Silvia* adieu, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pittie shewes,

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCEN. II.

Cloris. Tecbne.

Clo. Loue? nay, I'me taught for louing whilst I liue,
Silvia, thy counsell hath lockt vp my heart
So fast from loue, as let them sigh, and grieue,
And pine, and waile who will, I for my part
Will pittie none of all this race of men.
I see what shoves soeuer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of these
That languish thus. haue dide of this disease
That euer I could heare, I see all do
Recouer soone, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may indure, they are of stronger powers,
Better their hearts should ake, then they breake ours.

Well had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,
Out of all question, I had shortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compassion too;
That tender pittie that berraies vs thus.
For something I began to feelee, me thought,
To mooue within me, when as I beheld
Amyntas walke, so sadly, and so pale,
And euer where I went, still in my way,
His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee.
Which well I saw, but would not secme to see,
But now he hath his arrent, let him go,
Pittie shall neuet cure that heart of his
T'vndoo mine owne, the grieve is best where tis.

Tec. What *Cloris* all alone, now fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so faire a face,

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And that fresh youth to be without your loue?

Clo. Loue *Techne*? I haue here as many loues
As I hurend to haue whilst I haue breath.

Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with mee,
For I know two at least possessors be
Of your kinde fauours as themselves do bosse.

Clo. Bosse of my fauours, no man rightly can.
And otherwise, let them say what they can.

Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant nosegay to *Amyntas* giue?

Clo. I neuer gaue him nosegay in my life.

Tec. Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you
For he produc'd it there in open sight, (much
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first,
Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him,
And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue.
What passion you would vse, when he was by,
How you would iest with him, and wantonly
Cast water in his face, call his dogge yours,
And shew him your affections by your eye.

And then *Carinus* on the other side
He vaunts; that since he had redeemed you
Out of the satyres handes, he could command
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them protest
Giue out of you how truely you know best.

Clo. *Techne*, their idle talke, shall not vex me
I know the ground I stand on, and how free
My heart, and I, in my liberty,
And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreted
My lookes according to his owne conceipt,
He hath mistooke the text, and he shall finde
Great difference, twixt his commend, and my minde.
And for his Nosegay it shall make me take
More care after how I scatter flowers:

Let

The Queenes Arcadia.

Let him preserve it well, and let him make
Much of his gaine, he gets no more of ours.
But thus had I beene seru'd, had I reueal'd
The least regard of common courtesie
To such as these: but I do thanke the Gods
I haue reseru'd me, from that vanitie:
For euer I suspected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now settles me,
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thanks, the payment for his paine,
And that he shall, and ought in woman hood.
And as for loue, let him go looke on her
That sits, and grieues, and languishes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
And sought his loue with many an wofull teare,
And well deserves a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* sonne, and stands
Much on his wealth, and his abilitie,
She is wittie, faire, and full of modestie.
And where she of my minde, she rather would
Pull out her eyes, then that shee would be scene,
To offer vp so deare a sacrifice
To his wilde youth, that scornes her in that wise.

Tec. *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of these home-bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue, nor shew it right.
Who would be troubled with grosse ignorance,
That vnderstands not truely how to loue:
No *Cloris*, if thou didst but know, how well
Thou art esteem'd, of one that knowes indeed
How to obserue thy worth, and his owne wayes
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With secrecie, and wit, in all assayes,

Perhaps

The Queenes Arcadia.

Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man,

Clo. What is this creature then you praise a man?

Tec. A man? yes *Cloris*, what should he be else?

Clo. Nought else, it is enough he be a man.

Tec. Yea and so rare a man as euer yet

Arcadia bred, that may be proud she bred

A person of so admirable parts,

A man that knowes the world, hath seene abroad,

Brings those perfections that do truly moue,

A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.

O if you did but know how sweete it were,

To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,

Of knowledge, of conceipt, where strange delights

With strange discourses still shall intertaine

Your pleased thoughts, with fresh variety,

Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,

For euer more, betweene the vnskilfull armes

Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,

Who would but seeme a trunk without a minde;

As one that neuer saw but these poore plaiues,

Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and set his folde.

Pipe on an Oaten Reede, some Rundelayses,

And daunce a Morrice on the holydayes.

And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped

With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.

But with this other gallant spirit you should

Be sure to ouerpasse that tediousnesse,

And that society which cloyes this life,

With such a variable cheerefulnesse,

As you will blesse the time t'haue bene his wife.

Clo. What hath this man you thus commend a name?

Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name,

His name is *Colax*, and is one I sweare

Doth honour euen the ground whercon you tread,

And oft, and may times God knowes,

Hath

The Queenes Arcadia.

Hath he with tender passion, talkt of you :
And said; Well, there is one within these woods
(Meaning y you) that yet of all the Nymphes
Mine eyes haue euer seene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceede them all,
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, where I liu'd, nor all the Starres
Of *Greece* beside, could frackle in my heart,
The fire of any heate but onely shee.
Then would he stay, and sigh; and then againe
Ah what great pittie such a creature should
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whose body doth deserue to be embrac'd,
By the most mightie Monarch vpon earth.
Ah that she knew her worth, and how vnfit
That priuate woods should hide that face, that wit.

Thus hath he often said, and this I say,
Obserue him when you will, you shall not see
From his hye fore-head, to his slender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.

Clo. Techne, me thinkes, the praises that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You say, 'twere good you kept him for your selfe.

Tec. I must not loue impossibilities,
Cloris, he were a most fit man for you.

Clo. For me: as *Techne* you moue too late.

Tec. Why haue you past your promise any yet?

Clo. Yes sure, my promise is alreadie past.

Tec. And if it be, I trust you are so wise
T'vn passe the same againe for your owne good.

Clo. No that I may not when it is once past.

Tec. No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours
That is so pierfiue, can conceiue how that
Our promise must not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reason that the tongue,

The Queenes Arcadia.

Tye the whole body to eternall wrong.

Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commissioner allowd
By reason, and the will, for the whole state,
Which warrants all it shall negotiate.

Tec. But prithee tell me to what rusticke Swaine
You pass'd your word to cast away your selfe?

Clo. No I haue pass'd my word to saue my selfe
From the deceitfull, impious perjuries
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart,
Vntill I see more faith then yet I see,
None of them all shall triumph ouer me.

Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwise tis well,

We shall haue other time to talke of this.

But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the most conceipted tyre,
The rarest dressing euer Nymph put on,
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinks
Doth not become you, and besides tis stale.

Clo. Stale why? I haue not worne it scarce a moneth.

Tec. A moneth? why you must change then twise a
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well. id, (day
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or els it is your haste
To come abroad so soone into the Ayre.
But I must teach you to amend these faults,
And ere I shall haue done with you, I thinke,
I shall make some of these inamored youthes
To hang themselues, or else runne madde for loue,
But goe let's trie this dressing I haue brought.

SCEN.

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCEN. III.

Palamon.

Mirtillus.

Pal. *Mirtillus* did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promise to be thine?

Mir. *Palamon* no, shee neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope she would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had secur'd her of my constant truth,
Vnder so many specialties,
As that although she did not graunt againe,
With any shew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did shee euer seeme to intertaine
My affections, and my seruices t'approoue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane,
(Ill fare that meane) she grew to that dispight,
As she not onely cloudes her fauours cleane,
But also scorn'd to haue me in her sight.
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that she will not be belou'd.

Pal. If this be all th'occasion of thy grieffe,
Mirtillus, thou art then in better case
Then I suppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cause too, being in the state thou art.
For if thou didst but heare the historie
Of my distresse, and what part I haue shar'd
Of sad affliction, thou wilt then soone see
There is no miserie vnlesse compar'd.
For all *Arcadia*, all these hills, and plaines,
These holts and woods and euery *Chrystall Spring*.

Can

The Queenes Arcadia.

Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Palamon loued *Silvia*, and how long.
And when consum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care,
Euen at the point to sacrifice my life
Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine:
And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
And witnessed with many a louely kisse,
That I thought sure I had attain'd my blisse.
And yet (aye me) I got not what I got,
Silvia I haue, and yet I haue her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palamon* pray thee tell?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold
Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamie.
But yet it will abroad, her impudence
Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame
So full, as all the world shall know the same.

Mi. Why what is *Silvia* false, or is she gone?

Pol. *Silvia* is false and I am quite vndone.

Mi. Ah out alas who euer would haue thought,
That modest looke, so innocent a face,
So chaste a blush, that shame-fast countenance,
Could euer haue told how to wantonise?
Ah what shall we poore louers hope for now
Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much ado must be vndone?

Pol. Bh but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who
Is now the man, her choice hath lighted on,
How would'st thou wonder for that passes all,
That I abhorre to tell, yet tell I shall;

For

The Queenes Arcadia.

For all that would will shortly know't too well:
It is base *Thyrsis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euer milkmaid in *Arcadia* skornes:
Thyrsis is now the man with whom she walkes
Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrsis is all in all, and none but he,
With him she dallies vnder euery tree.
Trust women? ah *Dirtilus*, rather trust
The Summer windes, th'Oceans constancie,
For all their substance is but leuitie:
Light are their wauiing vailles, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:
Let them lay on what couerture they will
Vpon themselves, of modestie and shame,
They cannot hide the woman with the same.
Trust women? ah *Mirillus* rather trust
The false deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceit and guile:
What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,
Their beauty fain'd, their stature fain'd, their pace,
Their iesture, motion, and their grace is fain'd:
And if that all be fain'd without, what then
Shall we suppose can be nere within?
For if they doe but weepe, or sing, or smile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile,
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Consists but in the out-side of a face,
O loue and beauty, eow are you ordain'd
Like vnto fire, whole flames farre of delight,
But if you be embrac'd consume vs quite:
Why cannot we make at a lower rate
A purchase of you, but that we must giue
The treasure of ou hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought so dearly for all that?
O *Silua* if thou needes wouldst haue beene gone,
Thou

The Queenes Arcadia.

Thou should'st haue taken all away of thee;
And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.
Thou should'st haue carried hence the portraiture
Which thou hast left behinde within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,
That puts me still in minde of what thou wert,
Whilst thou wert honest, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place.
Where I shall set my carefull foote, conferre
With it of thee, and euermore be told,
That here fate *Silvia* vnderneath this tree,
And here she walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme,
There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me,
Here by the murmour of this rustling spring,
She sweetly lay, and in my bosome slept:
Here first she shew'd me comforts when I pin'd:
As if in euery place her foote had slept,
It had left *Silvia* in a print behind.
But yet, o these were *Silvias* images,
Then whilst her heart held faire, and she was chaste,
Now is her face all sullied with her fault,
And why are not those former prints defac'd?
Why should she hold, still in the forme she was,
Being now deform'd, and not the same she was?
O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Silvia* here, when shee will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palamon*, tell what proofes hast thou
Of her disloyaltie, that makes thee shew
These heauie passions, and to grieve so much?

Pal. *Mirtillus*, proofes, that are alas too plaine;
For *Colax* one thou know'st can well obserue
And iudge of loue, a man both staid, and wise,
A gentle hearted man, out of loue, and care.
He had of me, came and reported all:

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And how he saw them diuers times alone,
Embracing each the other in the woods,
Besides the harts of late with sullaine lookes,
That shew'd disliking, shunn'd my company,
Kept her aloofe, and now I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the way.

But *Silvia* though thou goe and hide thy face,
Thou canst not hide thy shame, and thy disgrace,
No secret thicket, groue, nor yet close grott,
Can couer shame, and that immodest blot,
Ah didst thou lend thy hand in kinde remorse,
To saue me from one death, to giue m'a worse?
Had it not yet beene better I had dy'd,
By thy vnspotted honest cruelty,
Then now by thy disgraced infamie?
That so I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaste *Silvia* in my heart,
And not haue had these notions, to ingraue
A stained *Silvia* there, as now thou art:
Ah yes, it had beene better farre, I proue,
I haue perisht for thy loue, then with thy loue.

Mir, Ah good *Palamon* cease these sad complaints,
And moderate thy passions, thou shalt see
Shee may returne, and these reports be found
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.

Pal, *Mirtillus* I perceiue my tedious tale,
Begins to be distastefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to some desert vale,
To some close Groue to waile, where none shall heare
But beasts, and trees, whose sense I shall not tyre,
With length of mone, for length is my desire.
And therefore, gentle Shepheard, now adieu,
And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

Mir. Adue *Palamon*, and thy sad distresse,
Shall make me wey *Dorinda* losse the lesse.

The Queenes Arcadia.

For if I should be aers, and she proue so,
Better to be mine owne, and let her go.

SCENA IV.

Ergastus.

Melibæus.

Erg. Now *Melibæus*; who would haue suppos'd
That had not seene these impious passages,
That euer monstrous wretch could haue expos'd,
Two honest hearts to these eytremities,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
First in, vnto their easie confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought,
Honest, discreet, of great experience.

Whereby we see open-fac't villany
Without a maske, no mischief could haue done,
It was the couerture of honestie,
That laid the snare, whereby they were vndone,
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Inta the hands of wise dishonestie:
When as our weake credulitie is rackt
By that opinion of sufficiencie,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practiue to beguile.

And note but how these cankers alwaies seaze
The choicest fruits with their infections,
How they are still ordained to disease,
The natures of the best complections.

Mel. Tis true. And what an instrument hath he there
To be the Agent of his villony?

(goe)
How

The Queenes Arcadia.

How truly she negotiats, and doth plor,
To vndermine traile imbecillitie.
How strong, these spirits combine them in a knot,
To circumuent plaine open honesty?
And what a creature there is to conuerse
With feeble maides, whose weakenesse soone is led
With toyes, and new disguises, to reuerse
The course wherein by custome they were bred:
And when that fitnessse too her trade affords,
To trafficke with the secrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections with faire words.
Which women straight to women will impart?
And then to see how soone example will
Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire?
How soone, it will inkindle others sill,
Like *Neptha* that takes fire by sight of fire?
So that vnlesse we runne with all the speed
We can, to quench this new arising flame
Of vanitie, and lust, it will proceed
T'vndoe vs, ere we shall perceiue the same:
How farre already is the mischief runne,
Before we scarce perceiu'd it was begunne?

ACT V S III. SCENA I.

Alcon. Lincus.

Al. What my friend *Lincus*? now in troth tell me,

Lin. Well met good *Alcon*, this fals happily,
That we two thus incounrer all alone,
Who had not any conference scarce this moneth.

Al. In troth I longd to heare how you proceed,
In your new practiic, here among these swaines,
For you and I must grace each others Arte;

M.

Though

The Queenes Arcadia.

Though you knew me, when I in *Patras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore *Phisitions* man,
And I knew you a *Promotories* boy.
That wrote *Indentures* at the towne house dore.
Yet are you here, now a great man of law,
And I a graue *Phisition* full of skill,
And here we two are held the onely men.
But how thrive you in your new practise now?

Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to speake,
For these poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are scone contented each man with his owne,
As they desire no more, nor will be drawne
To any contestation, nor indeed
Is there yet any frame compos'd, whereby
Contention may proceed in practicke forme?
For if they had this forme once to contend.
Then would they brawle & wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and counsell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And so might I be sure to doe some good:
But hauing here no matter whereupon
To furnish reall actions, as els where;
No tenures, but a custumarie hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, without indiuiduatie;
No purchasings, no contracts, no co-reise,
No politicque commands, no seruices,
No generall Assemblies but to feast,
And to delight themselves with fresh pastimes,
How can I hope that euer I shall thrive?

Alc. Ist possible that a societie
Can with so little roysse, and sweat subsist?

Lin. It seemes it may before men haue transform'd
Their state of nature in so many shapes
Of their owne managements, and are cast out

Into

The Queenes Arcadia.

Into confusion, by their knowledges.
And either I must packe me hence, or els
Must labour wholly to dissolue the frame,
And composition, of their strange built state.
Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them
To appr'hend of these proprieties
Of mine and thine and teach them to inroch
And get them states apart, and priuate shares.
And this I haue already set a worke
If it will take, for I haue met with two
The aptest spirits the country yeelds, I know,
Montanus and *Acrysis*, who are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerse,
And both inclinable to Auaricie
And if there quarrell hold, as tis begun
I doe not doubt but all the rest will on.
And if the worst should fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And sway their strifes, I would get well by that.

Al. Tis maruell, that their long and easie peace
That fosters plentie, and giues nought to doe,
Should not with them beget contention too,
As well as other where we see it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft layes trapps to enrich himselfe with wiles,
And men make prey of men, and rise by spoiles.
This rather seemes a quiet then a peace.
For this poore corner of Arcadia here,
This little angle of the world you see,
Which hath shut out of doore, all th'earth beside
And are bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks;
Hath had no intertrading with the rest,
Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or desire, that waies them not,

The Queenes Arcadia.

They liue as if still in the golden age,
When as the world was in this pupillage.

But for mine owne part, *Alcon* I protest
I enuie them that they thus make themselves,
An euerl. sing holy d y of rest,
Whisſt others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they should be of the world,
And if that other states should doe this too
As God forbid, what should we Lawyers doe?
But I hope shortly yet, we shall haue here
As many of vs as are other where:
And we shall sweate, and chafe, and talke as loud,
Brawle ourselues hoarse, as well as they doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud
And then 'twill be a world, and not before.
But how doest thou with thy profession frames

Alc. No man can wish a better place then this.
To practise in my arte, for here they will
Be sicke for company, they are so kinde.
I haue now twenty patients at this time,
That know not what they aile, no more doe I,
And they haue physicke all accordingly.
First *Phillis* got running at Barly-breake
A little cold, which I with certaine drugs
I ministred, was thought to remedie,
Doris saw that, h. w. *Phillis* phisicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her bloud,)
Doris would needs be sicke too, and take some,
Melina seeing that, she would the like,
And so she had the very same receipt,
For so saith troth I haue no more but that
And one poore pill I vse for greater cures.

But

The Queenes Arcadia.

But this is onely sweet and delicate,
Fit for yong women, and is like th' hearb Iohn,
Doth neither good nor hurt, but th' it's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth
And it is that Physicians hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceipt, and strong beliofe*:
Besides I am a stranger come from far
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
For who now but th' *Arabian* or the *few*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowlege be no more then mine.

Lin. 'Tis true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got,
Th' Elixir of opinion hath got all,
And h' is th' man that turnes his brasse to gold.
Then can I talke of *Gallen*, *Auerrois*,
Hypocratis, *Rasis*, and *Auicenn*
And booke I neuer read, and vse strange speech
Of Symptons, Crysis, and the Critique dayes,
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophlegmatismes,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes,
With all the hideous tearmes Arte can deuise,
T' amuse weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my trick, I ouer-whelme
My practise too, with darknesse, and strange words,
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles,
Acceprilations, actions, recissorie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domestick matter in a forraine phrase.

Alc. Then am I as abstruse and mysticall,
In Carecteer, and giuing my receipt,
Obersuing th' odd number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My simples, and make all t' attend the Moone.
Then doe I shew that rare ingredients
I vse for some great cures, when need requires,

The

The Queenes Arcadia.

The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,
The left side of a Moles, the Foxes hearr,
The right foote of a Tortuse, Dragons bloud,
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names
Are phisicke of themselves, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,
Beyond the Ocean, and the sunne at least,
Or else it hath no vertue Phisicall,
These home-bred simples do no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wor,
Or something else that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a trick,
That will perpetually so feed their rheumes,
And entertaine their idle weakenesses,
As nothing in the world could doe the like,
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter with a Sea-man, new ariu'd
Of *Alexandria*, who from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Island of *Nicosia*, where it growes:
Infus'd I thinke in some pestiferous iuice,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our spirits)
Or else steep'd in the fuming sap, it selfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he suckes
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay, the smoake thereof:
Which eyther he conuayes out of his nose,
Or downe into his stomacke with a whiffe.
And this he said a wondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to dry vp all other meaner rheumes,
Which when I saw, I straight way thought how well
This new fantastick deuice would please

The Queenes Arcadia.

The foolish people here growne humorous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vse the same.

Lin. And it is ealie to bring in the vse
Of any thing, though neuer so absurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuse,
And th'humour of corruption onces flurd.

Alc. Tis true, and now to see with what a strange
And gluttonous desire, th'exhaust the same
How infinite, and how insatiabls,
They doe deuoure th'intoxicating fume,
You would admire, as if their spirits thereby
Were taken, and enchanted, or transformd,
By some infused philter in the drug.

For whereas heretofore they wonted were,
At all their meetings, and their festiualls,
To passe the time in telling wittie tales,
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,
Now doe they nothing else, but sit and suck,
And spit, and slauer, all the time they sit.
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my self.,
And thinke that this will one day make some worke
For me or others, but I feare it will
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But sure the time's to come, when they looke backe
On this, will wonder with themselves to thinke
That men of sense could ever be so mad,
To suck so grosse a vapour, that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries vp memorie;
Corrupts the bloud, and in a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient peace.

Al. Lintus there doth indeed, therefore away.
Leaue me alone, for I must now resume
My surely, graue, and Doctorall aspect.
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrong'd

The Queenes Arcadia.

Her loue *Menalcus*, and plaid fast and loose
With *Colax*, who reueald the whole to me.

SCEN. II.

Daphne. Alcon.

Daph. Good Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue
Your counsell to aduise me for my health,
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well,
Me thinkes I should be sicke, yet cannott tell:
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Physicke willingly.

Alc. Welcome, faire nimph, come let me try your
I cannot blame you t'hold your selfe not well. (pulse)
Something amisse quoth you here's all amisse,
Th'whole Fatrick of your selfe distempred is,
The Systole, and Dyastole of your pulse,
Doe shew your passions most hystericall,
It seemes you haue not very carefull beene,
T'observe the prophylactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend into the Theraphenticall;
That so we may preuent the syndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie:
It seemes faire Nimph you dreame much in the night
Da. Doctor I doe indeed. *Alc.* I know you doe,
Y'are tronbied much with thought.

Daph. I am indeed, *alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heavinesse about your heart.

Daph. Now truly so I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue

Yo

The Queenes Arcadia.

You wake oft in the night. *Dap.* In troth I doe.

Alc. All this I know you doe.

And this vnlesse by phisicke you preuent,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end,
And therefore you must first euacuate
All those Colaxicall hote humour which
Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate
Your bloud by some Menalchian Cordials,
Which you must take, and you shall straight find ease,
And in the morning I will visit you.

Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that she said,
Did comfort wondrously, and cheere her heart.

Al. Faire Nimph, you must, if you wil vse my arte,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good, &
I knew what fitted *Phillis* mala die,
And so, I thinke, I know what will serue you. *Exit.*

Daphne sola.

O what a wondrous skilfull man is this?
Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought
Any man liuing, could haue told so right
A womans grieve in all points as he hath?
Why this is strange that by my very pulse,
He should know all I ayle, as well as I.
Beside I feare he sees too much in me,
More then I would that any man should see.
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he spake so learned and so strange)
He said I had misruled my body much,
As if he meant that in some wanton sorte,
I had abus'd my bodie with some man:
O how should he know that? what is my pulse
Become th'inrelligencer of my shame?

Or

The Queenes Arcadia.

Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Succ so he said, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or else something very like,
And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Solax*, that vile diuell,
Who is indeede the cause of all my griefe,
For which I now seeke physicke, but o what
Can physicke doe, to cure that hideous wound
My lusts haue giuen my Conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is deual'd within
And not my body now, that's it doth so
Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,
As keeps me waking, that is it presents
Those ougly formes of terror that affright
My broken sleepes, that layes vpon my heart
This heavy load that weighes it downe with griefe;
And no disease beside, for which there is
No cure I see at all, nor no redresse.

Didst thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,
How that those vowes I made vn'to my loue
Were bands of custome, and could not lay on
Those manacles on nature, which should keepe
Her freedome prisoner by our done of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lie
To thy foule heart and telles my grieved soule,
I haue done wrong, to falsifie that vow
I first to my deare loue *Menalcas* made.

And sayes th assurance and the faith is giuen
By band on earth, the same is seald in heauen,

And therefore how *Menalcas* can these eyes
That now at horre to looke vpon my selfe,
Dare euer view that wronged face of thine,
Who hast relide on this false heart of mine?

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCEN. III.

Colax.

Techné.

Col. Ist possible sweet *Techné*, what you say,
That *Cloris* is so wittie, and so coy?

Tec. Tis as I tell you, *Colax*, sh^e is as coy
And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quick conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.

Col. Then there's some glory in attaining her,
Here now I shall be sure t^hau^e something yet
Besides dull beautie, I shall lay with wit,
For these faire creatures, haue such feeble spirits,
And are so languishing, as giues no edge
To appetite, and loue, but stuffes delight.

Tec. Well if you get her, then you shall be sure
To haue your wish; and yet perhaps that store,
You finde in her, may check your longing more
Then all their wants whom you haue tride before.

Col. How? if I get her: what doe you suppose,
I shall not get her, that were very strange.

Tec. Yes sir, she may be got, but yet I know
Sh^e will put you to the tryall of your wit.

Col. Let me alone, could I finde season fit
To talke with her in priuate, she were mine.

Tec. That season may you now haue very well
For *Colax*, she hath promised f*u*lly
This euening late to mee^te me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vnderneath the hill,
Where I must sit her with a new attyre
Where with sh^e's far in loue, and th^e other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers house,

Whether

The Queenes Arcadia.

Whether I went with her to deale for you)
The old *Acrisius* was himselfe at home.
Which did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntill this evening, that we might alone
There out of sight, more closely do the same :
Where while she stayer (for I will make her stay
For me a while) you at your pleasure may
Haue th'opportunitie which you desire,

Col. O *Tebne* thou hast blest me, if I now
On this aduantage conquere not her minde,
Let me be loathed of all womankind.
And presently will I goe sute my selfe
As brauely as I can, go set my lookes
Arme my discourse, frame speeches passionate
And action both, fit for so great a worke.
Tebne a thousand thanks and so adieu. *Ex.*

Tei. Well *Colax*, she may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perswade my selfe she is as like,
As any futile wench was euer borne,
To giue as wise a man as you the skorne:
But see where one whose faith hath 'better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
Like fortunes out-cast, full of heauines.

Ah poore *Amyntas*, would thou knewst how much
Thou art esteemd, although not where thou wouldst,
Yet where thou should haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah see how I, who setts for others loue,
Am tooke my selfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his heart another where ?
But I will labour to diuert the streame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
From that coye *Clorus*, to the libertie
Of his owne heart, with hope to make him mine.

Scen.

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCENA IV.

Techne.

Amyntus.

Tech. Now fie *Amyntas*, why should you thus grieue
For a most foolish wayward girle, that scornes
Your honest loue, and laughes at all you doe;
For shame *Amyntas* let her go as sh'is,
You see her vaine, and how peruerfly set,
Tis fond to follow what we cannot get.

Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,
Yet will I euer follow whilst I breath,
And if I perish by the way, yet shall
My death be pleasing that for her I die.
And one day she may hap to come that way,
(And be it, & her way) where I shall lye,
And with her proud disdainefull foote she may
Tread on my tombe, and say, loe where he lyes,
The triumph, and the conquest of mine eyes.
And though I loose my selfe, and loose my teares,
It shall be glory yet that I was hers.

What haue I done of late, should make her thus
My presence with that strange disdain to flie,
As if she did abhorre my company?

Cloris God knowes, thou hast no cause therefore,
Vnlesse it be for louing more, and more.

Why thou wert wont to lend me yet an eare, (heare
And thogh thou wouldst not helpe, yet wouldst thou

Tec. Perhaps she thinkes thy heart wilbe allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well

Not to be seene there where she will not aide,

Am. Alas she knowes no hand but her can quench
That

The Queenes Arcadia.

That heat in me, and therefore doth she wrong
To fire my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not aide, yet might she ease
My caresfull soule, if she would but stand by
And onely looke vpon me while I die.

Tec. Well well *Aminas*, little doest thou know
With whom that cunning wanton sorts her selfe,
Whilst thus thou mourn'st it, and with that secrets wiles
She workes, to meet her louer in the woods,
With whom in groues, and caues she dallying fits,
And mocks thy passions, and thy dolefull fits.

Am. No *Tec.*, no I know that cannot be,
And therefore doe not wrong her modestie,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke back, and thinke on my desert,

Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Ericinas* groue,
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right opposite vnto the hollow caue
That looks into the vally, thou shalt see
That honestie, and that great modestie.

Am. If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall
See nothing else with her, but modestie.

Tec. Yes something els will grieue your hart to see:
But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
Are not not the first that thus haue been decciud,
With fayre appearing out-sides, and mistooke
A wanton heart, by a chaste seeming looke.
But I coniure you by the loue you beare
Vnto those eyes, which wake you (as you are
Th' example of compassion to the world)
Sit close and be not seene in any case.

Am.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Am. Well *Techne*, if I shall see *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go any where to looke on her.
And *Cloris* know, I do not goe to see,
Any thing else of thee, but onely thee.

Tec. Well go and thinke yet of her honest care,
Who giues the note of such a shamefull dead,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou shalt be free,
Who more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

Me. Now what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone assault,
To make her to offend without her fault.

Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
Would raise the tempests of disturbances,
Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would raine instruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
With artificiall knowledg, to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne selues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then those we make.
And as if all that science ought could giue
Vnto our blisse, but onely theues vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And euermore we see, how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increase,
When skilfull, men begin, how good men cease.
And therefore how much better doe we liue,
With quiet ignorance, then we should doe
With turbulent and euer working skill,
Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still.

Mel. And see that other vaine fantastick spirit,
Who would corrupt our bodies too likewise,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be,
As troublesome as sickenes, to deuise,
That no part of vs euer should be free;
Both forraging our credulitie,
Take still the aduantage of our weakenesses;
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In strange attyres, to make it seeme the lesse.

ACTVS IV. SCENA I.

Techne.

Amyntas.

Tec. *Amyntas* must come backe I know this way,
And here it will be best for me to stay,
And here, indeed he comes, poore man I see
All quite dismaide: and now Ile worke on him.

Come, who tels troth *Amyntas*, who deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?

Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and doe not interrupt
The griefe that hath no leisure to attend
Ought but it selfe, and hath shut vp with it
All other sense in priuate close within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke. (inough

Te. Thinkswheron should you think? y^e haue thought
And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And too too much, on such a one as shee,
Whom now you see y'haue tride her honestie:
And let her goe proud gi le accordingly,
There's none of these young waton things that know
Howt' vse a man, or how to make their choyse,
Or answer mens affections as they ought.
And if y'will thinke, thinke sh'is not worth a thought.
Am. Good *Teche*, leaue mee for thy speach and sight
Beare both that disproportion to my grieve,
As that they trouble, trouble, and confound
Confusion in my sorrowes, which doth loath
That found of wordes, that answeres not the tone
Of my disprayers in th' accents of like mone,
And now hath sorrow no worse plague I see,
Then free and vnpartaking companie,
Who are not in the fashion of our woes,
And whose affection do not looke likewise
Of that complection as our miseries?
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or else leaue
To speake, or if thou speake let it not be
To me, or else let me, not answer thee.

Tec. Wel I say nothing, you know what y'haue see:

Am. Tis true, I doe confesse that I haue seene
The worst the world can shew me, and the worst
That can be euer seene with mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
My heart had any interest in this life,
To be distant and torne from of my hopes,
That nothing now is left, why I should liue:
That ostage I had giuen the world, which was
The hope of her, that held me to hold true
With it, and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue
That league of blood that ties me to my selfe,

For

The Queenes Arcadia.

For *Cloris* now hath thy immodestie
Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to die:
Which otherwise I could not lest it might
Haue beene some staine and some disgrace to thee.

Ah was it not ynough for this poore heart
T'indure the burthen of her proud disdain?
That weigh'd it to the earth but that it must
Be crusht thus with th'oppression of her staine?
The first wound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanly made, it festred not,
But this now giuen, comes by a poysoned shott,
Against all lawes of honor that are pure,
And rankles deadly is without all cure.

Ah how she blusht when as she issued forth
With her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might she blush at such a deed,
And with how wild a looke shee cast about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathsome sinne
Now comming thus into the open sight,
With terror did her guiltinesse affright;
And vp she treads the hill with such a pace,
As if she gladly would haue outgone shame,
Which yet for all her hasting after came.

And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villaine vse my name, and she returne
The same againe in very earnest sort,
Which could be for no good I know to me,
But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, lest it might stiffe the same.

But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare,
I neuer more shall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complaints, nor more obserue thy waies;
And ô I would thy heart could be as free
From sinne and shame, as thou shalt be from me.

I could

The Queenes Arcadia.

I could (and I haue reason so to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath surpris'd my loue, and robb'd thy shame,
And make his bloud th' oblation of my wiath
Euen at thy feete, that thou might'st see the same
To expiate, for this vniustice done,
But that the fact examin'd would display
Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it softly in her eare,
And be thou sure no liuing creature heare.
That her inmodestie hath lost this day;
Two the most honest guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my bloud.

Tec. Now I may speake I trust you speake to me.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee stay a while,
And tell her too, though she spares not her shame,
My death shall shew, that I respect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may. *Am.* O *Techne* no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though she despis'd him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long.
To thinke on her dishonour, and his wrong,
Now *Techne* I haue done, and so farewell.

Tec. But stay *Amyntas*, now must I begin.

Am. I cannot stay *Techne*, let goe your hold,
It is in vaine I say, I must be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.

Ah he is gone, and in that furie gone,
As sure he will in this extremitie
Of his dispaire, do violence to himselfe:
And therefore now what helpe shall I deuise
To stay his ruine? sure there is no meanes
But to call *Cloris*, and perswade with her

To

The Queenes Arcadia.

To follow him, and to prevent his death;
For though this practise was for mine owne good
Yet my deceits vse not to stretch to bloud.
But now I know not where I should finde out
That cruell maide, but I must cast about.

SCENA II.

Amarillis.

Dorinda.

Ama. *Dorinda*, you are yet in happie case,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdain,
And on his rockie heart that wrackes my youth
With stormes of sorrowes, and contemnes my truth;
'Tis I that am shut out from all delight
This world can yeeld a maid, that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd:
Cruell *Carinus* skornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieve and pine.

Do. 'Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillus*, and perhaps much more
Then I would be: plentie doth make me poore,
For now my heart, as it deuided stands
Betwixt two passions, loue, and pittie both,
That draw it either way with that maine force,
As that I know not which to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midd'st, holds m'in suspence,
Lest I lose both by mine improvidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda*? you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to possesse your heart, and loue alone,

Who

The Queenes Arcadia.

Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do, I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse
From whom I cannot any thing conceale,
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deseru'd of me,
And how long time his wofull sute hath laine,
Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confesse, pittie hath beene
Th' *Atturnie* euermore that stands and pleades
Before my heart, the iustice of his cause,
And saies he ought haue loue, by loues own clawes,
But now the maister sou'raigne Lord of hearts,
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who must haue all according to his will,
Whom pittie onely vsers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he saies no,
And will that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardsman full of skill and arte?
And all experience of loues mysteries,
To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen
The earnest of my loue; but since that time
I neuer saw the man, which makes me much
To wonder that his dealing should be such:
For either loue, hath (in respect that I
Despised haue the true and honest faith,
Of one that lou'd me with sinceritie,)
Made me the spoile of falshood and contempt,
Or else perhaps the same is done to trie
My resolution, and my constancie.

But yet I feare the worst, and feare I may,
Lest he now hauing got the victorie,
Cares for no more: and seeing he knowes my loue:
Turnes towards him, he turnes his back to me,
So that I know not what were best resolute,
Either to stand vnto the doubtfull faith

The Queenes Arcadia.

Of one that hath so dangerously begun,
Or else returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who wil perhaps when mine begins, haue done:
So that in wrapt in this distracted royle
I vexe, and know not what t^o doh the while.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke sure
(Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are most happy not to be belou'd,

SCENA III.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Clo. Now here between you two, kind louing soules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue must be all the scope of your discourse,
Alas poore hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceitfull world thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh when they haue done, and prooue vntrue.

Am. Well *Cloris* well, reioyce that you are free
You may be toucht one day as well as we.

Clo. Indeed and I had like so this last night,
Had I not lookt with such an angrie eye,
And frown'd so sowre, that I made loue afeard,
There was a fellow needes forsooth would haue
My heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great aduantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue.

Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris* how came you there?

Clo. Truly *Dorinda* I will tell you how:
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
Of *Technic*, who would trie her wile on me,

The Queenes Arcadia.

For she had promis'd me, to meete me there
At such an houre, and thither bring with her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should trie on:
Thither went I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
And: here expecting *Technes* company,
In rushes fleeing *Colax* after me.

Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace
And strained speech, offering to seaze on me,
Out rusht I from him, as indeed amaz'd
At his so sodaine and vnexpected sight.
And after followes he, vowes, sweares, protests
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he spend his life.

Do. Alas and what am I forgotten then?
Why these were euen the words he spake to me.

Clo. And then inueighes against *Amyntis* loue,
Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges,
And all so idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,
For so much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with such a pace and neuer staid
To giue regard to any thing he said:
As at the last I scarce had left him breath
Sufficient to forswear himselfe withall.

Do. Ah what hath then my silly ignorance done
To be deceiu'd, and mockt by such a one?

Clo. And when I had recouered vp the hill,
I fairely ran away and left my man
In midd'le of his coniuring periuries;
Allemptie to returne with mightie lesse
Of breath and labour, having cast away
Much foolish paines in triking vp himselfe

The Queenes Arcadia.

For this exployre, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuour'd before he came.
I, I, too, mist my dressing by this meanes,

But I admire how any woman can?
Be so vnwise to like of such a man,
For I protest I see nought else but froth,
And shallow impudence, affected grace,
And some few idle practise complement:
And all the thing he is without he is,
For affection straues but to appeare,
And neuer is of Substance, not Sincere,
And yet this dare of falsehood hath beguil'd
A thousand foolish wenches in his dayes,
Do. The more wretch he, & more hard hap was theirs.

Clo. Why do you sigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
With any of these passages of mine?

Do. No truly not of yours, but I haue cause
In my particular that makes me sigh.

Clo. Well wel come one to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuise some sport to passe the time.

Am. Faith I haue no great list to any sporte.

Do. Nor I in troth 'tis farthest fram my minde.

Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeat our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue. (night)

Am. And now you speake of dreames, in troth last
I was much troubled with a feareful dreame.

Do. And truly *Amarillus* so was I.

Clo. And now I do remember too, I had
A foolish idle dreame, and this it was:

Me thought the fairest of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the best of all his flocke,
Was singled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hote pursuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for succour, and about me ran,
As if it begd my ayde to saue his life,

Which

The Queenes Arcadia.

Which I long time deferr'd, and still lookt on;
And would not rescue it, vntill at length
I saw it euen quite wourried out of breath,
And panting at my secte and could no more:
And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cherisht it with me; and brought it back
Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to see
The poore recouer'd creature thus restor'd;
And I my selfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,
That by my hand so good a deed was wrought,
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?

Am. Me thought as I, in *Eremitus* walkt
A fearefull wolfe rusht forth from out a berake,
And towards me makes with open hideous iawes.
From whom I ranne with all the speed I could,
To escape my danger, and to ouertake
One whom I saw before, that might lend ayde
To me distrest, but he me thought did runne
As fast from me, as I did from the beast
I cride to him (but all in vaine) to stay;
The more I cride, the more he ranne away;
And after I, and after me the Wolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my despaire before, my death behind:
Yet ranne I still, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to slack his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my strength
And ranne, as if desire had wingd my beeles,
And in the end me thought recouer'd him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it seem'd
To ouertake a man, then did I him,
By whom I scape the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as presently I awak'd,
Tought with that sodaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not beene vsd vnto of late:

N

I found

The Queenes Arcadia.

I found my selfe all in a moist faint sweate,
Which that affrighting horroure did beget,
And though I were deliu'ed of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
That yet you shall haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.

Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't,

Do. I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, reposing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuer side,
A subtle Serpent lurking in the grasse,
Came secretly, and seiz'd on my breast,
Which though I saw, I had no power to stirre,
But lay me still, till he had eate away
Into my bosome whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carying the same away,
Returnes me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuing presently arose,
And after it most wofully I went,
To see if I could find my heart againe,
And vp and downe, I sought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good luck, to dreame of Snakes,
One shall be sure t'heare anger after it.

Do. And so it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCEN. IIIL.

Techne, Cloris, Amarillis, Dorinda.

Tec. Come you are talking here in iollitie,
Whilst I haue sought you *Cloris* all about :
Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Cl. What is the newes : what haue wee now to doo,
Haue you another Cause to send me too ?

Tec. Ah talke no more of that but come away,
As euer you will saue the wofull life
Of a distressed man that dyes for you.

Cl. Why what doth *Colax* whom you sent to me
Into the Cause, faint now with his repulse ?

Tec. I sent him not you would so wisely goe,
In open sight, as men might see you goe,
And trace you thither all the way you went.

But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man
You ought to saue : *Aminas* is the man
Your crueltie, and rigour hath vndone :

O quickly come, or it will be too late ;
For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely,
To see both you and *Colax*, as you came
Out of the Cause, and he thinkes verily
You are possesst by him ; which so confounds
His spirits, and sinckes his heart, that sure h'is runne
T'vndoe himselfe, and ô I feare 'tis done.

Cl. If it be done my help will come too late,
And I may stay, and saue that labour here,

Ain. Ah *Cloris* haste away if it be so,
And doe not if thou hast a heart of flesh,
And of a woman, stay and trifle time,

The Queenes Arcadia.

Goe runne, and saue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dies, his bloud is shed for thee,
And what a horreur this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guilty conscience, when
Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt find
This deed instampt in bloudy Charecters,
Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts,
Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.
Besides wide Fame, will trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou shalt be with all posteritie,
Amongst th'examples held of crueltie,
And haue this sauage deed of thine be made
A sullen subiect for a Tragedie,
Intitl'd *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May serue to be an euerlasting shame;
And therefore goe preuent so foule a staine.

Do. Oh goe, goe *Cloris*, haste away with speed.

Clo. Why whether should I go? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he doe this deed,
It is his error, and no fault of mine.

Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,
In most strange fury, and most desperate speed,
Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed?

Clo. Why had not you staid, and perswaded him?

Tec. I could not stay him by no meanes I vld,
Though all the meanes I could deuise I vld.

Clo. Well I will goe, poore man to seeke him out,
Though I can doe him else no other good.
I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, should be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my dreame may chance now come to passe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed

Montanus

The Queenes Arcadia.

Montanus sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues so well, and by my gracious deed,
He may escape the danger he was in.

Which if I doe, and thereby doe inthrall
My selfe, to free and others misery,
Then will I sit and sigh, and talke of loue
As well as you, and haue your company.

For something I doe feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feare;
Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue.
Well *Techne*, come, I would not haue him yet
To perish, poore *Amyntas* in this fit.

Ama. Well *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I see
Before you come, vnlesse you make more haste.
Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the griefe
Of such a heart that's desperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse,
To haue so true a lotter as he is.

And yet I see th'is toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiue her colour come and goe,
And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,
Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dyes,
And in anothers wound left his owne life)
Transpierced by the death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldst touch by no desert,
And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiu'd
Her crueltie, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.
After the affliction thou hast suffied long.
Which makes me thinke, that time, & patience may
Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue to ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant louer overcome with griefe.
Presents vnto my guilty memorie
The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And ô I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not well, I saw him not
Scarfe these three dayes, I meruaile where he is,
And yet what need I meruaile, who haue thus
Chac'd him from me with frownes and visage vile,
And fondly left the substance of his faith,
To catch the shadow of deceit and guile ?

Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be such a one ?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vawise.
What shall I doe sweet *Amarillus* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and I lfe of such a louer ?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
When all extremities must mend, or end.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

Mel. Well, come *Ergastus*, we haue seene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare

Against

The Queenes Arcadia.

Against this Hydra of confusion now,
Which still presents new hideous heads of feare:

And euery houre we see begets new broyles,
And intricates our youth in desperate toyles,

And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great and generall hunting day
In *Eremanthus*, serue for this good deede:

And when wee meete (as all of vs shall meete
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)

We will aduise our Shepheards to intermit

That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chase out these wilde mischiefes that do lurke,

And worse infect, then th' *Eremanthian* Boare,
Or all Beasts else, which onely spoile our fields,
Whilst these which are of more prodigious kindes,
Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day lost may lose
More by example, then we shall regret
In thousands, for when men shall once disclose
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly is driuen, but easily is lead.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

Ama. Ah gentle *Lelaps*, pretty louing dogge,
Where hast thou left thy maister, where is he,
That great commander ouer thee and me?
Thou wert not wont be farre off from his seete,

The Queenes Arcadia.

And no more would I, were he so pleas'd;
But would as well as thou goe follow him,
Through brakes and thicketts, ouer cliftes & rockes
So long as I had life to follow him,
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h'is vs'd to looke on thee.
Thou canst be clapt, and strookt with that faire hand
That thrusts away my heart, and beates it back
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he flye me yet I must after still.
But here he comes me thought he was not farre.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this sort
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake
I doe not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,
And killst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine,
Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
How that I am his maisters creature too,
And kindely comes himselfe and fawnes on me
To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinke this euer trouble me.

Am. What it is troublesome to be belou'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had done like *Cloris*, skornd your sute.
And spournd your passions, in disdainefull sort,
I had been woo'd, and sought, and highly prizd,
But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,
Saue by discouering mine, I am despis'd
As if you would not haue the thing you sought,
Vnlesse you knew, it were not to be got.
And now because I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right.

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And doe not sure my looke; nor cloth my words
In other coulours, then my thoughts do weare.
But doe thee right in all, thou skornest me
As if thou didst not loue sinceritie
Neuer did Crystall more apparantly
Present the coulour it contayn'd with in
The haue these eyes, these teares, this tongue of mine
Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I'am thine.

Ca. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fittes the honour of a maide.

Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breast
With that strong temper of resisting prooffe,
But that by treason of my weake complection, I
Am made thus easy to the violent shott
Of passion, and th'affection I should not:
Me thinkes yet you out of your strength and power,
Should not disdain that weakenes, but should think
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus against my kinde,
T'vnlock my thoughts, and to let out my minde,
When I should rather die and burst with loue.
Then once to let my tongue to say, I loue
And if your worthy parts be of that power
To vanquish nature, and I must be wonne
Do not disdain the worke when you haue done,
For in contemning me you do dispise
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.

Ca. Now what a doe is here with idle talker?
And to no purpose, for you know I haue
Ingag'd long since my heart, my loue and all
To *Cloris*, who must haue the same and shall.

Am. Why there is no such oddes twixt her and me
I am a Nymph, tis knowne as well as shee.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
But that I loue, and she doth thee disdain.

The Queenes Arcadia.

No o'her reason can induce thy minde,
But onely that which should diuert thy minde.
I will attend thy flockes better then she,
And dresse thy Bower more sweet, more daintily,
And cheerish thee with Salers, and with Fruites,
And all fresh dainties as the seasons sutes;
I haue more skill in hearbes, then she, by farre,
I know which nourish, which restoring are:
And I will finde *Dictamnus* for thy Goates,
And seeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetrifoll to cheerish vp their Dammes,
And this I know, I haue a better voice
Then she, though she perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is best; I haue the faithfullst heart,
Besides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
And she begins to manifest it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue? that were most strange,
When he hath gotten that you shall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

SCEN. II.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

Mir. Well met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And spoil'd himselfe, and lyes in that weake case,
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am sorry t'heare so much:
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, wherein my life
Hath chierest claime, I doe not wish his death:

But

The Queenes Arcadia.

But by what chance, *Mirtillus* pray' the tell?

Mil. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.

As *Tityrus*, *Menalcas*, and my selfe
Were placing of our toyles (against anon
That we shall hunt) below within the straight,
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycæus* mount,
We might perceiue vnder a ragged cliffe,
In that most vn-couth desert, all alone,
Distresse *Amynas* lying on the ground,
With his sad face, turn'd close vnto the rock,
As if he loathed to see more of the world,
Then that poore space, which was twixt him and it,
His right hand stretcht along vpon his side,
His left he makes the pillor to support
His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a *Beach* tree by, where he likewise
Had plac'd his Sheephooke, and his Knife, wherewith
He had incarr'd an wofull Elegie,
To shew th'occasion of his miserie.
His dogge *Melampus* sitting by his side,
As if he were partaker of his woe:
By which we knew 'twas he, and to him went,
And after we had call'd, and shooke him vp,
And found him not to answere, nor to stirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground,
But could not make him stand by any meanes;
And sincking downe againe, we searcht to see
If he had any wound, or blow, or wrinch,
But none could finde: at last by chance we spide
A little horne which he had flung aside,
Whereby we gesst he had some poyson tooke.
And thereupon we sent out presently
To fetch *Vrania*, whose great skill in hearbes
Is such, as if there any meanes will be,

As

The Queenes Arcadia.

As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Urania* hath bin knowne t'haue done
Most desperate cures, and peraduenture may
Restore him yet, and I doe wish she may.

Mir But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and standing by with griefe,
(As we might well, to see so sad a sight)
(And such an worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris, and *Teibne*, with what speed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haste, as it concernd her more.
And neerer as she came, she faster went,
As if she did desire to haue bene there
Before her feete, too slow for her swift feare.
And comming to the place, she sodainely
Stopt, startes, and shrikt, and hauing made such haste
T'haue something done, now could she nothing doe.
Perhaps our presence might perplexe her too,
As being asham'd that any eye should see
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was seene till now.

Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was seene now.

Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Lone* and *Modestie*
With seu'rall Ensignes, stroue within her cheekes
Which should be Lord that day, and charged hard
Vpon each other, with their fresh supplies
Of different coulours, that still came, and went,
And much disturb'd her, but at length dissolud
Into affection, downe she casts her selfe
Vpon his senselesse body, where she saw
The mercie she had brought was come too late:
And to him calles so deere *Amynias*, speake,
Looke on me, sweete *Amynias*, it is I

That

The Queenes Arcadia.

That calles thee, it is, that holds thee here,
Within those armes thou haste esteem'd so deare,

And though that loue were yet so young in her
As that it knew not how to speake, or what,
And that she neuer had that passion prou'd,
Being first a louer ere she knew she lou'd,
Yet what she could not vtter, she supplide,
With her poore busie hands that rubb'd his face,
Chaf'd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,
And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceast.

Ama. Alas the least of this regard before,
Might haue helpe all, then when 'twas in her power,
Th'haue sau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde,
Naw for all this, her mercie is vnkinde;
The good that's out of season, is not good,
There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
And the compassion that's not vnderstood.

Mir. But yet at length, as if those daintie hands,
Had had a power to haue awakened death,
We might perceiue him moue his heavy eyes,
Which had stood fixt all the whole time before,
And fastens them directly vpon her.
Which when she saw, it strooke her with that force,
As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had,
Made all the powers and parts of her shrink vp,
With that convulsion of remorse and grieve,
As out she shriek'd, ô deere, ô my deere heart,
Then shrinkes againe, and then againe cryes out.
For now that looke of his did shake her more,
Then death or any thing had done before,
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart,
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue,
All his sad sufferings, all his griefes, and feare,
And now in th'end what he had done for her.

And

The Queenes Arcadia.

And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
As all a world of words could neuer doe.

Ah what a silly messenger is Speech
To be imp'oi'd in that great Embassie
Of our affections in respect of th'eye;
Ah 'tis the silent rhetorike of a looke,
That workes the league betwixt the sitres of hearts,
Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke so melts her into teares,
As that she powr'd them downe like thunder drops,
Or else did Nature taking pittie now
Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,
To serue as vailes, and to be interposde
Betwixt her grieve and her, to impeach her sight,
From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde.

And now with this came in *Urania* there;
With other women, to imploy their best
To saue his life, if b' any meanes they can.
And so we came our way, being sent for now
About some conference for our hunting sports,
And with vs *Techné* comes, who is supposde,
Thaue beene a speciall cause of much of this.

Car. Alas this sad report doth grieue me much,
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
So deereely lou'd him as I finde she doth,
For by this act of hers I plainly see,
There will be neuer any hope for me.

Ama. I here may for me, it now *Carinus* thou
Wilt stand but to thy word, as thou hast said.

Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had beene there,
Thaue seene but *Cloris* act this wofull part;
It may be, it might haue deter'd her heart
From crueltie, so long as she had liu'd.

Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard

The Queenes Arcadia.

So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue some feeling of my miserie,
But for *Derinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.

Mir. Ah *Amarillis* ! I would that were true.
But loe where come our chiefeſt heardeſmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we ſhall know more newes.

SCENA III.

Melibeus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax. Techno, Piſtophanax.

Meli. You gentle Shepheards and inhabitants
Of theſe remote, and ſolitarie parts
Of *Montaynous Arcadia*, ſhut vp here
Within theſe Rockes, theſe vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and Bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noiſe of tumult, and the throng
Of ſweating toyle, ratling concurrence,
And haue continued ſtill the ſame and one
In all ſucceſſions from antiquitie;
Whilſt all the ſtates on earth beſides haue made
A thouſand revolutions, and haue rowl'd
From change to change, and neuer yet found reſt,
Nor euer bettered their eſtates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all:
Leſt that we leaue not to poſteritie,
Th' *Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.

For none of you I know, whoſe iudgement's graue
Can ought diſcerne, but ſees how much we are

Transfor-

The Queenes Arcadia.

Transform'd of late, and chang'd from what we were
And what distempers dayly doe arise
Amongst our people, neuer felt before,
At which I know you meruaile, as indeed
You well may meruaile, whence they should proceed
And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,
Vntill we set our selues more warily
To search it out, which by good hap we haue,
And found the Authors of this wickednesse.
Which diuell's attyr'd here in the shape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end
You may take speedy order to suppress
Our growing follies, and their impiousnesse.

Erg. Indeed these odious wretches which you see,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,
These new and vnknowne mischiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of scandalous report.
Of vile deluding chaste and honest loues,
Of vnderferu'd suspitious desperate griefes,
And all the sadnesse we haue seene of late.

And first this man, this *Lincus* here you see,
Montanus you, and you *Acrysius* know,
With what deceit, and with what cunning arte,
He intertain'd your strifes, abus'd you both,
By first perswading you that you had right
In your demands, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rights, as men
Had meanes, or power, or will to purchase them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his desires.

Mon. We doe confesse our errour, that we were
Too easily perswaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We herer renounce, and quit for euermore,

Acry. And we desire the memory thereof
May dye with vs, that it be neuer knowne

Our

The Queenes Arcadia.

Our feeble age hath such example showne,

Erg. And now this other strange impostor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceipt withall,
Seekes how to set vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our selues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our mindes first sicke,
Before our bodies, and perswade our health
It is not well, that he may haue thereby
Both it and sicknesse euer vnder cure.

And forraine drugs brings to distemper's there
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.

Mel. But here are two the most pernicious spirits
The world I thinke did euer yet produce.

Colax and *Techne*, two such instruments
Of Wantonnesse, of Lust and treacherie,
As are of power t' intice and to debaush
The vniuerfall state of honestie.

Erg. But *Techne* who is that stands there by you,
What is your companie increast of late?

Te. Truly it is a very honest man
A friend of mine that comes to see me here.

Erg. He cannot then but be an honest man,
If he be one of your acquaintance sure.

Mel. This man I found with them now since you
Maintaining hote dispute with *Titerus* (went
About the rites and misteries of *Pan*.)

Erg. H' is like to be of their associats then.

Er. *Techne*, what is this secret friend of yours?

Tec. For-sooth he is a very holy man.

Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?

Tec. Truly his name Sir is *Pistophænax*.

Erg. What is he maskt, or is that face his owne?

Te.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Tec. He is not maskt, tis his completion sure.

Erg. *Techne* we cannot credite thy report,

Let one trie whether it be so or not,

O see a most deformed ougly face,

Wherewith if openly he should appeare,

He would deterre all men from comming neere.

And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on

This pleasing visor of apparencie,

T'intice and to delude the world withall;

So that you see with what strange inginiers,

The proiect of our ruine is forecast.

How they implanted haue their battery here,

Against all the maine pillors of our state,

Our Rites; our Customes, Nature, Honestic,

T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vterly,

Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill

Doth ciuileze let vs be barbarous still.

Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects

Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,

(Besides this last exploit they wrought vpon,

Amynas who, poore youth, lies, now full weake :

Vnder *Vianias* cure, whose skill we heare

Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)

We haue sent out abroad into the woods,

For *Siluius* and *Palemon* two chaste soules

Whom they haue tortur'd so with ialousie,

Of each the other, as they made them run

A part, to languish seuerally alone;

And we haue sent for diuers others too,

Whose hearts haue felt what impious craft can do.

And here they come, and now you shall know all.

SCENA IV.

The Queenes Arcadia.

SCENA IV.

*Palamon, Mirtillus, Carinus, Siluia, Dorinda
Amarillis, Daphne, Cloris, Amyntas.*

Erg. Come good *Palamon*, and good *Silvia* come,
You haue indur'd too much, and too too long.

Sil. Ah why *Ergastus* doe you set our names
So nere together, when our hearts so farre,
Are distant from each other as they are?

Indeed whil'st we were one as once we were,
And as we ought to be were faith obseru'd,
Palamon should not haue beene nam'd without:
A *Silvia*, nor yet *Silui*: without him.

But now we may *Ergastus*, we are too.

Pal. *Silvia*, there in the greater wrong you doe.

Sil. *Palamon*, nay the greater wrong you doe.

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.

Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.

Pal. *Silvia*, you see your fault cannot be hid.

Sil. 't is no fault of mine *Palamon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here;

I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceal'd your worke so closely as you should.

Pal. But there stands one can tel what you haue bene.

Sil. Nay there he stands can tel what you haue bene.
And sure is now in publicke here produc'd

To reliefe your shame, but not set on

By me I do protest, who rather would

Haue di'd alone in secret with my grieve

Then had your infamie discouered here.

Wherein my shame, must haue so great a share,

Pal.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Pal. I haue not sought to manifest your shame,
Which *Silvia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worst of deaths,
I hauing such an intrest in the same.

Col. No *Silvia*, no *Palamon*, I stand here
Not t'accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes are cleare,
I haue abus'd your apt credulitie,
With false reports of things that neuer were:
And therefore here craue pardon for the same.

Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Silvia* intertaine
The loue of *Thyrfis* then as you told me?

Col. *Palamon* no, she neuer intertain'd
His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.

Sil. But *Colax* you saw how *Palamon* did
With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.

Col. *Silvia*, by heauen and earth I sweare not I,
But onely fain'd it out of subtiltie;
For some vngodly ends I had decreed.

Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite
To take my griefes with false beliefe, for I
Had rather liue with sorrow then deceit,
And still t'be vndone, then to haue such reliefe.

Sil. Ah let not this deuise be wrought to guilde
My bitternesse, to make me swallow't now
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not trust what I know.

Pal. Ah *Silvia* now, how were I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleue beliefe.
But ah my heart hath dwelt so long in house
With that first tale, as this which is come new,
Cannot be put in trust with my desire
So soone, besides 'tis too good to be true.

Sil. Could I *Palamon* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill first heard, and that it were not so,

How

The Quenes Arcadia.

Now blest were I but loe I see how doubt
Comes in farre easier then it can get out.
And in these miseries of ieaiousie,
Our eare hath greater credit then our eye.

Mel. Stand not confus'd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile wretch hath done you both this wrong.

Pa. Ist possible, and is this true you say,
And doe I liue, and doe I see the day?
Ah then come *Silvia*, for I finde this wound
That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it was.

Sil. If this be so, why then *Palemon* know,
I likewise feele the loue that was before
Most in my heart, is now become farre more:
And now ô pardon me you worthy race
O men, if I in passion vttered ought
In preiudice of your most noble sexe;
And thinke it was m'agrieued error spake
It knew not what, transported so, nor I,

Pal. And pardon me you glorious companie
You starres of women, if m'in rag'd heat
Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignitie,
And thou bright *Pallas* sou'raigne of all Nymphes,
The royall Mistresse of our Pastorall Muse
And thou *Diana* honour of the woods
To whome I vow my songs, and vow my selfe,
Forgiue me mine offence and be you pleas'd
T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
And grace me still, and I desire no more.

Sil. And now I would that *Clorus* knew thus much
That so she might be vndeceiued too,
Whom I haue made beleue soill of men:
But loe see where she comes, and as it seemes
Brings her belife alicadie in her hand

The Queenes Arcadia.

Preuents my act, and is confirmd before,
Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle bene,
Palemon Loues me there is trust in men.

Col. And *Silvia* I must not beleue so too
Or else god help I know not what to doe.

Hal. Looke here *Mirtillus* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd false, and women they are true.

Mi. So I perceiue *Palemon*, and 'it seemes
But vaine conceipt that other wise esteemes.

Mo. Alas here comes my deare restored sonne
My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.

Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if she were affrighted still,
Poore soule, with feare, and with her sodaine griefe,

col. Lo here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
Although with much a doe, your sonne againe
And sorry am with all my heart that I,
Haue bene the cause he hath indu'd so much.

Mon. And I restore him back againe to you
Deare *Cloris* and doe wish you to forget
Your sorrowes past, and pray the Gods you may
From henceforth lead your life with happie ioy.

Acry. Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wish as much.

Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreat
You also to accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who we are sure hath well deserued yours.

Do. Although this be vpon short warning, yet
For that I haue bene sommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deserts to me
To yeeld to such a motion, I am now
Content to accept his loue, and wil e his.

Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewise haue my t lisse
And reckon all the sufferings I haue p. n
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last.

McL.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Mel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nymph
Whose eye is full on you, as if she thought
Her sufferings too, deseru'd some time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whilst fortune deales good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.

Car. I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,
Though *Colux* had perswaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleene the loue
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath sworne
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were.
But now I do perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and constancie.

Ama. O deare *Carinus* blest be this good howre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.

Erg. And *Daphne* too me thinks your heavy lookes
Shew how that something is amisse with you.

Dap. Nothing amisse with me, but that of late
I took a fall, which somewhat grieues me yet.

Erg. That must aduise you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,
Which if you doe, no doubt but all this will be well.

Mel. Then thus we see the sadnesse of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue rais'd
The hideous tempests of these miseries,
And thus abus'd our simple innocence,
We charge you all here presently t'auoid,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Cast downe and durt in pieces from these rockes,
And t'haue your odious carcases deuour'd
By beasts, being worse yourselues then beasts to men.

Col.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Col. Well then come *Teubne*, for I see we two
Must euen be forc'd to make a marriage too;
And goe to *Corinth*, or some Cittie neere,
And by our practise get our liuing there:
Which both together ioynd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worst of miseries
Could come vnto me, and yet worthily,
For hauing thus abus'd so many Nymphes,
And wrong'd the honour most vnreuerently
Of women, in that sort as I haue done,
That now I am forst to vndergoe therefore,
The worst of Plagues: To marry with a W.

Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this discourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their rest,
Exile vs thus, for we no doubt shall finde
Nations enough, that will most ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.
And worthier people too, of subtler spirits,
Then these vnfashion'd, and vncomb'd rude swaines,
Lin. Yea and those Nations are farre sooner drawne
T'all friuolous distractions then are these;
For oft we see, the grosse doe manage things,
Farre better then the subtle, cunning brings
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.

Al. Yea and I doubt not whil'st there shall be found
Fastastlicke puling wenchnes in the world,
But I shall flourish, and liue iollily,
For such as I by women must begin
To gaine a name and reputation winne,
Which when we haue attain'd to, you know then
How easily the women draw on men.

Lin. Nor do I doubt but I shall likewise liue,
And thrive, where euer I shall plant my selfe,
For I haue all those helpes my skill requites
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,

The Queenes Arcadia.

A wrangling nature a contesting grace,
A Clamorous voice, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law to oppose the law,
And make the glosse to overthrow the text
I can alledge and vouch authoritie,
To imbroyle th'intent, and sense of equitie,
Besides by hauing been a Notarie,
And vs'd to frame litigious instruments
And leaue aduantages for subtilty,
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise
That there shall be no writing made so sure
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest
At any time when men shall thinke it best.
Not be thou checkt with this *Polixanax*,
That at thy first appearing thou art thus
Discou'red here, thou shalt along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as well as we.

Pis. Tush *Lincus*, this cannot discourage me,
For we that traffique with credulitie
And with opinion, still shall cherish be:
But here your error was to enter first
And be before me, for you should haue let
Me made the way that I might haue mislikt
That chaine of Zeale that holds in amitie,
And call'd vp doubt in their establish't rites,
Which would haue made you such an easie way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,
Vpon their shaken and discatter'd mindes,
For our profession any thing refutes,
And all's vnsetled whereas faith disputes.

Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Begone I say, and best doe, whilst you may.

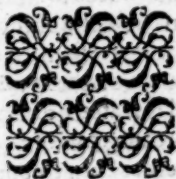
And since we haue redeem'd our selues so well
Out of the bonds of mischief let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,

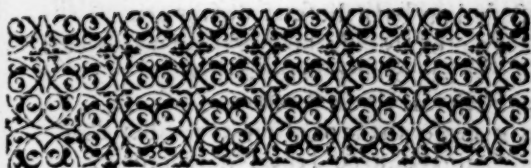
O

Which

The Queene's Arcadia.

Which neuer more remaines, as it begun;
But is a wicked fire: a farre worse sonne,
And stayes not till it makes vs slaues vnto
That vniuersall Tyrant of the earth
Custome who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our selues; reads that great charter too
Of nature and would likewise cancell man:
And so inchaines our iudgements and discourse
Vnto the present vsances, that we
Must all our senses thereto refer.
Be as we finde our selues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reason then the nations of the times
And place wherein we liue; and being our selues
Corrupted, and abastardized thus
Thinke all looks ill, that doth not looke like vs
And therefore let vs recollect ourselues
Dispers'd into these strange confused ill
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were
In manners and in habit as we were,
And so solemnize this our happy day
Of restauration, with other feasts of ioy.





A FVNERALL

POEME.

Vpon the Death of the
late noble Earle of
Deuonshire.

NOW that the hand of death hath laid thee there
Where neither greatnes, pomp, nor grace, we see
Nor any difference of earth and where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe and thee.
Now *Deuonshire* that thou art but a name
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done,
Now shall my verse which thou in life didst grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to doe)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
That few regard, or haue respect vnto,
Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,
Where what was ill, no countenance defends.
And what was good, th' vnthanktull world forgets.

A funerall Poeme.

Here shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
I cannot be supposed to flatter, when
I speake behinde thy backe not to thy face:
Men neuer sooth the dead but where they doo
Find liuing eyes, to hold them thereunto.
And I stand cleere from any other chaine
Then of my loue which freeboorne, draws free breath
The benefit thou ga'st me to sustaine
My humble life, I loose it by thy death:
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t' inforce m' obseruance, beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue
For I haue learnt it is the properrie
For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye,
And therefore I sincerely will report
First how thy parrs were faire conuaid within
How that braue minde was built and in what sort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was so nobly fram'd so well compos'd
As vertue neuer had a fairer seate
Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repos'd,
Then in that goodly frame, where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peacc full rest,
Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise
That might disturbe her, nor was euer brest
Contain'd so much, and made so little noise
That by thy silent modestie is found
The emptiest vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discern'd'st thy selfe, had stread
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The lesse to speake, as being ordain'd to spread
Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse,
Though thou hadst made a generall Suruey

A funeral Poeme.

Of all the best of mens best knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the lesse,
And lesse presume and yet when being mou'd
In priuate talke to speake, thou didst bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
That thou didst know what euer wit could say
Which shew'd thou hadst not bookes as many haue
For ostentation, but for vse and that
Thy bounteous memory was such, as gaue
A large reueneue of the good, it gat.
Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou
Hast set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will shew how
The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand
That none would thinke if all thy life had been
Turnd into leisure, thou couldst haue attaind
So much of time, to haue perus'd and seene,
So many volumes that so much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitarie *Wausteed*, where thy care
Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.
And whereas many others haue we see
All things within their houses worth the sight,
Except themselues that furniture of thee.
And of thy presence, gaue the best delight.
With such a season, such a temprature
Wert thou compos'd, as made thy sweetnes one.
And held the end of thy life still sure.
In consort with thy selfe in perfect tone
And neuer man had heart more truly seru'd
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And was more at command, and more obseru'd
The coulours of that modestie he bare

*The library
as Wausteed*

A funerall Poeme.

Then that of thine in whom men neuer found
That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any veine thou hadst that was vnfound
Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
And this was thy prouision laid within,
Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines
What to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
What the dimension of that side containes,
Which likewise was so goodly and so large
As shewes that thou wert borne to adorne the daies,
Wherein thou liu'd'st, and also to discharge
Those parts which Englands & thy fame should raise
Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace
Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
As in thy sphere thy spirits did neuer cease,
To moue with indefagitable care
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart
Nor more inlarge thee into iollitie,
Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt
Or any act of armes like to be nye.
The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
And what thou wert & what thou wouldst be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sidney*, glory of the field
And glory of the Muses, and their pen
(Who equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
Had likewise beene thy last, had not the fate
Of *England* then reseru'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the preservation of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good,
And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis
Of grace and fauour in *Elizæes* sight
(That miracle of women who by this

Made

A funerall Poeme.

Made thee be held according to thy right
Which faire and happy blessing thou mightst well
Haue farre more rais'd had not thine enemye
Retired priuacie, made thee to sell
Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and denie
To meete faire Fortune, when she came to thee,
For neuer man did his preferment flie,
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou, as if it sought thy modestie,
For that which many, whom ambition toyles
And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine
With all their thrusts, & shouldring, plots, and wiles
Was easily made thine without thy paine,
And without any priuate malicing
Or publique greuance, euery good man ioy'd
That vertue could come cleere to any thing
And faire deserts to be so fairely pay'd
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee
Were not like fortunes fauours, they could see
Eliza's cleere eyed iudgement is renown'd
For making choice of thy abilitie:
But it will euerlastingly redound
Vnto the glory and benignitie
Of *Brittaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert
By him aduanced for thy great desert,
It being the fairer worke of maiestie
With fauour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy seruices, were such as they
Might aske their grace themselves: yet doe we see
That to successe, desert hath not a way
But vnder Princes that most gracious be,
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase euer *England* made,
And made with such profuse exceeding cost
Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to invade:

A funerall Poeme.

As commutation paid a deerer prise
For such a peece of earth, and yet well paid
And well aduentur'd for with great aduice
And happily to our dominions laide
Without which out-let, England thou hast beene
From all the rest of th'earth shut out and pent
Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
Inuiron'd round with others gouernment,
Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine owne
That lyes beyond it and force all t'obay.
And this important peece like t'haue been rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no ioynture of the gouernment
But shooke, no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tottering, when the charge
Thereof was laid on *Montiroy*, and that other men
Chokt by example sought to put it off.
And he out of his native modestie
(As being no vndertaker) labours too
To haue auoided that which his abilitie
And Englands *Genius* would haue him to do
Alleading how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
Then he could haue had there so little done.
Whose ill successe (considering his great worth,
Was such as could that mischiefe be withstood.
It had been wrought) did in itselfe bring forth
Discouragement that he should doe lesse good,
The state replide, it was not lookt he should
Restore it wholly to it selfe againe
But onely now if possible he could

A funerall Poeme.

In any fashion but the same retaine
So that it did not fall a sunder quite
Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight.

With courage on he goes doth exequite
Which councell, and returns with victory
But in what noble fashion he did sure
This action with what wit and industry,
Is not to be disgrac'd in this small carde,
It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.
Here is no roome to tell with what strangespeed
And secrecie he vsed to preuent
The enemies designs, nor with what heed
He marcht before report, where what he ment
Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,
His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one,
Nor will this place conueniencie afford
To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes
Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword
Toyles him abroad, and noble act performs,
Nor how by mastering difficulties to
In times vnusuall, and by passage hard
He brauely came to disappoint his foe,
And many times surpris'd him vnprepard.

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
That famous siege, the Master-worke of all
Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt
T'afflict his weary tyred Camp with all.
That when inclos'd by powerfull enemies
One either side, with feeble troupes he lay
Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries,
Kept waking with Alarumes night, and day.
There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw
His army to some place of safe defence,
From the apparant perill which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

For

A Funerall Poeme.

For now the Spaniard hath possest three ports
The most important of this Ile say they,
And looner fresh supply ments, Spaine transports
To them, then England can to vs conuay
The Rele is in heart, and now is ioyned
With some of them already, and doth stand
Hereouer vs, with chiefest strength combin'd
Of all the desperate forces of the land
And how vpon these disadvantages
Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honourges*
Th'vndaunted *Montioy* hereto answers this.

My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
And kingdome to my faith committed is.

And I must all I can ingeniate

To answer for the same, and render it

Vpon as faire a reckning as I may,

But if from hence I shall once stirre my feete,

The kingdome is vndone, and lost this day

All will fly thither where they finde is hart

And feare shall haue none stand to take his part.

And how shall we answer our Country then

At our returne, nay answer our owne fame?

Which howsoeuer we haue done like men

Will be imbranded with the make of blame,

And since we here are come vnto the point

For which we toyl'd so much and staid so long,

Let vs not now our trauailes disappoint

Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong.

We cannot spend our blood more worthily

Then in so faire a cause and if we fall

We fall with glory, and our worth thereby

Shalbe renoumed, and held deare of all.

And for my part I count the field to bee

The honourablest bed to dye vpon,

And here your eies this day shal either see

My

A Funerall Poeme.

My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and soueraigne Generall
Of Hosts, makes weake to stand, the strong to fall.
With which braue resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke, which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue donne.
Of which tis better nothing now to say,
Then say too little: For there rests behind
A Trophie to b' erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keepe in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole & made the peace we haue

And now I will omit to shew therefore,
His management of publike bus'nesses:
Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages,
Which on his owne discretion did relie,
Wherewith his spirit was furnisht happely,

Milde, affable, and easie of access
He was, but with a due reseruednes:
So that the passage to his fauours lay
Not common to all comm'ers, nor yet was
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To such as fitly might or ought to passe:
Nor sold he smoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promises.
But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
With bus'nesse, and with noise, hee euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might disperse
Him, into other mens vncertainties.
And with a quiet calme sincerity,
H' effects his vndertakings really.

A Funerall Poeme.

His tongue and heart did not turne backes, but went
One way, and kept one course with what he ment
He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware
His honest inclination open fac'd,
The friendships that he vou'd, most constant were,
And with great iudgement, and discretion plac'd,
And *Devonshire* thy faith hath her reward,
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine,
Among th'examples of integrity,
Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gaine,
A like regard vnto their memorie.

Now muttering enuie, what canst thou produce
To darken the bright luster of such parts,
Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse.
Say what defects could wey downe these deserts;
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and vtter all it can.
It cannot find a blemish to b'infort,
Against him, other, then he was a man:
And built of flesh and bloud, and did liue here
Within the region of infirmity,
Where all perfections neuer did appeare,
To mee in any one so really,
But that his frailtie euer did bewray,
Vnto the world, that he was set in clay.
And *gratitude*, and *charitie* I know,
Will keepe no note, nor memorie will haue
Of ou'rt, but of his worthy vertues now
Which still will liue the restlyes in his Graue,
Seeing onely such stand euer base and low.
That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand:
And as dogges barke at those they doe not knowe.

So

A Funerall Poeme.

So they at such they doe not vnderstand.
The worthier sort, who know we doe not liue
With perfect men, will neuer synkind,
They will the right to the diseased giue,
Knowing themselves must likewise leaue behinde,
Those that will censure them. And they know how,
The Lion being dead euen Hares insult,
And will not vrge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde:
They rather will lament the losse they finde,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such mé brings forth.

But let it now sufficient be, that I,
The last Scene of his act of life bewray,
Which giues th'applause to all, doth glorifie
The worke. For 'tis the euening crownes the day.
This action of our death especially
Shewes all a man. Here onely is he found,
With what munition he did fortifie
His heart, how good his furniture hath bene,
And this did he performe in gallant wise:
In this did he confirme his worthinesse.
For on the morrow after the surprise
That sicknesse made on him with fierce accessse,
He told his faithfull friend whome he held deere,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were ouer-tumbled sodeinly,
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t'his affaires as speedily,
As might be, ere his sicknesse should growe worse,
And as for death, said he, I doe not wey
I am resolu'd and ready in this case.

A Funerall Poeme.

It cannot come t'affright me any way,
Let it looke neuer with so grim a face :
And I will meete it smiling for I know,
How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
And herein did he keepe his word. Did show
Indeede as he had promised in this,
For sicknesse neuer heard him grone at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine,
Which howsoeuer being tirannicall,
He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine
A louely countenance of his being well,
And so would euer make his tongue to tell.

Although the seruour of extremitie
Which often doth throw those defences downe,
Which in our health, wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more then we would haue knowne :
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill set in,
Those lightnesse that any thing will say
Could say no ill of what they knew within,
Such a sure Locke of Silent modestie
Was set in life vpon that noble heart
As that noe anguish, nor extremity
Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
For hauing dedicated still the same
Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,
That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame
Continued to the last in fertour still
And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could
Doe any certaine seruices beside,
Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
With feruent zeale how onely he relide
Vpon the merits of the precious death
Of his redeemer, and with rapt desires
H'appeases to grace. His soule deliuereth

Vnto

A Funerall Paeme.

Vnto the hand of mercie and expires,
Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously
And mildly liu'd, most sweete, and mildly die,
And thus great Patrone of my muse haue I
Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd th'accounts
Which in my loue I owe thy memorie,
And let me say that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou hast
This monument of thee perhaps may last.
Which doth not e'euery mightie man befall,
For see how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too, thy great deserts
For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse
Further then to the graue and there it parts
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulness.
And we doe see that nettles, thistles brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone,
But *Deuonshire* thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

SAMVELL DANIELL.

FINIS.

24. 1911

21712



TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore river, charg'd with streames of
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie, (zeale
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints re-
Here I vnclasp the book of my charg'd soule, (ueale,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I summ'd my sighes, here I inrole
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.
Read it (sweet maid) thought it be done but sleightly,
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

G O wailing verse, the infants of my loue,
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother:
Present the Image of the cares I proue,

Witness

DELIA.

Witnes your fathers grieve exceeds all other.
Sigh out a storie of her cruell deeds,
With inter-rupted accents of despaire :
A monument that whosoeuer reeds,
May iustly praise, and blame my loue lesse Faire.
Say her disdain hath dried vp my blood,
And starued you in succours still denying :
Presse to her eyes, importune me some good,
Waken her sleeping pittie with your crying,
Knock at her hard heart, beg till ye haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnrind, how dearely I haue lou'd her.

SONNET. III.

IF so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Anthemes, lamentable songs :
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them sigh for their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
Approach not to behold my heauines:
Clear-sighted you, soone note what is awie,
Whil'st blinded soules mine errors neuer gesse.
You blinded soules whom youth and error leade,
You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your sunne:
Do you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whil'st I loue, doth kill me with disdain,

These

DELIA.

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintiue verse, the Postes of my desire,
Which hast for succour to her slow regard,
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions lymn'd for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrowes:
DELIA herselfe, and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares haue till'd deep furrowes.
No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
O clear-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of intercession, but to moue her will.
These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne heart;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

SONNET. V.

WHilst youth and error led my wandring minde,
And set my thoughts in heedleswaies to range:
All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde,
(*Diana-like*) to worke my suddaine change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewraid,
But with disdain to see me in that place;
With fairest hand the sweet ynkindest maid,
Cast water-cold disdain vpon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts; set on me by my Faire:

My

DELIA.

My thoughts (like hounds) pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostered of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murder thus their Lord,

SONNET. VI.

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire; (ny,
Her brow shades frownes although her eyes are sun-
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire;
And her disdaines are gall, her fauours hunny.
A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue,
Chastitie and beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pittie to conioyne with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?
For had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,
My muse had slept, and none had knowne my mind.

SONNET. VII.

FOr had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I do finde,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
Then had no Censors eye these lines surpris'd,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my muse so vaine;
No sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdain.

Then

DELIA.

When had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-cast looke had signified my misse:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
For being full, should I not then haue spoken,
My sence opprels'd, had fail'd, and heart had broken.

SONNET. VIII.

Thou poore hart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,
Hast sent the incense of thy sighes to heauen:
And still against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,
And made thy passions with her beautie euen,
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe message of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes with silent art,
Did treat the cruell Faire to yield reliefe,
And you my verse the aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proesse of of my case:
And vrg'd that title which doth plainly proue,
My faith should win, if iustice might haue place,
Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can moue,
Tis not disdaine must make me cease to loue.

SONNET. IX.

If this be loue draw a wearie breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire:
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth,
The sad memorials of my loue dispaire.
If this be loue to warre against my soule.

DELIA.

Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,
The neuer resting stone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes whil' st none relieue.
If this by loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath.

SONNET. X.

THen do I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow,
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkind letters; wrote she cares not how.
Thou powre that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
Intenerat that heart that sets solight,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.
And cause her leaue to triumph in this wise,
Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart:
That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
And must their glorie to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh' hath done inough to proue me
And let her pittie if she cannot loue me. ♪

SONNET. XI.

TEares, vowes, and prayers, win the hardest heart,
Teares, vowes, and prayers, haue I spent in vaine;
Teares

DELIA.

Tears cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuare,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdain.
Lose my tears where I haue lost my loue,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soules Idols corneth all my vowes;
Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares,
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell thee:
Flint, frost, disdain, weares, meks, and yeelds we see.

SONNET. XII.

MY spotlesse loue hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame:
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which cleare our clouded world with brightest flame.
Ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour but what she can giue:
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.
For shee that can my heart imparadize,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is,
My fetters wheel's the circle of her eies,
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis,
All my liues sweet consists in her alone,
So much I loue the most vnloving one.

Behold

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
 And carue his proper griefe vpon a stone;
 My heauie fortune is much like the same,
 I worke on flint, and that's the cause I mone,
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires,
 I figur'd on the table of mine hart,
 The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
 And so did perish by my proper art.
 And still I toyle, to change the Marble brest
 Of her whole sweetest grace I do adore,
 Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
 Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
 But happie he that ioy'd his stone and art,
 Vnhappie I, to loue a stonie hart.

SONNET. XIII.

THose snary locks, are those same nets (my Deere)
 Wherewith my libertie thou didd'st surprize;
 Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
 The Dart transpearling, were those Ch. istall eies.
 Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
 Deepe is the wound my sighes can well report:
 Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the same,
 That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort,
 And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
 The bond, the flame, the wound that fasteth so,
 By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deale:

DELIA.

So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet lest long trauailes be about my strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heale me now at length.

SONNET XV.

If that a loyall heart and faith vnfained,
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-staru'd thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares charecters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple sainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne heart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighes still tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And she (th'vnkindest maide) still scornes the same.
Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

SONNET XVI.

H Appie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing clouds by night, in day time mourne
My ioyes but shadowes, touch of truth my anguish
Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne,
And still expecting when she will relent,
Growne hoarse with crying mercy, mercy giue,
So many vowes, and prayers hauing spent,
That weary of my life, I loath to liue.

DELIA.

And yet the Hydra of my cares renews
Still new borne sorrowes of her fresh disdain:
And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state n y griefes did touch so neerely,
And thus I lue because I loue her deerely.

SONNET XVII.

WHy should I sing in verse, why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her deare sake?
Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strue to make her lue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to lue?
Why should m^afflicted Muse so much endeavour,
Such honour vnto cruelty to giue?
If her defects haue purchast her this fame,
What should her vertues doe, her smiles, her loue?
If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would sense quite euermoue,
And that makes happy Louers euer dour.

SONNET XVIII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts maze, to my confusion tending:
Still haue I liu'd in grieve, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending,
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,

Hor

DELIA.

Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdaines me;
 See what reward he hath that serues the vngreatfull,
 So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
 Still must I whet my yong desires abared,
 Vpon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
 And in vaine, her pride is so innared,
 She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
 Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
 (And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

SONNET XIX.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
 Yeeld *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue;
 Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
 And to th' *Orient* doe thy Pearles remoue,
 Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th' *Iuory* white,
 T' *Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweet;
 Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
 To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
 Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
 And thy sweet voice giue back vnto the *Spheares*:
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
 To *Hyrcaan* Tygres, and to ruthlesse Beares.
 Yeeld to the Marble thy hard heart againe;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

SONNET XX.

VVhat it is to breath and liue without life:
 How to be pale with anguish, red with feare.

DELIA.

T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but strife:
Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appeare:
How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare:
How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake:
To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare:
To haue affection strong, a bodie weake:
Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke:
And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde:
T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke:
Gratefull t'another, to my selfe vnkinde.
This cruell knowledge of these contraries,
DELIA my heart hath leard out of those eyes.

SONNET XXI.

IF beauty thus be clouded with a frowne,
That pittie shines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of disdain so ouergrowne
That my liues light wholly in-darkned is.
Why should I more molest the world with cries?
The ayre with sighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainrie cares.
If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And still must hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whil,
Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieve so true a heart.

Come

SONNET XXII.

Come Tyme the anchor-hold of my desire,
 My last resort whereto my hopes appeale,
 Cause once the date of her disdain to expire,
 Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale,
 Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, steale
 Powre from these eyes, which pittie cannot spare:
 Deale with those dainty cheekes as she doth deale
 With this poore heart consumed with dispaire.
 This heart made now the prospectiue of care,
 By louing her, the cruellst Fayre that liues
 The cruellst Fayre that sees I pine for her,
 And neuer mercy to my merit giues.
 Let her not still triumph ouer the prize
 Of mine affections taken by her eyes.

SONNET XXIII.

Tyme cruell time, come and subdue that Brow
 Which conquers all but thee, and thee too slayes
 As if she were exempt from Syethor Bow,
 From loue or yeares vnsubiect to decayes.
 Or art thou growne in league with those fayre eyes
 That they may helpe thee to consume our dayes?
 Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
 Being mercilesse like thee that no man weies?
 And yet thou seest thy powre she disobeyes,
 Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
 And prodigall of houres and yeares betrayes.

DELIA.

Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdain.
Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

SONNET XXIV.

THese sorrowing sighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
These teares which heare of sacred flame distill,
And those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant whose vnkindnesse kills.
I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud feete, and she respects not it:
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.
She thinks a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long lookt case,
As short that blisse, so is that comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or else looke neuer.

SONNET XXV.

False hope prolongs my euer certaine grieve,
Traitor to me, and faithfull to my loue:
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trecherie;
Yet soone againe I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.

DELIA.

Thus often as I chafe my hope from me,
Straight-way she hasts her vnto DELIAS eyes,
Fed with some pleasing looke the e shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lyes.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnshure, when certaine is my paine.

SONNET XXVI.

Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne
From care to care that leades a life so bad,
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my dayes so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe,
I otosome their dayes, whom no sun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes doe pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruit so lowre,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flintie heart,
Whilst wee both make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

SONNET XXVII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweet eye, rare
Possesse me whole, my heart triumvirate: (vo:e
Yet heauy heart to make so sad a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state,
For whilst they strue which shall be Lord of all,

DELIA.

All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne
When back I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand:
And see my fortune euer like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heauy hand.
What can I doe but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoyle me too.

SONNET XXVIII.

*Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that
flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.*

WHilst by thy eyes pursu'd, my poore hart flew
Into the sacred Refuge of thy breast:
Thy rigour in that Sanctuarie flew
That which my succring mercy should haue blest.
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, & five yeares witnes sign'd
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,
For well thou saw'st my loue and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect.
What bootes to lawes of Succour to appeale?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.
Then there I die from whence my life should come,
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Still

DELIA.

SONNET. XXIX.

STill in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceasles cares continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I haue euer sought,
One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.
I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill
The worke of rigor, fatally begun
Vpon this hart, whom crueltie will kill.
Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine.
Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
And blame my selfe & excuse that hart of thine
See then who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdain.

SONNET. XXX.

OFt do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies
Are eies, or els two radiant starres that shine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.
Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calme and tempest follow their aspects,
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hirt &
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,

In

DELIA.

In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, not eies, m^{ove} me you with milderview,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

SONNET. XXXI.

THe Starre of my mishap impos'd this paine:
To spend the Aprill of my yeares in grieve:
Finding my fortune euer in the waine
With still fresh cares, supplide with no reliefe,
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
But these weake wings presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eies bright sun-
That makes me fall from off my hie desire,
And in my fall I crie for helpe with speed,
No pitying eie looks backe vpon my feares:
No succour finde I now when most I need,
My heats must drowne in th' Ocean of my teares,
Which still must beare the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

SONNET. XXXII.

ANd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blameth' art empt presuming so to soare,
The mourning venter for a high deight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more,
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour, great designs their fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before,
And though th'euent oft answers not the same,
Suffize

DELIA.

Suffize that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obseruer (whom base safetie keeps)
Lives without honou, & dies without a name,
And in eternall daikenes euer sleeps,
And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attaind thee not.

SONNET. XXXIII.

Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meanes presum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of disdain fofst me to retire,
And threw me downe to paine in all this fite,
Where loe I languish in so heauie smart,
Because th' attempt was farre aboue my art:
Her pride brook'd not poore soules should so aspire.
Yet I protest my high desiring will
Was not to dispossesse her of her right:
Her soueraignie should haue remained still,
I onely sought the blisse to haue her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET. XXXIV.

Why dost thou DELIA credit so thy glasse,
Gazing thy beautie deign'd thee by the skies:
And dost not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of losie trees declare

The

DELIA.

The furie of a mercie(wanting storme:
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe thou best maist finde the forme.
Then leaue thy glasse, and gaze thy selfe on mee,
That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case,
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eye hath turnd your hart to flint.

SONNET. XXXV.

I Once may see when yeers shal wreck my wrong,
When golden haire shall change to siluer waie:
And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shal faile in force, their working not so strong.
Then beautie(now the burthen of my song)
Whole glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire;
Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long
When, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
Which then presents her winter-whithered hew,
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was,
For what she was, she best shall find in you,
Your fierie heate lets not her glory passe,
But(Phoenix-like)shall make her liue anew.

SONNET. XXXVI.

Looke DELIA how we steem the halfe blowne
The image of thy blush & Sommers honor: (Rose.
Whilst

DELIA.

Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
That full of beautie, time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the aire,
But straight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline:
She then is scornd that late adorn'd the Faire;
So fade the Roses of those cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reviuce thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy ryme, feathred with flying houres,
Dissolues the beauty of the fairest brow,
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vaine,
But loue now whilst thou maist be lou'd againe.

SONNET. XXXVII.

BV & loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy may hathild thy lap with flowers
Now whilst thy beautie beares without a stain;
Now vse the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers,
And whilst thou spreadst vnto the rising sunne,
The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done,
And (DELIA) thinke thy morning must haue night,
And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'st,
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shal most inuaile and shadow most.
Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,
When once they finde her flowre her glory pas.

When

SONNET. XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone;
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse:
That tels the truth, and saies that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall finde this myracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkinde, thou maist repent.
Thou maist repent that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes vpon thy sable haies.

SONNET. XXXIX.

When winter snowes vpon thy sable haies,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties need,
When darke shall set me thy day that neuer cleues,
And all lies withred that was held so deere.
Then take this picture which I heere present thee,
Limned with a Pensill not all vnworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee.
Here read thy selfe, and what I suffered for thee.
This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posteritie may cherrish,
These coulours with thy fading are not spent,
These

DELIA.

These may remaine when thou & I shall perish.
If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and so thou canst not die,

SONNET. XL.

THou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines;
Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrarch* found,
In base attire yet cleerely Beautie shines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do feelee mine inward heat as great (I know it,)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better show it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

SONNET. XLI.

BE not displeas'd that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could.
(The chafteft flame that euer warmed hart)
I thinke not (sweet *DELIA*) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull
How many liue, the glory of whose name (warble,
Shall rest in life, when thine is graud in Marble.

Thou

DELIA.

Thou maist in after ages live esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines reserv'd in purenes;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from of all obscurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

SONNET. XLII.

DELIA, these eyes, that so admireth thine,
Haue seen those walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themselves, and on them ploughs haue ear'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The spoile of faire deseru'd by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th'eternall annals of a happie pen.
And therefore griue not if thy beauties die,
Though time do spoile thee of the fairest vaile
That euer yet couer'd mortalitie,
And must instarre thee Needle, and the Raine,
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liues in my lines, and must eternall be.

SONNET. XLIII.

MOST faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:
Poore soule quite spent, whole force can do no more,
Now send forth hope, for now calme pittie saues.
And waite him to thee with those louely eyes,
A hap-

DELIA.

A happie conuoy to a holy Land :
Now shew thy power and where thy vertuelies,
To saue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand,
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right and neuer misses :
I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall cease ;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses,
Once let the Ocean of my care finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET. XLIII.

REad in my face a volume of dispaire,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe :
Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so,
Who whilst I burne, she sings at my soules wracke,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride :
There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sacke
Of her owne scate, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smoakes that from affliction rise,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :
A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Because their power serue to exact the same.
Thus ruines she (to satisfie her will,)
The temple where her name was honour'd still.

SONNET. XLV.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
The readie handmaids on her grace attend:
That

DELIA.

That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer dries,
For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
Th' Ocean neuer did attend more dulle
Vpon his soueraigns course, the nights pale Queene,
Nor paid the impost of his waues more truly,
Then mine vnto her crueltie hath beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beat these teares which zeale, & furie driues:
And yet I rather languish for her loue,
Then I would i y the fairest she that liues.
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
What should I doe then if I should obtaine?

SONNET. XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my selfe, distressed in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire, wherein they liue confin'd?
When shall her troubled brow charg'd with disdain
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ice that hath congeal'd her hart?
Vnto her selfe, herselfe my loue doth summon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue?
I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
Although her eyes my aduersaries be.

Beautie

DELIA.

SONNET. XLVII.

BEautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whose short freshe vpon the tender Greene:
Cheeres for a time but till the Sun doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glorie of the blushing Rose:
The hew which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appears
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this must not be fore-told,
For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

SONNET. XLVIII.

I Must not grieue my Loue, whose eies would reed
Lines of delight, wher on her youth might smile;
Flowers haue a time before they come to seed,
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
And sport (sweet Maid) in season of these yeares,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
Ad where the sweetest blossome first appears,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to cleare the clouded aire,
And calme the tempest which my sighes do raise,
Pittie and smiles do best become the faire,

Pittie

DELIA.

Pittie and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.
Make me to say when all my griefes are gone,
Happie the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNET. XLVIII.

ANd whether (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse?
When euery place presents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse?
Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these woods, these plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both disdaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues,
Seeke out some place, and see if any place
Can giue the least release vnto thy grieve:
Conuey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe,
But yet what comfort shall I hereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feeble the paine.

SONNET. L.

DRawne with th'attraſtiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht heart turnes it to that happie coast:
My ioyfull North. where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes desired most,
There where my DELIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whercon the world doth smile.
Ioyes in that honour which her eies haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happie Ile.

Flourish

DELIA.

Flourish faire ALBION, glory of the North,
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes:
Diuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muse-foe Mars, abroad farrefostred be.

SONNET. LI.

CAre-charmer Sleep, sonne of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne:
Reliue my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwrack of my ill aduentred youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Cease dreames, th'Images of d y desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow:
Neuer let rising Sunne approoue you liers,
To adde more grieve to aggrauate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, imbracing clouds in vaine,
Ana neuer wake to feele the daies disdaine.

SONNET. LII.

L Et others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint shadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records,
But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,
Autentique

DELIA.

Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
 When yet thy vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
 Whose beauty made him speake that else was dumbe.
 These are the Arkes, the Trophies hereof,
 That fortifie thy name against old age:
 And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
 Against the darke and times consuming rage,
 Though th' error of my youth in them appeare,
 Suffise, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

SONNET. LIII.

AS to the Romane that wou'd free his Land,
 His error was his honour and renowne:
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
 Then if it had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
 So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
 And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more fame,
 Then if I had the victorie mine owne:
 And thy hard hart had yeelded vp the same.
 And so likewise, renowned is thy blame,
 Thy crueltie, thy glorie; O strange case
 That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
 And sinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
 Yet happie DELIA that thou wast vnkind,
 Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind,

SONNET. LIV.

LIke as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
 As is his art that plaies vpon the same:

DELIA.

So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
 On my hart-strings, high tun'd vnto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise: 2
 A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
 Whose due reports giue honor to her eyes:
 Else harsh my stile, vtunable my Muse,
 Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her name: 4
 If any pleasing relith here I vse,
 Then iudge the world her beautie giues the fame:
 For no ground els could make the Musicke such,
 Nor o her hand could giue so true a touch.

SONNET. LV.

NOne other fame mine ambitious Muse,
 Affected euer but t'eternize thee:
 All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
 Which meaner priz'd and momentary be,
 For God forbid I should my papers blot,
 With mercenarie lines, with seruile pen:
 Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
 Basely attending on the hopes of men.
 No no, my verse respects nor Thames, nor Theaters,
 Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
 But *Auon* poore in fame, and poore in waters,
 Shall haue my song where DELIA hath her seat.
Auon shall be my Thames, and thee my song,
 No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong:

Vnbappie

SONNET. LVI.

VNhappie pen, and ill-accepted lines
 That intimate in vaine my chaste desire:
 My chaste desire, which from darke sorrow shines,
 Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire.
 Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres
 Which pittie not their wounds made by their might,
 Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,
 The sacrifice here offred to her sight.
 But since she weighs them not, this rests for me,
 Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
 And so content me that her frownes should be
 To m'infant stile the cradle, and the graue.
 What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
 Each bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

SONNET. LVII

IO here the impost of a faith entire
 Which loue doth pay, and her disdain extorts:
 Behold the message of a chaste desire,
 Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
 These tributary passions, beauties due,
 I send those eyes the cabinets of loue:
 That Crueltie her selfe might grieue to view
 Th'affliction her vnkinde disdain doth moue,
 And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,
 Penſiue alone, onely but with Dispaire:
 My ioyes abortiue, perish in their birth,

DELIA.

My griefes long liu'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state, and DELIA S heart is such,
I say no more, I feare I said too much,

AN ODE.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers,
One bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
with bright rayes warms FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Ayre,
(babling guest of Rocks and hills,
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that she her loue kills.

Whilst that she O cruell Maide)
doth me and my loue despise,
My liues flourish is decayed,
that depended on her eyes,

DELIA.

But her will must be obeyed,
And well hee ends for loue who dies,

A PASTORALL.

O Happy golden Age,
Not for that Riuer ranne
With streames of milke, and honny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liu'd euery thing,
And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From foraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought.
But onely for that name,
That idle name of winde:
That Idoll of deceit, that emptie sound
Call'd H O N O R, which became
The tyrant of the minde:
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainely found:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of ioyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth please*
Then amongst flowres and springs

Making

DELIA.

Making delightfull sport,
Sate Louers without conflict, without flame,
And Nymphs and shepherds sings
Mixing in wanton fort
Whisp' rings with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came :
The naked virgin then
Her Roses fresh reueales,
Which now her vaile conceales.
The tender Apples in her bosome scene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues consorting were.

HONOR, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight :
Denying water to the amorous thirst,
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light.
Rest aind from men, and on themselves reuerst,
Thou in a lawne didst first
Those golden haire incase,
Late spread vnto the winde;
Thou mad'st loose grace vnkinde,
Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O honor it is thou (allow.
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus :
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue ?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected, base,
Liue still without thy grace,

Q.

And

DELIA.

And th' use of th' ancient happie ages keepe
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuoures.

Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe,
at when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.



Faults escaped in printing the first number
noting the page, the second the line.

In the Tragedie of Philotas.

Pag. 12. lin. 29. read con. p. 15. l. 27. r. ranke p. 30. l. 8. r.
no p. 31. l. 20. r. fort. p. 33. l. 11. r. though it be late. p. 35.
4. r. long. p. 36. l. 13. r. of p. 40. l. 9. read. I will not. p.
41. l. 8. r. and our friends p. 44. l. 26. r. it is. ibid. l. 35.
traitors. p. 46. l. 26. r. flow'd. p. 50. l. 27. r. glorifie. p. 54.
l. 24. r. gaine p. 57. l. 11. r. run p. 60. l. 15. r. beene.

In the Letter of Octavia.

Pag. 7. r. nature made. p. 10. l. 31. r. yet.

In the Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Pag. 4. l. 32. r. I haue not done. p. 5. l. 22 r. tug'd. p. 8. l.
8 r. and. p. 9. l. 20. r. he is p. 23. l. 22. r. our. p. 25. l. 19. r.
Singuloh. p. 26. l. 2. r. for. ibid. l. 4. r. witch. ibid. 30 r.
inhumane. p. 27. l. 13. r. Cleo. p. 28. l. 1. r. yow. p. 29. l. 12.
r. great. p. 35. l. 12. r. disgrace. ibid. l. 15. r. loue the trea-
son. p. 36. l. 5. r. charg'd. ibi. l. 12 r. set. p. 42. l. 2. r. Rest.
p. 44. l. 8. r. along. ibid l. 12. r. State order. p. 46. l. 10. r.
heauen. p. 47. l. 14. r. friend. p. 53. l. 7. r. death. p. 54. l.
2. r. scene. pag 55. l. 1. r. May. ibid. l. 13. Respected. ibi.
l. 14. Leauce. p. 56. l. 6. and.

In the Complaint of Rosomond.

Pag. 1. l. 5. found. ibid. l. 17. r. since. p. 2. l. 6. r. Each. p.
8. l. 13. r. Chastities ibid l. 25. r. fit ib. l. 30. r. thy. p. 9. l.
11. r. fondling. ib. r. fie. p. 12. l. 17. r. yield. p. 15. l. 21. r.
tis hired. p. 16. l. 6. r. checks. ibid. New. ibid. l. 18. r. vn-
guided. p. 18. l. 23. r. had. p. 20. l. 12. r. runs. p. 22. l. 21. r.
thy tale vtold. p. 26. l. 23. r. whose. p. 28. l. 13. r. neuer.
p. 29. l. 14. r. Delia. p. 30. l. 11. r. field. p. 31. l. 14. r. lawes.
ibid. l. 29. r. flame. ibid. l. 31. r. mixing. p. 33. l. 19. r. this.
p. 35. l. 1. r. order. ibid l. 4. then. ibid. l. 8. r. must.

In

In Musophilus.

Pag. 5. l. 26. r. vnde caying. p. 7. l. 29. r. words. p. 8. l. 1. r. To. l. 4. for now. ib. l. 7. r. soft. p. 10. l. 12. r. Name. p. 12. l. 13. r. see. p. 13. l. 35. r. vnmateriall. p. 19. l. 15. r. the. ib. l. 20. r. Of soft. p. 21. l. 22. r. craft. p. 24. l. 21. r. glory. ib. l. 24. r. happiest.

In the Queenes Arcadia.

Pag. 2. l. 5. r. maladiuc. ib. l. 18. r. do. p. 7. l. 9. r. thy bel. p. 8. l. 13. r. sitting. p. 8. l. 26. r. trade. p. 10. l. 13. r. swe. p. 12. l. 1. r. oft. p. 15. l. 33. vnderwrote. p. 18. l. 3. r. I intend. p. 19. l. 21. r. were. p. 20. l. 20. r. plains. ib. l. 8. r. parkle. ib. l. 23. r. daunce. ib. l. 35. r. many times. p. 21. l. 3. by you. p. 24. l. 32. r. Ah. p. 25. l. 1. r. too. ib. l. 8. Myrtillus. ib. l. 9. r. constancie. ib. l. 23. sincere. ib. l. 28. r. how. ib. l. 33. r. our. p. 28. l. 1. r. hers. ib. l. 5. r. expos'd. ib. l. 9. r. these extremities. ib. l. 8. r. into. ib. l. 22. practise. p. 29. l. 19. r. of vanitie. p. 32. l. 34. r. for top. 3. 7. l. 35. though. p. 42. l. 28. r. hers can. p. 43. l. 15. r. giues. p. 43. l. 3. r. And I too. p. 65. l. 24. r. loue. p. 69. l. 19. suspicious.

In Delia.

Pag. 5. Son. 9. l. 1. r. loue to draw. p. 7. Son. 12. l. 11. r. fortunes.

Faults wherein letters are either turned, changed, or wanting in the words, I leaue uncorrected.

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.17

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